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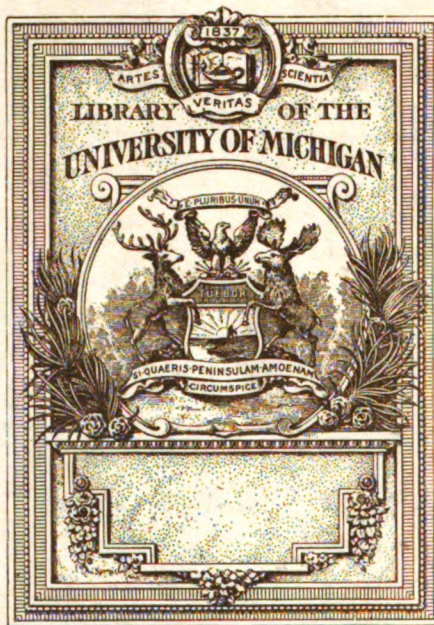
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Yours very truly
E. P. Roe

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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AUTHORS AND AUTHORS' LIVES.

The glory for which authors are traditionally regarded as thirsting is in the main an elusive thing, especially when it comes to be measured in the prosaic terms of a publisher's accounts; but on one side, what we may call its domestic side, it is real, and not ungratifying. Whether his literary work keeps him in shoe-strings or not,—in which latter case he is in the illustrious company of Wordsworth,—of one thing the author may be sure, that the world will take as much interest in him as he deserves. There is no class of people about whom there is so much eagerness for information as the literary class. What the author writes awakes everywhere the desire to know what the author does,

how he lives, what kind of man he is when he lays aside his full-dress suit of types and binding, and eats, or sleeps, or talks like an ordinary person. Of the biographies that appear every month, the biographies of literary men are far in the predominance. Books of anecdote, table-talk, reminiscence, treat for the most part of men of letters. The lions of a metropolis are literary lions, literary at least to the extent of clever after-dinner speaking or skill in touching off a story. How desperate have been the endeavors to track Shakespeare, through his Sonnets, his "Tempest," his Prince Hal, to that hiding-place where his baffling personality has retreated! It is a great point gained, everyone feels, if it may reasonably be inferred from the Sonnets that Shakespeare the actor, working among associations that soil and stain, felt his sensitive nature recoil, as it became "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand"; or if from the "Tempest" we may identify Prospero with the friendly magician who, as the almost unknown playwright, has created so much for the world. Every shred of fact about such a personality is precious. Nor are men exacting about facts poetical or mysterious. They like to read, also, at their breakfast-tables that Mr. Whittier spent his eighty-second birthday quietly at home, receiving his friends, and that Lord Tennyson was removed the other day, in a special invalid's car, from Aldworth to Farringford, where he will spend the winter. All the prose of a poet's life the world insists on transmuting into poetry. Pilgrimage to holy shrines is not antiquated, it has only taken the new

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form of homage to literary genius; and the modern item-monger, talking about the hale appearance of Dr. Holmes and Mr. Browning's new Venetian palace, has succeeded to the old-fashioned retailer of gossip about the neighbors in the next street. All this, if it is not in the ideal conception, belongs to the fact of literary glory, and undoubtedly has its significance, worth looking for and interpreting.

What significance? That somehow the author's work and the author's life must move and be estimated together,—this is the unspoken verdict of the reading world, however crudely or unwisely it is carried out into detail. It is not the mere itching for a sensation, or the vulgar curiosity to see "how it strikes a contemporary," that leads men to pry into authors' lives. Some things about authors the public wants to know, because it feels it has the right to know them. To a certain degree, men's inquiries are legitimate and reasonable. If sometimes the degree is exaggerated, and their probing, indiscreetly directed, touches a little to the quick,—well, authors are not the only ones to suffer such mishaps. It is a great blundering world through which we must all make our way.

There is the ring of the true knight of literature, without fear and without reproach, in the words with which rare Ben Jonson approaches the subject. "For," says he, "if men with impartiality, and not asquint, look toward the offices and functions of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of Nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind: this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon." In the same strain, but more poetic, and reminding us of nothing so much as a solemn anthem, are Milton's words: "And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion,

that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem: that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." A high ideal this, and frankly and bravely assumed. That a poet should be a poem, that the good poet must first be the good man,—this marks out an austere course, fitted only for the teacher and high-priest of men; and as such undoubtedly Milton and Jonson regarded the true poet.

But theirs was not yet the day of popular reading, nor had Addison yet "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." With the advent of the "russet-coated epic,"—as the novel has been suggestively called,—a change began to come over the spirit of the literature. The high-priest became a comrade, the teacher a genial companion. The life of the author, with all its homely details, came nearer to men; but at the same time it disclaimed being unlike that of its fellows. The literary man was one who lived, with his wife and children, in your own street; a man to be walked with, conversed with, entertained, enjoyed; a man who kept no mysteries from you, but received you in his little library, and seated you at the very desk where his poems and stories were composed. Why should not the world know of such a man all that is to be known? And again, why *should* the world know more of such a man than of any other?

This new status of the author, the natural sequence of the popularizing of literature, has called forth some rather interesting results. Such a man as Thackeray, who sees so keenly into all the foibles of men, comes down frankly from the mountain-tops and identifies himself with his public, no more a high-priest, but a fellow-sinner. "What has the world come to, when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!" He preaches inveterately, but he first applies the sermon to his own life. From Lord Tennyson the state of things,—the curious world-hunt-

ing for items of the poet's life to set with the poet's words, — calls forth something very like a growl: —

"For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music, as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:
"Proclaim the faults he would not show:
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.' . . .
"He gave the people of his best:
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest."

Browning likes to masquerade behind the characters he has invented; but the Jacob's voice sounds so inevitably through every Esau-disguise, that his jaunty, none-of-your-business air in concealing his personality is just a little amusing, — like children saying, "Now, when I call *coop*, you may know I'm hid; but after you have looked all around, just peep behind the closet-door and you'll find me!" —

"Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
Do I live in a house you would like to see?
Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
'Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?'
"Invite the world, as my betters have done?
'Take notice: this building remains on view,
Its suites of reception every one,
Its private apartment and bedroom, too;
"For a ticket, apply to the Publisher.'
No: thanking the public, I must decline.
A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!"

Well, it is natural for the poet to have his privacies; and what he chooses, as to revealing or withholding, ought to be respected; it is only neighborliness to do that. Too evidently the question what the world may do with the author's life, behind the book, has its Tennyson side as well as its Ben Jonson side; the author's glory has its privileges as well as its penalties.

Though when we step over the threshold and look within, the quest is just as likely to end favorably as unfavorably. We are just as likely to find Charles Lamb with his sister, hand in hand, and both in tears, crossing the fields to the mad-house, or weary but stout-hearted Sir Walter, in hired lodgings, toiling his life out to pay the debts for which his easy good nature is far less to blame than his publisher's incapacity, as to find ragged Samuel Johnson

eating behind the screen, or Savage walking the streets till morning, because his improvisation has left his pockets empty. Such things, however, beautiful and pathetic as some of them are, are just what no man would advertise; if they escape, and enhance our love for the author, their beauty is yet increased by the principle of Charles Lamb's kindnesses: "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident."

But what becomes of the assertion, made a little above, that there are some things in the author's life that the public have the right to know? What are they? Well, the question, answers itself when we ask another question: How to get at them? It is, after all, mostly a question of the manner of approach. The kind of information that is obtained by interviewing, and autograph-hunting, and prying curiosity about incidents and details is just on a level with the gossip about John Smith and Mrs. Maloney in the next street; for in these days the author is simply our neighbor and comrade. But there is an approach, open for every one, just as far as he is able to go; just as far as Milton or Ben Jonson, in their austere and most chivalrous moments, would point out. That is the approach between the lines. To all the information we can legitimately get in that way we are welcome. Browning, who will not let us set foot over his threshold, offers only welcome by this approach, —

"Outside should suffice for evidence:
And whoever desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense, —
No optics like yours, at any rate!"

A lame conclusion this? Not so lame as appears at first sight. "It has been said a million times," says John Morley, "that the foundation of right expression in speech or writing is sincerity. It is as true now as it has ever been. Right expression is a part of character." This is the part of character that we are looking for. We want to find wherein the man is sincere, wherein his whole self moves, word, deed, and feeling, in what direction his clearest vision lies, wherein he is an authoritative investigator, and wherein his word is hearsay. Carlyle shall teach me to remember the things of the spirit

in a materializing age, because this appeals to me, this is his sincere mission; but when he rails against every proposal of reform that looks toward concreteness, I must know what credentials he has to shut me off from action. If he is only a man of ideas, and not a man of affairs, I must let only his idea side teach me. Byron shall inspire me with his magnificent personality and energy; but when he attempts to rouse me to revolt against all that I have held sacred, I must interrogate his life, to know if he can offer me something better. I can course through empyreal regions with Shelley; but when it comes to walking this solid earth, I must know what will result if I try to keep step with him. Thus every author's words lead inevitably to the author's life: if he sets himself up to be my leader and teacher, I must inquire, through his own mind and heart, through his own personality, as I am directed to them between the lines, and as he moves among men in the light of common day, whether his precepts are adapted to work well or disastrously.

Milton is right, then, after all. As far as the poet is himself a true poem, his words will live and prosper among men, carrying with them his character and his deepest self; as far as his words are a performance to be criticized, a *tour de force*, revealing only skill and hard glitter, their days are numbered. As authors, we are also neighbors and comrades, rubbing elbows with the world, and subject, like other men, to the world's un wisdom and unhallowed curiosity; but for the rest, our words, too, are our credentials, sure to uphold us or betray, according to the sincerity or unreality that has nested beneath.

AMHERST, Mass.

John F. Genung.

HOW I WRITE MY NOVELS.

To sit down in cold blood, and deliberately set to work to cudgel one's brains, with a view to dragging from them a plot wherewith to make a book, is (I have been told) the habit of some writers, and those of no small reputation. Happy people! What powers of concentration must be theirs! What a belief in themselves,—that most desirable of all beliefs, that sweet propeller toward the temple of fame. Have faith in yourself, and all men will have faith in you.

But as for me, I have to lie awake o' nights long-ing and hoping for inspirations, that oftentimes are slow to come. But when they do come, what a delight! All at once, in a flash, as it were, the whole story lies open before me,—a delicate diorama, vague here and there, but with a beginning and an end,—clear as crystal. I can never tell when these inspirations may be coming; sometimes in the dark watches of the night; sometimes when driving through the crisp, sweet air; sometimes a word in a crowded drawing-room, a thought rising from the book in hand, sends them with a rush to the surface, where they are seized, and brought to land, and carried home in triumph. After that, the "dressing" of them is simple enough.

But just in the beginning it was not so simple.

Alas! for that first story of mine—the raven I sent out of my ark, and never saw again. Unlike the proverbial curse, it did *not* come home to roost; it stayed where I had sent it. The only thing I ever heard of it again was a polite letter from the editor in whose office it lay, telling me I could have it back if I inclosed stamps to the amount of twopence halfpenny, otherwise he should feel it his unpleasant duty to "consign it to the waste-paper basket." I was only sixteen then, and it is a very long time ago; but I have always hated the words "waste paper" ever since. I don't remember that I was either angry or indignant, but I *do* remember that I was both sad and sorry. At all events, I never sent that miserable twopence halfpenny, so I conclude my first MS. went to light the fire of that heartless editor.

So much comfort I may have bestowed on him, but he left me comfortless; and yet who can say what good he may not have done me? Paths made too smooth leave the feet unprepared for rougher roads. To step always in the primrose ways is death to the higher desires. Yet oh, for the hours I spent over that poor, rejected story, beautifying it (as I fondly, if erroneously, believed), adding a word here, a sentiment there! So conscientiously minded was I, that even the headings of the chapters were scraps of poetry (so-called), done all by myself. Well, never mind. I was very young then, and, as they say upon the stage, I "meant well."

For a long twelvemonth after that I never dreamed of putting pen to paper. I had given myself up, as it were. I was the most modest of children, and fully decided within myself that a man so clever as a real, live editor must needs be could not have been mistaken. He had seen and

judged, and practically told me that writing was not my forte.

Yet the inevitable hour came round once more. Once again an idea caught me, held me, *persuaded* me that I could put it into words. I struggled with it this time, but it was too strong for me; that early exhilarating certainty that there was "something in me," as people say, was once more mine, and, seizing my pen, I sat down and wrote, wrote, wrote, until the idea was an object formed.

With closed doors, I wrote at stolen moments. I had not forgotten the quips and cranks uttered at my expense by my brother and sister on the refusal of that last-first manuscript. To them it had been a fund of joy. In fear and trembling I wrote this second effusion, finished it, wept over it (it was the most lachrymose of tales), and finally, under cover of night, induced the house-maid to carry it to the post. To that first unsympathetic editor I sent it (which argues a distinct lack of malice in my disposition), and oh, joy! it was actually accepted. I have written many a thing since, but I doubt if I have ever known again the unadulterated delight that was mine when my first insignificant check was held within my hands.

As for my characters: you ask how I conceive them. Once the plot is rescued from the misty depths of the mind, the characters come and range themselves readily enough. A scene, we will say, suggests itself,—a garden, a flower show, a ball-room, what you will,—and two people in it. A young man and woman for choice. They are *always* young with me, for that matter, for what, under the heaven we are promised, is so altogether perfect as youth! Oh, that we could all be young forever and forever; that Time,

"That treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,"
—could be abruptly slain by some great conqueror, and we poor human things let loose, defiant of its thralls! But no such conqueror comes, and Time flies swiftly as of yore, and drags us headlong, whether we will or not, to the unattractive grave.

If any one of you, dear readers, is as bad a sleeper as I am, you will understand how thoughts swarm at midnight. Busy, bustling, stinging bees, they forbid the needed rest, and, thronging the idle brain, compel attention. Here in the silent hours the ghosts called characters walk slowly, smiling, bowing, nodding, pirouetting, going like marionettes through all their paces. At night I have had my gayest thoughts, at night my saddest. All things seem open then to that giant, Imagination.

Here, lying in the dark, with as yet no glimmer of the coming dawn, no faintest light to show where

the closed curtains join, too indolent to rise and light the lamp, too sleepy to put one's foot out of the well-warmed bed, praying fruitlessly for that sleep that will not come,—it is at such moments as these that my mind lays hold of the novel now in hand, and works away at it with a vigor, against which the natural desire for sleep hopelessly makes battle.

Just born this novel may be, or half completed: however it is, off goes one's brain at a tangent. Scene follows scene, one touching the other; the characters unconsciously fall into shape; the villain takes a ruddy hue; the hero dons a white robe; as for the heroine, who shall say what dyes from Olympia are not hers? A conversation suggests itself, an act thrusts itself into notice. Lightest of skeletons all these must necessarily be, yet they make up eventually the big whole, and from the brain-wanderings of one wakeful night three or four chapters are created for the next morning's work.

As for the work itself, mine is perhaps strangely done, for often I have written the last chapter first, and founded my whole story on the one episode that it contained.

As a rule, too, I never give more time to my writing than two hours out of every day. But I write quickly, and have my notes before me, and I can do a great deal in a short time. Not that I give these two hours systematically; when the idle vein is in full flow, I fling aside the pen, and rush gladly into the open air, seeking high and low for the children, who (delightful thought) will be sure to help me toward that state of frivolity to which the sunshine outside has tempted me to aspire.

To make literary work a methodical thing is, I think, a mistake. To *compel* the brain to a task from which it may at the moment revolt is surely a straining of the mental powers, both rash and cruel. Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his delightful memoirs, tells us that he did so many words at such an hour every morning without fail; and one cannot help admiring the *obstinacy* of the mind that could drive itself to get through so arduous a task without any noticeable flagging of the genius anywhere.

Many other authors, I fancy, would find it impossible so to flog the literary spirit into shape. As I have said, even the two hours in the day that I feel it my duty to give up to pen and paper are not always accorded. There have been moments when, having tried vainly to round my sentences to my satisfaction, I have risen in quick wrath, and flung my unoffending pen into a far corner, and

turned my back resolutely for that day upon the virgin page that should have been covered with my scrawling letters.

To force the mind is, in my opinion, bad business. What comes spontaneously is of untold value. It is always fresh, always the best of which the writer may be capable. These unsolicited outbursts of the mind are as the wild sprays sent heavenward at times by a calm and slumbering ocean, — a promise of the power that reigns in the now quiet breast.

Thus dreams are of value, and to dreams (those most spontaneous and unsought of all things) I owe much. — "*The Duchess*," in the *New York World*.

A WONDERFUL PARIS NEWSPAPER.

Perhaps the most remarkable newspaper that has ever appeared in any country is the *Petit Journal*. It produced a revolution in French journalism similar to that brought about by the foundation of *La Presse* by Emile de Girardin. The first number appeared February 1, 1863, and was issued by Moise Millaud, a successful speculator, who had been partner in a large publishing house. The title was suggested by Herold de Pages, who could hardly have anticipated that in less than twenty years the little sheet he thus christened would have the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in the world.

The founder of the *Petit Journal* proposed to put into practice that economic principle which lays down that in order to secure purchasers an article must be placed within their reach, and he arranged so that the paper should not only be given away in every quartier of Paris, but that it should be offered for sale in every town and village in France on the same day. In a fortnight it was competing so actively with the provincial press for local patronage that the editors at Lyons held a meeting to consult as to what they were going to do about it. One of them, however, more far far-sighted than his confreres, said: —

"You are all wrong; nothing we can do will prevent this *Petit Journal* from becoming a power, while, if we let it alone, it will do good work for us, by creating a newspaper reading public that will eventually come to us also."

He was quite right, for the new paper awakened the masses from their apathy; it taught them to read about and take an interest in what was going on in the world, and of the literary and artistic life of Paris, while it proved a powerful factor in preparing them for the regime of liberty that came in with the

fall of the Second Empire. I think it was to the lavish way in which Millaud advertised the *Petit Journal* that it owed much of its success at the beginning, and this he kept up until the paper attained its present important position. But it was not easy to make it a go at the start, and it was a long while before the daily sales and subscription list assumed paying proportions. Then it contained little else than local items cribbed from other journals; a pair of scissors and a pot of paste were also chief members of the editorial staff. The first real success was due to a daily article written by Léo Lespès, who signed it with the pseudonym of "Timothée Trim," and the first of these appeared in July, 1863. These articles ran up the circulation of the paper to nearly 200,000 copies within two years, and this circulation was largely increased the following years by the appearance of novels signed with such names as Alexandre Dumas, Edmond About, Charles Monselet, Villemot, and Pierre Veron. After a while Lespès began to imagine that the paper owed its success wholly to his articles, and he demanded a yearly salary of \$20,000, with the guarantee that he should be editor-in-chief during ten years. But the proprietor refused his demands, and so Leo left the *Petit Journal*. The same sort of leading article was continued, but a new signature had to be secured, and henceforth they were signed "Thomas Grimm." This pseudonym is the property of the paper, and the articles that appear over it are not always written by the same person.

With every month the circulation of the paper increased largely. The day it printed the proceedings of the last day of the trial of Tropmann, a notorious murderer, 596,000 copies were sold. Then something happened which was very remarkable. The very next day the *Petit Journal* published a beat, a report of the apostacy of Père Hyacinthe, and his departure from his monastery, and over 600,000 copies were sold of the paper. During the German war, beside the Paris issue, independent editions were printed in Lyons, Bordeaux, and Caen, but after that event the paper was for a while on the verge of bankruptcy. However, the concern was changed into a joint stock company, and with Emile de Girardin as president, and with the capital thus secured, the difficulties of the moment were tidied over. When the new company took hold the daily circulation was only 245,000 copies; it soon began to increase, it so continued, and now it is close on to a million. There are days when more than that number of copies are sold of this wonderful journal.

The paper has a strong staff of editors and reporters. It does not employ half as many writers as some of the leading American journals, but I venture to assert that its salary list, that is to say, the amount paid for original articles, news gathering, and novels, is perhaps greater than that of any other journal in the world. It has an editor-in-chief who "touches" \$25,000 annually. There are two managing editors, one for news, the other for contributions, and their salaries are \$9,000 and \$10,500. There are twenty-five or thirty reporters, and beside these, we have to count the novel writers. At least two, sometimes three or four, romances appear during the course of the year. There is one gentleman regularly attached to the paper who writes two novels every twelve months. His salary is \$20,000, and he has the privilege of having his romances reprinted in book form. In this way he gathers in an additional \$15,000 or so annually. Another writer who receives a very large salary is H. Escoffier, who writes more of the "Thomas Grimm" articles than any other person. It seems to me he is much better known as "Thomas Grimm" than he is by his own name, and yet he has published some very popular novels. His salary on the paper is \$12,000, and he is allowed an annual vacation of four weeks.

The other day a distinguished American editor asked me what was the cause of the great success of this little newspaper. I answered him that I thought it owed its circulation and influence to two or three causes. In the first place, I doubt if there is another newspaper anywhere that is so well handled by the business department. The business manager has so perfected the machinery of his department that he has a representative of *Le Petit Journal* in every village, town, and city in France, and in all the European capitals. In order to reach places outside of Paris before other newspapers, he sends the paper to press at 9 o'clock in the evening. This enables him to catch all trains going out after 10 o'clock. It is, however, a morning journal, and the city edition does not go to press earlier than its contemporaries. The present chief proprietor is M. Molinari, inventor of the printing press bearing his name. He is the business brains of the institution. He claims, or did the week before I came away, a circulation of 980,000 daily. About three months ago I asked my friend and confrere, M. Perevier, managing editor of the *Figaro*, if he believed this claim to be correct. He replied that among Paris editors the circulation of the *Petit Journal* was believed to be in excess of 800,000 copies, and he had no reason to suppose

that the claim made by M. Molinari was exaggerated. The annual profits are said to be no less than \$800,000. — *Henry Haynie, in the Chicago Herald.*

GETTING INTO PRINT.

While we are on these delicate matters, I would also respectfully suggest that a letter sent as an *avant-courier* by a total stranger, requesting to know how much the editor pays a page, is not, as a rule, an epistle of recommendation as regards the promised manuscript. To send a story "by the author of" a great many other stories, which, ten to one, the editor never heard of, or to add to the writer's name "contributor to" the *Sunday Spy*, the *Saturday Sledge-hammer*, or some other periodical little known to fame, is also a bad plan. It is something like putting A. S. S. after one's name, which, in default of the initials of some really learned or well-thought-of society, had better be omitted.

Unless he has really nothing else to write about, let the man who has a passion to appear in print avoid "recollections of travel." Another subject to be avoided is translations. It is quite remarkable how, at a time when there is nothing extraordinary in the possession of half a dozen languages, people continue to plume themselves upon their knowledge of French and German. To make a translation interesting requires not only a good subject, but one that recommends itself to the taste of English readers, and an intelligent as well as accomplished adapter, who can free himself from trammels (the style of progression of most translations being that of jumping in sacks). But even when all is done, and done well, a translation is generally but a poor thing.

As a general rule, the best thing to which a young writer can apply his wits is a description of some personal experience of his own. The more remarkable it is, of course, the better, since the less he will have to rely upon excellence of treatment to make it interesting. It is far easier to describe than to imagine, to recall an incident to memory than to invent one.

I would impress also another thing upon the neophyte in story-telling: that he must have a story to tell. It is no use for him to write aimlessly and trust to "inspiration," as he wildly calls it, to provide him with interesting material. The mistake of the young fictionist is to narrate a series of adventures, at the end of each of which all interest ceases, and he has to begin to weave his web

again, when perhaps his flies escape, and never give him another chance of catching them. He makes very hard work for the reader, who has no momentum to carry him up the next hill.

The personal introduction of the writer into his story is also much to be deprecated; it will take all he knows to give *vraisemblance* to his little drama, and he should be careful not to endanger it by showing his head before the curtain.

The placing the scene of a story in a foreign land is always disadvantageous. It may be mere ignorance which causes untravelled readers to prefer stories of their own land, but such is the fact. They feel the same want of reality in stories of foreign countries as in a fairy tale. All editors know this, and look askance at such productions. This is still more true of the historical story.

Genius has been described as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and even without genius an aspirant to literary honors is likely to be successful precisely in proportion to the care and attention he gives to every portion of the work he has set himself to do. The best motto, indeed, for the disciple of literature is, "Take pains," and not the more frequently inculcated maxim, "Try again." Perseverance is in most cases a necessity; but all the perseverance in the world, and even all the taking pains, are useless unless the aspirant has some natural gift. — *James Payn, in The Forum for January.*

A MAGAZINE EDITOR'S ADVICE.

In reply to the question, "Are personal introductions helpful to young authors?" an editor of one of the great magazines said to me the other day: "There is no fallacy so great as the idea that because an editor is introduced to an aspiring contributor he will be more favorably inclined toward his work. I speak, of course, only of my own case, but I believe the experience of others in my unhappy walk of life is about the same. If I were giving advice to a young author whose success I had much at heart, I should say: Prepare your manuscript and have it copied by a typewriter, and in reading it over you will have almost the same sensation which comes from reading proof. Cold print, or cold typewriting, for that matter, is a wonderful help in getting a correct view of your work. If your corrections are many or complicated, have it copied afresh, and send it to the magazine which to your mind it is best fitted for. Don't go to a friend who knows the editor, and get a letter of introduction; it will bore the friend, the editor,

and eventually yourself. If you suggest the value of a 'friend at court,' remember that the editor has met this scheme a thousand times. It means that you ask him to make an exception of your case against his judgment, and this annoys him to begin with. I have become something of a cynic, I fear, because I never make an acquaintance without saying to myself, Some day this man or a friend of his will want me to 'consider favorably' a manuscript. I always feel that I make ten enemies a day, but I confess I do not see why an editor should be put in an embarrassing position any more than any other business man, who cannot possibly accept all things offered to him, even if the would-be sellers have some personal acquaintance with him."

Continuing in the same strain, this editor said to me: "It is the opportunity of displaying one's cleverness to one's friends that is mainly attractive to the would-be author; if it were not so, he would write because he had something definite to say, and his satisfaction would exist in writing and publishing it, and not in the glory it might bring him among his small circle of friends. Editors are like readers; they are attracted when they are interested, and the moral of this should be, therefore: Begin your story in the first paragraph, clothe your plot only with the words which help to tell the tale, attempt no by-play, — only great writers can do this, — and be sure the interest of the subject will last until the end, or you waste your paper. A great deal is said nowadays about magazines having enough material in the safe to last for years. I think there is a great deal of humbug about this statement, for if an editor admits this, he must admit that much of this overstock is of little or no value; but let this be as it may, you never heard of an editor refusing a really good story, or an article on a subject which is fresh and of public interest, because his safe is full of manuscripts. The more good contributions offered, the higher becomes the standard, — that is the only result." — *William F. Bok, in New York Graphic.*

WHY LITERARY MEN BREAK DOWN.

A capital mistake which most writers make is in the indifference which they have to replenish their stock. A merchant who does not "lay in" new goods twice a year at least soon fails in business, but we know scores of so-called literary men who keep on grinding out copy with never a thought of the requirements of their engine, the brain. One of two things a writer must do: He must either

read or circulate: 'twere better if he were to do both. If he does neither, he will surely "break down,"—he may grow fat, and be heartier in body than ever before, but his ability to produce with his brain will be gone. He has run out of stock, poor fool!

You may search history through, and you'll not find a great author who "broke down." Mr. Shakespeare did n't break down; he replenished his mind both by reading and by circulation. Charles Dickens did n't break; he was not a reader, but he was a circulator; night after night he traversed London, studying human nature. Father Prout was a reader, but no circulator; in the study of literature he found that food and refreshment which his magnificent brain required. Victor Hugo did n't break; he improved with age. The big men have achieved bigness by conducting their intellectual affairs on sensible, practical principles. The fire that is constantly replenished will not go out until it is put out.

The veteran journalist in America to-day is livelier, and brighter, and fuller of happier conceits than ever before. Mr. Dana is a reader; he studies art, sculpture, music; he enjoys sports of every kind; he keeps his mind refreshed and well fed. Richard H. Stoddard is our oldest poet, and we're not sure that he is n't the best. His work is better now than ever before; no breaking down there, and why? Because constant communion with books keeps his mind full, and healthy, and active. The so-called literary men who gad and prattle about the waning intellectual powers of age are either those who have neglected or abused their gifts. With these creatures we have no patience, nor shall we have any dealings; but to every young and ambitious author we give this golden advice: Disregarding all croakers, pay diligent heed to the replenishment of your minds; lay in stock constantly; read ten pages of what somebody else has written to every one you yourself write. Abide by this advice, and, though you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will never break or falter.—*Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.*

COLLOQUIAL ENGLISH.

We have still to consider what place colloquial English should hold in books and other written compositions.

That the written language of almost all children and of the great majority of young people differs widely from their spoken language,—and not at all for the better,—everybody knows. Everybody

knows, too,—everybody, at least, who knows the history of the language,—that a difference almost as great, but dissimilar in origin and in characteristics, once existed between the English generally talked and that written by the few to be read by the few. The living language was used in plays that were to be performed before a mixed audience, in poems that were read aloud, in translations of the Bible, and in a few books like "Pilgrim's Progress," written by uneducated men, and aimed at the popular conscience; but the great majority of authors, expecting to be read by scholars only, used scholastic rather than popular words and constructions.

When, however, the reading public came to include many persons of both sexes who were far from being scholars, writers naturally adapted themselves to the tastes of the majority. Goldsmith and Sterne, Corbett and Franklin carried on the good work begun by the writers of the age of Queen Anne; and the stream of tendency in written as in spoken work now sets toward colloquial rather than literary or oratorical English. The reading public has, indeed, so little taste for the pompous or the pedantic that writers who have a weakness for either try to make amends by dropping into slang now and then.

This disposition to copy in books the faults as well as the merits of the English of conversation is an unfortunate one, for in work which has been carefully prepared for the press vulgarisms which are common in conversation, and may be pardoned in hastily-written private letters, have no excuse. A style can be rapid without being slovenly, plain without being low, and idiomatic without being provincial.

The language of books should, then, be in the main the language of conversation. An author who undertakes to write as he talks should be careful to avoid the faults and defects of conversation, while retaining its excellences. In the effort to be natural he should not suffer himself to be incorrect or vulgar; in his disdain of the arts of rhetoric he should not be betrayed into slipshod English; but his purpose should be to write as he talks in his best moments,—a purpose not easy to carry out, as every one who has tried is painfully aware, but worth all the trouble it costs. To write as we talk in our best moments is to write simply, naturally, sincerely; to subordinate manner to matter, sound to sense; to abjure exaggeration in every form, intellectual or emotional. Thus, and thus only, will what we write be the exact and complete reproduction of what we think and feel in our sanest and most fruitful moments.—*Professor A. S. Hill, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

. THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

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VOL. I. JANUARY 15, 1889. NO. 1.

Unbound sets of THE WRITER for 1887 and 1888 can no longer be supplied. Bound volumes for either year may still be had for \$1.50 each, post-paid.

Attention is called to the requirement that all subscriptions to THE AUTHOR, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

Writers are urged to contribute material for the "Literary News and Notes" of THE AUTHOR. Announcements of their plans and undertakings are especially desired.

As a rule, THE AUTHOR will print shorter articles and extracts than those contained in this number. The editor will try to make the contents of the magazine as varied as possible.

The second bound volume of THE WRITER is now ready for delivery, and will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. It is a volume of 310 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt lettering on back and side, and, together with the first bound volume of the magazine, should be in every writer's library.

Suggestions for the improvement of THE AUTHOR, from any source, will always be welcome.

The articles, "Getting Into Print," by James Payn, in the January *Forum*, and "Colloquial English," by Professor A. S. Hill, in the January *Harper's*, are especially worth reading by every writer.

The department of "Queries" in THE AUTHOR is put into the hands of the readers of the magazine. The more questions and answers there are sent in, the more useful and interesting the department will be.

Friends of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR may help the magazines greatly by sending to the publisher the names of people who would be interested in them, or, better yet, by doing a little missionary work, and urging them to subscribe.

Articles printed in THE AUTHOR without credit are written for the magazine. The style of quoted articles is made to conform with the general style of THE AUTHOR, and they are frequently condensed. When simple extracts are given, their wording is not changed.

THE PLAN OF "THE AUTHOR."

This first number of THE AUTHOR, like most first numbers, is only a beginning. That there is room for improvement the conductor of the magazine well understands, and he hopes that improvement will be shown in future issues. Suggestions and criticisms from all who see the magazine are invited, and will be carefully considered. The subscribers of THE AUTHOR are requested to regard themselves as active members of an advisory editorial board.

The plan of THE AUTHOR is to supplement THE WRITER with a mid-month issue, which shall contain matter for the admission of which the present plan of THE WRITER does not provide. THE AUTHOR will print both original and quoted articles on literary topics, and will devote a good deal of space to recording the news of the literary world. Especial care will be taken to make both its extracts and its

abstracts as pithy and as pointed as possible, and nothing will be printed in the magazine that is not deemed helpful and suggestive to those who are engaged in literary work. The magazine is small at the start, but no advertisements will be printed in it, excepting upon the cover pages; and by the use of type smaller than that used in THE WRITER it is possible to print legibly in its sixteen pages almost as much reading matter as an issue of THE WRITER contains. It is hoped, too, that the magazine will grow, as THE WRITER did, during the first year of its existence. Subscribers can accomplish this end, and so benefit both themselves and the magazine, by extending its circulation when they can.

In addition to the departments given in this number of THE AUTHOR, other useful features have been planned, and will be introduced in later issues of the magazine. THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER will be kept wholly separate and distinct, but those who become subscribers for them both will practically get a semi-monthly magazine covering every department of literary work. Already enough subscriptions have been received to make the permanent success of the enterprise assured. The publisher has a large new subscription-book, however, and, with the names already entered, there is plenty of room for more.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 1.—Where can I get the book (pamphlet) entitled "Oliver Optic's Engineer Sketches"?

H. L. B.

CARPENTER, Penn.

No. 2.—Is there any meaning in the subject of George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such"? C. C. H.

OBERLIN, Ohio.

No. 3.—I have quite a lot of Arnold's ink (London). I find it almost worthless. It gets pale and watery in a little while when exposed to the air, the writing cannot be seen easily, and the ink does *not* turn to a "deep black," as advertised,

but to a very ugly brown. Can I not combine it with other ink, or something, to make it available? I suppose one ought always to use black ink and white paper?

J. L. L.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 4.—Who is the author of this quotation? The subject is, "Indian's Lament":—

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes."

C. C. H.

OBERLIN, Ohio.

No. 5.—Where can I get a copy of Halleck's poems, including the "Croaker Papers"? C. C. H.

OBERLIN, Ohio.

No. 6.—Please name the best, — *i. e.*, a complete, unexpurgated, — edition of the British Dramatists?

C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 7.—Where can I find a reliable dealer in engravings who makes a specialty of literary subjects, illustrative of the masterpieces of general literature?

C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 8.—Some one says in THE WRITER: "Keep on hand photographers' paste, which is always ready for use." So far I have been unable to find any that must not first be steeped in hot water before it is ready for use. Please tell me the kind to get.

M. L. H.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. 9.—Who is the author of the story entitled "Bolus Hankus"? Under this queer title a short story was published, which I thought the most clever bit of romantic art I had ever seen in the language. As a model of elements of interest, I should consider it worth study.

C. H. F.

DENVER, Colo.

No. 10.—Can you tell me the author of the lines beginning:—

"The wintry winds blew bitter keen
Across the wide and dreary waste"?

Where can I procure the work containing the quotation, and what will it cost?

A. H. S.

MASONTOWN, Penn.

No. 11.—How is the black typewriter record ink made? What kind of ribbon is used? How is the

ink applied to the ribbons? How are old ribbons re-inked? Cannot the owner of a machine supply himself by knowing these things more cheaply than by buying ribbons at \$1 each? W. E. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

No. 12. — What proportion of the works of fiction that are issued by our best publishing houses are paid for wholly, or in part, by their authors?

DECATUR, ILL.

S. J. B.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Bryce. — James Bryce, as a member of Parliament, was one of the busiest and most successful of private members, and when he became under secretary for foreign affairs, he exchanged the quality rather than the quantity of his parliamentary work. He was also a lecturer at the Inns of Court, and a professor at Oxford. Moreover, he takes a very active part in a multitude of social and philanthropic works in London. He lives in a pretty house in Bryanston square, which his sister helps him to make a centre of many interesting gatherings. He is, of course, a Scotchman, is fifty years of age, and has made the ascent of Ararat. Indeed, his fondness for walking is no doubt the secret of his power of work, and as soon as he had passed his book for the press, he went off to India to recuperate. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Edwards. — Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who is soon to visit America, when she is not travelling spends most of her time at her quiet home near Bristol, England. She is a great believer in vigorous and systematic exercise, and in her grounds she has laid out a walk, on which she regularly "does" her half mile both before and after breakfast, repeating the performance before and after dinner. Most of her time has been spent of late years in the service of the Egyptian Exploration Society, an enterprise in which she is profoundly interested. Her novel writing is done with laborious care, and often two years pass after a story is begun before it is finished. Her plot is laid out most elaborately, altered and arranged over and over again, until it is both consistent and striking, and when the work of writing is begun every scene described is either visited or vigorously "read up." Nothing is stated which is not verified; if her characters are fictitious, the scenes, "ship-talk," or whatever she may be describing, are founded on fact. Oddly enough, it is a rule of the author never to draw any character from real life. — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Erckmann-Chatrian. — Messieurs Erckmann and Chatrian have comfortable fortunes, made out of their literary work. The two were school-fellows, and are now each about seventy years old. Erckmann is blue-eyed and pink-cheeked; Chatrian is a little curly-haired, blue-eyed man, with a "bumpy" forehead. These inseparables are now engaged upon a new story. — *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Foote. — Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who is the wife of a civil engineer, has spent most of her married life in the mining camps of the West. Her reputation before the public was first made as an artist, and it is interesting to know that she is now almost the only *Century* artist who draws directly upon the wood block. Twenty years ago, the design for every wood engraving was drawn directly upon the wood by the hand of a draughtsman. To-day, the artist makes his picture upon anything he pleases, and in any size, and the camera transfers it to the wood block. Mrs. Foote still makes her original pictures in just the size they are to appear, and generally upon the wood, but the art department of *The Century* always transfers the drawing by photography to another wood block, so as to preserve the original. — *St. Louis Republic*.

Larcom. — A friend recently asked Lucy Larcom what were her literary plans, and her answer was an interesting one: "I never have 'plans.' I get interested in what I am writing, and wait myself to see how it will come out. If I told what I was thinking about or trying to do, I should never finish anything; I fear it would take away my own interest in the matter. After a thing is done and sent off, it is different. Then I can let it go; not before." — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Meredith. — Box Hill, where Mr. Meredith lives, is just far enough out of London. No wraith of the London mist hovers over it. The house is quiet and humble as can be. There are not more than a half-dozen rooms, I should say, in all. But Mr. Meredith's own day is passed in a small cottage, which he has built just back of the house, farther up on the edge of the woods. Here is a single sleeping-room and a study, which visitors rarely see. His daughter is the mistress of the little home, and entertains his guests, — and her own, — there in its delightful seclusion. From the windows of the sitting-room, into which we came, I looked out over the high, dark hedge across a gently sloping country, now covered with the evening mist and the soft light of a young moon.

Behind was the firelight and a sense of coziness. A few reproductions of well-known paintings, a book or two by the vase of flowers on the table, several photographs of personal friends, and two easy chairs at either side of the fire, almost completed the adornment of the room. — *Boston Advertiser*.

Saltus. — Edgar Saltus was in the city last week, on business connected with the publication of his forthcoming novel. He is a man of striking appearance, and his manner is characterized by a nameless charm that is compounded of good breeding and a knowledge of the world. In the course of a conversation, some one said, speaking of a friend: "If he were a man of more conscience, he would never do the things he is sorry for; and if he were a man of less conscience, he would never be sorry for the things he had done." "That's good," said Mr. Saltus, after a moment. "That hits off a character in a sentence. If you don't mind, I think I shall make use of it," which is an illustration of one of the many ways that Mr. Saltus employs to fill his stories with terse, crisp epigrams. — *Philadelphia Press*.

Shorthouse. — Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant" and "The Countess Eve," is not a dreamy recluse, as most of his readers must conclude. He is, on the contrary, a chemical manufacturer, and the successor of several generations of Shorthouses who have carried on the business in Birmingham. He is short, and has a rather strong face, a big nose, black hair, and an impediment in his speech. It is said that to this little inconvenience he probably owes his literary achievements. All through his life it has prevented him from expressing in words his ideas on any subject that strongly interests him. He can talk easily enough on business matters, but for the expression of deeper thought his only medium is the pen. So in early life he joined an essay society, each member of which was pledged to read the essays which the others wrote. "John Inglesant" was the development of this essay-writing. — *New York Tribune*.

Stanley. — Henry M. Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that, when he was about three years old, he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad, he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liver-

pool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him, and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself. Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great civil war broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate army. — *Noah Brooks, in February St. Nicholas*.

Whitman. — In the little frame house on Mickle street, Camden, confined to his second-story front room, with a cheerless view from the windows, surrounded by books, papers, medicines, letters, and a pile of "November Boughs" (his last book), sat Walt Whitman yesterday afternoon when a *Press* reporter called. For seven months he has been confined to his room, most of the time to his bed, and all the time guarded closely from visitors by direction of his physicians. His greeting was breezy, and he seemed the same Democratic Walt who used to be seen almost daily, less than a year ago, seated upon the ferry-boat, with his breast bared to the sun and air. The poet will be seventy if he lives until Decoration Day, and, though feeble, he talked freely of his health, his friends, and his hope of recovery. — *Philadelphia Press*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

D. Appleton & Co. publish this week, in their Town and Country Library, Daudet's novel, "The Apostate."

The first volume of the new English Men of Action Series, to be published by Macmillan & Co., will be "General Gordon," by Sir William Butler. A volume will be issued every month.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is said to be writing a play.

Roberts Bros. publish, January 15, Balzac's "Louis Lambert," translated by Miss Wormley, with a long introduction by George Frederic Parsons; the first American edition of "The Story of Realmah," by Sir Arthur Helps; "A Reading of Earth," George Meredith's new volume of poetry; and "Portfolio Papers," by P. G. Hamerton, with an etched portrait of the author.

Renan has finished the second volume of his "History of the Jews," and has another volume yet to write.

Of the *New York World* 104,473,650 copies were sold during 1888.

The New York Machine Type-Setting Company has been incorporated at Albany, by Theodore L. DeVinne and others. Its chief office will be in New York city.

J. O. Halliwell-Phillips died in London January 4, aged sixty-nine. He produced in all nearly one hundred volumes, the crowning labor of his life being his sixteen-volume edition of Shakespeare, completed in 1865.

In the *Literary News* this year will be printed a novel of New England life, "A Gentleman of Fair-den," by Ella Loomis Pratt, who has written a good deal for the *Springfield Republican*. A series of portraits of living American authors, from original paintings by Miss Dora Wheeler, will be given as frontispieces for succeeding numbers. Mrs. Stowe's portrait appears in the January number, and a portrait of Mrs. Burnett will be given in February.

Poet-Lore, a magazine devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the comparative study of literature, is to be published in Philadelphia the fifteenth of each month, beginning with January, 1889.

Dr. Andrew D. White's "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science" are to be resumed in the February number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

The work represented in *Book Chat* for 1888 may be summarized as follows: Magazines indexed, 3,242; magazine leaders, 12,963; American and English books, without comment, 2,373; with comment, 558; some notable books, 14; total, 2,945. Foreign books—French, 558; French, with comment, 45; German, 475; Spanish, 160; Italian, 275; total, 1,513. Fugitive essays, 326; new magazines announced, 111; and editorials, Paris letters, selected current readings, and notes.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, author of the "Led Horse Claim," etc., has written a three-part novel-ette, "The Last Assembly Ball: a Pseudo-Romance of the Far West," which will be printed in *The Century*, beginning with the March number. "The Romance of Dollard," by Mrs. Catherwood, will be completed in the February number of *The Century*.

Shakespeareana will hereafter be published under the auspices of the New York Shakespearean Society by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, which has removed from Philadelphia to 29 Park row, New York.

The article on "Walter Scott at Work," by E. H. Woodruff, in the February *Scribner's* will contain fac-similes of many interesting pages from the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak," with the pithy criticisms of Ballantyne and replies of Scott on the margin. This literary treasure was purchased in London twenty years ago by ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, who furnishes an introduction to the article.

Miss Kate Sanborn is reported to be collecting material for a volume on the eminent women of New York.

Mr. Swinburne has written a short poem in the Scotch dialect for the February *Magazine of Art*. It is called "A Jacobite's Farewell, 1715."

The *New Princeton Review* has been purchased by Ginn & Co., Boston, to be merged in the *Political Science Quarterly*. Professor Sloane, in relinquishing the editorial conduct of the *Review*, will share in the production of the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Whittier says that "Snowbound" recalls to him his sufferings from the cold in the home of his boyhood, where the snow beat in through the crevices in the roof of his bed-room; and he attributes his lack of robust health through life to these early privations.

Miss Sally P. McLean, author of "Cape Cod Folks," has written a new novel, to be published by Cupples & Hurd. It is called "Last Chance Junction." "Cape Cod Folks" is now in its twenty-fifth edition.

Sidney Colvin's edition of the letters of Keats is on the list of announcements of Macmillan & Co.

The relative sale of Daudet's works in Paris is: "Nouma Roumestan," 150,000; "Nabob," 160,000; "Sappho," 170,000; "L'Immortel," 133,000.

"Gath" is writing a novel with Alexander Hamilton for its hero.

According to the *New York Tribune*, "Basil, Isabel, and the other leading characters of 'Their Wedding Journey' are coming to live in New York. Their experiences here will be related by Mr. Howells in a new novel, the first chapters of which will appear in March in *Harper's Weekly*."

Huntington Smith has severed his connection with the *Literary World*, and with the new year assumes the literary editorship of the *Boston Beacon*.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's novel is nearly ready for publication. It is described as "The Story of a Saint and a Sinner."

John T. Wheelwright, lawyer and writer of fiction, is the new president of the Papyrus Club, Boston.

F. C. Phillips, the author of "As in a Looking-Glass," has been a soldier, a journalist, and a theatrical manager; and he is now a successful barrister. He has been more than once asked to stand for Parliament.

Clarence H. Clark, a Philadelphia banker, owns an edition of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," in twenty-nine volumes, that cost him \$50,000. Originally, the set consisted of nine handsomely printed volumes, which have been extended by the insertion of some 2,500 portraits, engravings, autographs, and maps, making the present elaborate and costly work.

The last volume of "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" will be published with an exhaustive index this month. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been put into the six volumes of this work.

The next volumes in the Putnams' dainty Knickerbocker Nuggets Series are to be Lockhart's "Ancient Spanish Ballads" and "The Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith."

The *Epoch* records a report that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett receives twenty-five dollars royalty for every performance in New York city of her dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

To American college students George T. Angell, of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime" sent in before March 15, 1889.

Laurence Oliphant, the author, diplomat, traveller, and philanthropist, died at Twickenham, England, December 23. He was born in 1829 in Ceylon, where his father was for many years chief justice. His first book was "A Journey to Katmandhu." He was a member of the Scottish and English bars.

Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, England, proprietors of "Tillotson's Newspaper Literature," have opened a New York office at 44 Temple Court Building, with W. Philip Robinson as manager.

It is said that Miss Isabel Hapgood, the translator of Tolstoi's writings, acquired her knowledge of Russian from a New Testament and a dictionary. She is now in Russia, gaining a conversational knowledge of the language.

Mr. William Black will publish shortly his new novel, "A Spring Idyl," to succeed "In Far Lochaber."

The general advance in journalism is marked by the announcement that the *New York World* in-

tends to purchase a house in Washington and install there presently one of its principal journalists, who will be given a handsome allowance for entertaining. This is a recognition of the fact that over the dinner table the greatest secrets of State are most often discussed and divulged.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be preparing a reply to the various critics who have passed upon her book. The author of "Robert Elsmere" is not at present in the best of health, and has been suffering from insomnia. One of her sisters, Miss Ethel Arnold, is spending the winter with friends in New York.

News comes of the sudden death, at a very early age, of the wife of Thomas Nelson Page, author of "Marse Chan" and "Two Little Confederates." Mrs. Page is said to have been the heroine of "Unc' Edinboro's Drowndin'," and an occasional collaborator with her husband in his literary work. Their home was in Richmond, Va.

Among the new books announced by Harper & Bros. is "Our English," by Professor A. S. Hill, of Harvard.

Robert Louis Stevenson is expected to arrive in New York about February 1, and will at once resume literary work.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish January 19 the first three prose volumes of the new edition of Whittier's works; Bret Harte's new story, "Cressy"; and "Progressive Housekeeping," by Catherine Owen.

Mr. Lowell has written the article on Whittier for the last volume of Appleton's Biographical Cyclopædia.

"Transactions in Hearts" is the suggestive title of a new novel by Edgar Saltus, which is to appear in the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

General Lew Wallace, it is now said, wants to be made minister to Rome, so that he may continue his researches for material for a historical novel of the Eternal City, which he has in preparation.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish in February a novel by a new author, whose name is withheld. It is entitled "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket."

The next volume in John Morley's Twelve English Statesmen Series will be a sketch of Walpole by Mr. Morley himself.

The Frank Leslie Publishing Company has been incorporated in New York, with \$1,000,000 of capital stock, in 1,000 shares.

Littell's Living Age began its one hundred and eightieth volume with the first issue for January.

The Collegian is a new monthly magazine, published in Boston, under the auspices of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, and edited by Samuel Abbott. Edward E. Hale has an entertaining paper on "Harvard Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago" in the opening number. The rest of the magazine is written by undergraduates in various colleges.

Cassell & Company announce a volume of short stories, entitled "A Latin-Quartier Courtship," by Sidney Luska; a book of travels in Russia, by W. T. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; the collected series of papers on "Authors at Home," originally published in the *Critic*; and Max O'Rell's new book on the United States, which will be called "Jonathan and His Continent."

Duffield Osborne, the young author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth," has a new novel under way.

Green's "Short History of the English People" has reached in the London edition its one hundred and thirty-fifth thousand.

The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, will publish a complete set of the works of Walter Bagehot, the English economist, carefully edited and indexed, at the nominal price of five dollars for the five volumes.

The January *Book Buyer* contains portraits of Walt Whitman and of the poet Whittier, whose eighty-first birthday has just been celebrated.

"Illustrated Journalism in England: Its Rise," is the title of a paper in the *Magazine of Art* for February.

Mr. Besant made a funny mistake in his last novel, "For Faith and Freedom." He described one of his characters as going "on board a steamer bound for New England" in 1687.

The Century Company will begin to issue the new "Century Dictionary" some time the coming spring. It will be published by subscription and in parts, the whole, consisting of about 6,500 pages, to be finally bound into six quarto volumes. The printers have been engaged upon the typesetting for more than two years. The work will be regularly issued at intervals of about a month, and will be completed within two years. The proofs of the work are read by more than sixty people. For seven years about one hundred persons have been working upon this dictionary, which will define 200,000 words. Of these, 10,000 new words were furnished in the new "Encyclopædia Britannica."

R. U. Johnson, assistant editor of *The Century*, says that the international copyright bill, which has already passed the United States Senate by a vote of thirty-four to ten, will certainly pass the House of Representatives at the present session.

The Century Company has issued an enlarged reproduction of the map of Siberia published in the *May Century*, showing the route taken by George Kennan.

The Cosmopolitan has been bought by John Brisben Walker, a Denver capitalist, who will give a strong financial backing to the magazine.

Book News for January contains an article by Rev. E. E. Hale, on "Reading in Farmers' Families," a portrait of George Meredith, with a sketch of his life, and a plate paper portrait and short biography of Thomas Nelson Page.

At the dinner given at Christ's College, Cambridge, to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Adam Black made the statement that "the authors' corrections of their proofs had amounted to what was equivalent to the getting up of the twenty-four quarto volumes twice over."

The last catalogue of rare books which has been issued by Mr. Quaritch includes a work for which £5,220 is asked. It is a psalter of the fifteenth century, and is described as "the grandest work ever produced by typography, and one of the rarest of the early monuments of printing."

George Augustus Sala, the English journalist, makes an annual income of £3,000 from his newspaper work. He has £1,000 a year, probably for life, from the London *Telegraph* for editorial matter, and beside this, writes essays for a score of London periodicals.

Librarian Spofford reports that the accessions to the Congressional Library for 1887 from copyright sources were: Of books, 13,685; periodicals, 6,708; dramatic compositions, 536; musical compositions, 7,744; photographs, 1,850; engravings and chromos, 1,848; maps and charts, 1,322; miscellaneous, including prints, designs and models, paintings and drawings, 1,390.

Professor Freeman is living in Sicily this winter, but not for his health: he is delving into Sicilian history, in preparation for writing another book.

Miss Victoria Stuart Mosby, the twenty-year-old daughter of Colonel John S. Mosby, is now devoting herself almost entirely to literary work. Together with her father, she will spend the greater part of the winter in Washington.

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LITERARY SUCCESS.

Bulwer truly says that there is no royal road to literary success. Few literary men have realized the stern truth of this as did the accomplished author of "My Novel." Although "Pelham" gave him a sudden and brilliant reputation, he would have shone only as the comet of a London season, and been soon forgotten, had he not followed his first success by a rapid succession of novels, — less gay, less witty, less sparkling than "Pelham," but all displaying an industry, a research, a power, a knowledge, perfectly amazing to those who had been accustomed to regard Edward Bulwer as a mere squire of dames, a curled darling of fashion, an amateur poet, whose chief literary occupation was writing sentimental verses in ladies' albums. For years after his first success, this young son of an ancient and distinguished house worked harder than any other literary man in England. Having married young, and against the wishes of his mother, he magnanimously gave up the handsome allowance which she had made him,

and bravely determined to earn his living as a professional author. He wrote articles for newspapers, he wrote verses for annuals, he wrote short stories for magazines, beside writing at least one three-volume novel every year. He was always the most fastidious of writers, and his easy, graceful, and polished diction was acquired only by hard study and laborious care.

Few literary men have gone through so hard an experience as Thackeray did. For twelve years he wrote without public recognition, and with very little pecuniary return. But he followed Burke's noble advice: "Work on, — even in despair, work on." Time and courage must conquer, and so it proved with Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" having been declined by a dozen publishers, more or less, Thackeray published the novel at his own expense. It was a great success, and was followed by others still better, which have placed Thackeray among the grand masters of fiction in that small but illustrious band which includes Cervantes, Balzac, Fielding, Scott, and Hawthorne.

Hawthorne won his way slowly and laboriously to literary success. For ten years he wrote and destroyed what he wrote; but he was acquiring that exquisite style, — that literary art, — which has made him the greatest master of English of this century. At the age of forty-four he declared himself to be "the obscurest literary man in America." In a letter written to Longfellow, long afterward, he said: "Here, in my chamber, I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, until I were in my grave. It may be true that there may have been some unanticipated pleasures here in the shadows, which I might have missed in the sunshine,

but you cannot conceive how utterly devoid of satisfaction all my retrospects are. I have a great difficulty in the lack of materials: for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to build my stories on, and it is not easy to give a life-like semblance to such shadowy stuff." Hawthorne was forty-six before "The Scarlet Letter" was published, but he is now a fixed star in the literary firmament.

Few authors, like Byron, wake up and find themselves famous. Few, like Dickens, bound into a sudden and immense popularity. Tennyson has achieved a splendid fame, but he did not reach it by a "primrose path." His first verses were laughed at by the critics. Christopher North said: "Alfred is best as an owl. All that he requires to make him immortal is to be shot, stuffed, set up in a glass case, and be stuck in a museum." After this, Tennyson did not publish anything for ten years. He studied. He wrote. He burned. When his next volume of poems was published, its reception, both from critics and readers, was very different from that accorded to his thin little volume of 1827. He was saluted as the rising young monarch of the throne of poetry, which had been vacant since the death of Byron. As Tennyson was not crushed by the harsh criticism of his first, so he was not unduly elated by the success of his second, literary venture. He studied harder, and in a few years astonished and delighted the world by a succession of poems, which have placed him among the first in that long line of illustrious English poets extending from Chaucer to the present time. Tennyson is the greatest of the living poets of the world, and his success has been worthily won. He deserves the laurel crown which has now adorned his brow for nearly thirty years.

During the first ten years of his literary life, Anthony Trollope did not earn enough to pay for his pens, ink, and paper, but he worked on, and lived to make fifteen thousand dollars by a single novel. Writing from his own pleasant later experience, Trollope declared that there was no career of life so charming as that of a successful man of letters. "If you like the town, you can live in the town, and do your

work there; if you like the country, you can live in the country. It can be done on the top of a mountain, or at the bottom of a pit. It is compatible with the rolling of the sea and the motion of the railway." When he sat down to write a novel, he confessed that he did not know and did not care how it was to end. Such indifference on the part of an author produces indifference to an author's work, and Trollope has almost ceased to be read.

By citing these examples of great authors who have been compelled to work long and hard to gain literary success, I wish to encourage young writers. Of all professions, literature, perhaps, is the most laborious; but success in no other profession is so superbly, so royally, rewarded. The prizes are hard to win, but they are glorious. Burns, the ploughman, becomes the companion of duchesses, and Tom Moore, a poor grocer's son, was the friend of princes and nobles. *Eugene L. Didier.*

BALTIMORE, Md.

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER AT HOME.

There is no name more familiar in literary circles of Brooklyn and New York than that of Olive Thorne Miller. Through her young people's stories and her many delightful articles on birds and animals she has endeared herself to the reading juvenile world and to all lovers of natural history. Mrs. Miller is not only an active literary worker; she is a housekeeper, and her controlling hand is seen and felt in every department of her pleasant home on Greene avenue, in this city, where, with her husband, Watts T. Miller, for many years an active Wall-street business man, she dispenses a hearty hospitality, and lives with her grown-up family. One room of the house, divided from the parlor by heavy portières, is designated as the bird room, it being the familiar home of a dozen or more of our native birds. This room is the author's study as well. An abundance of sunlight streams in through a large south window, and on one side stands a good-sized desk covered with books and papers. The room is comfortably, though not luxuriously, furnished, and on every side hang large cages, with doors wide open. Before each window rests a long perch. At the further end stands a low table covered with a white towel, on which are two or three deep tin plates, painted in dark color, and full of water for bathing, with a convenient perch between them. All over the room are birds, — robins and blackbirds,

orioles and thrushes, and many other species. A bluebird is seen splashing in the water. On one side a rose-breasted grosbeak is sunning himself in a corner of the window sash, and others running here and there on the floor with as much freedom as a robin redbreast in the meadow in early morn. Of course, the presence of a visitor changes their behavior somewhat, but they do not lose confidence while Mrs. Miller is present. Though she does not appear to watch them, yet not a motion of one of them escapes her notice. On a little stand near Mrs. Miller's chair is a pile of note-books, each one bearing the name of some bird, and anything peculiar, or interesting and unusual habit, or unaccustomed sound, is at once recorded, and in this way a history is kept of each day's incidents. In this way she not only gets a fair acquaintance with the birds, but a minute record of their behavior and habits in the house and under her eye. If some certain bird evinces shyness, Mrs. Miller often turns her chair around so that her back is toward him, and with a hand glass still watches him. During the winter months she spends much time in study of the birds, and does her writing in the summer, when one after another of her feathered family has flown.

"You seem to enjoy your peculiar study and methods very much," I remarked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Miller, "I have more enjoyment in my studies of birds than I have in human life, because I need not take part in what goes on in the feathered world. I can sit and stare at the small actors in bird dramas exactly as if it were a play, while in human society I must do my share, and not be so rude as to stare. To me a bird is as much an individual as a person. I never have a wild bird caught or killed for me. I buy them in the bird stores, and after studying them through the winter, I take them out to the park, and if they are capable of taking care of themselves, I let them go free. It is the habits and life of the birds, and not their classification, that I am interested in. Most writers, I believe, kill the birds, count their feathers and the number of their bones, and classify them. I don't care a rap for classification. Life and action are what interest me. For many years I visited Prospect Park in my studies, and spent hours there in the most wild and unfrequented parts. I used to go every morning, rain or shine, with my note-book and a pair of good opera glasses. Sometimes I would take lunch with me, and lie around, and read, write, and observe until after sundown. But nowadays so many boys and strangers frequent the park that birds are not at full liberty, and I have been doing my studying in the country of late. I

get small boys to hunt up the birds' nests, and then I watch their conduct for the day. I spent a whole month in North Carolina once studying the mocking-bird through its nesting. I always try, after studying a bird in confinement, to study the same bird in freedom. I take copious notes, and then, when I sit down to write, everything I saw comes back to me. I am very careful not to draw on my imagination in writing up birds. Every line I write upon birds I have seen myself, without exaggerations or additions, unless explicitly stated otherwise."

"How long have you studied birds?"

"Only about eight years. My first bird paper was a study of a cat-bird, published July, 1883, in the *Atlantic Monthly*,—and most of my bird papers have been published in that magazine."

"Do you not find it rather difficult work to look after your bird room?"

"Much curiosity has been expressed in many letters from strangers about my arrangement for keeping up a bird room in a house of the ordinary city pattern. An account of the plan and its working is published in the February number of the *Home Maker*. I intend to prepare a book,—indeed, it is already far on the way,—giving practical directions for keeping and making happy a roomful of birds, with minute directions about preparing quarters and the many little conveniences,—the result, in fact, of seven years' experience. There never was a worker so in love with his work as I am with mine. I am as enthusiastic as if I were fifteen instead of fifty (plus)."

"You are deeply interested in women's clubs, are you not?"

"Yes; of late I have written a number of articles on women's clubs, and have given them warm endorsement."

"Now tell me something about your working day."

"Well, my idea of a perfect day," said Mrs. Miller, "is to devote all the morning of it to writing,—that is, until one o'clock,—and in that time I can get through a pile of work. Occasionally I write in the afternoon, but never at night. I spare the evening for reading, recreation, and visiting with my family."

Olive Thorne Miller has been before the world as an author but a short time,—about eight or ten years; but perhaps for five years prior to that she began writing for children, mostly sketches in natural history, with an occasional story. She has published six books, through the house of E. P. Dutton & Co., for children: "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur," first and most famous and dear

to the hearts of thousands of children; "Queer Pets at Marcy's," true stories of animal life in domestication; "Little People of Asia," sketches of children all over that continent; and "Nimpo's Troubles," a story that ran as a serial in the early days of *St. Nicholas*. Her two later books are exclusively her bird sketches, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston: "Birds' Ways" and "In Nesting Time." Mrs. Miller began to write under the name of "Olive Thorne." Her pen has brought such success that she has hardly an idle hour. She is a member of the Meridian Club, and prominent in many noteworthy movements, with other leading literary women of New York and Brooklyn. In appearance she is tall and somewhat stout in figure, with a face highly flushed with vigorous health, beaming with good nature, and encircled in a frame of wavy iron-gray hair. She is sociable, and almost jolly in manner, but is not a society woman (so-called). Mrs. Miller was born in Auburn, N. Y., but spent much of her earlier life in Chicago and other Western cities. She has made Brooklyn her home for the past twelve years.—"J. A. McK.," in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE ENGLISH OF EDGAR SALTUS.

We can understand that a man of clay so fine as that of Gonfallon in "A Transaction of Hearts" would soon weary of a woman whose skin was "eburnean in its clarity, and whose eyes were of Iserine." Besides, she presented the "disposition of a sun-dial"; and, worse than all, "she was as clairvoyant as a nyctalope!"

Taking these facts into consideration, together with the other facts that her husband was "myope" and somewhat afflicted with "akosmism," which made him roam his study like a "gryfalcon," we have some reasonable grounds for a coolness. Then, too, his eyes were of that green-black seen only in "dysodile coal," and the dysodile eyes meeting the Iserine eyes could not reasonably be expected to lay aside their astonishment for mere sympathy's sake.

Mr. Saltus' story is told with a strain of English that is pretentious, pedantic, and often obscure. No one will know what "Iserine eyes" are till he thinks of Campbell's well-known poem, and remembers the line, "Of Iser rolling rapidly." Then it may occur to him that there is a mineral found in that river called "Iserine."

There was a good deal of that kind of writing in "Eden." Mr. Usselex in that book, I remember, sat down incidentally "like Thor in the court of

Utgarda." If he did not get up again like Ujjad-hildig in the Sarawass of Redjidwuld, during the same chapter, it was probably owing to considerations of terminology. I remember that this same Mr. Usselex when he wanted to crush an enemy wished him "vertiginous success," and Eden, who listened to him on one of these sesquipedalian occasions, thought he was an "engastrimuth," but afterward her mind cooled down, and "her goblins were replaced by glyptodons."

In "A Transaction of Hearts" I find that the Countess of Cinq-Cygne had a beauty that was "that of a city raised from the ground." In another place Gonfallon assists at "the fabulization of a masquerade," and Bucholz's laugh "had in it the ghoulish mock of the graphophone." In another Gonfallon is represented as preaching to a congregation of neurosthenes.

Lucidity is certainly not attained by this use of technical terms, nor is accuracy always preserved. When Mr. Saltus describes Ruth as being clairvoyant as a nyctalope he is really saying that she had the clear sight of a diseased eye, which is not what he meant to say. He has sacrificed accuracy to pretentiousness of expression.

If life were made up of negations, and terminology furnished proof of it, Mr. Saltus would be not only a profound, but a brilliant man. But even then I should object to his speaking of lamp-posts as "disorganized," and probably get a little tired of his "intussusceptions" and "tangential flights," which exceed anything that I ever encountered in the most transcendental "Massachusettsian" village.—"Nym Crinkle," in the *New York World*.

WALTER SCOTT'S LITERARY HABITS.

There is another reason why Scott's literary habits have a special interest. He may be said to be the father of a new race of literary workmen,—to be the prototype of the authors of to-day, with their regular habits, methodical industry, proper remuneration, and general sanity. Scott did not wait for "inspiration." He had no fantastic notions about genius, but he did have a literary gift, which he used in an eminently rational way.

Like so many men who have attained fame in literature, he was early dropped into a legal apprenticeship. Scott had an aversion to the mechanical effort of writing, and how effectually he was helped to overcome it by his apprenticeship may be understood when he tells us that he remembers having written during that period upward of one hundred and twenty folio pages without interval for food

or rest. The total amount he received from the first ten years of his practice was, as his fee-books show, about £1,100, the annual receipts being from £24 to £200; and this total amount of his first ten years of law practice was equal to about one-eighth of the cash sum for which he sold "Woodstock," a novel that cost him less than three months' work. However, with his characteristic good sense, he did not give up the law until he had secured a safe place in literature.

In 1806, he was appointed Clerk of the Session. His work was not affected by his surroundings, and he labored as faithfully in his little den in Edinburgh as in the much seen library at Abbotsford, although the former room seemed especially adapted for a literary workman. The "den" in Castle street was a small room, with a single window and a single picture, the window looking out upon a patch of turf, just large enough to provoke the imagination of one who loved the country. The walls were entirely hidden by books, arranged systematically in classes, the cases and shelves of each class being plainly lettered. Each book had its proper place, and if one were loaned, a wooden block, bearing a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, stood substitute on the shelf. The books were all richly bound, and never misused; indeed, Scott confessed himself a great coxcomb about them, and hated to see them speckled or spotted. A few reference books were at hand, near the massive table where he worked; and within reach were his Session papers, literary manuscripts, sheaves of letters and proof-sheets, all neatly tied up. There was no picturesque disorder, no posing. All his writing apparatus was in perfect order. The rest of the furniture consisted of two chairs and a step-ladder, upon which a big tom-cat usually lay dozing. Hard work, a dinner engagement, an evening at the theatre, or a ride with a friend made up Scott's life in Edinburgh.

In the country at Ashestiel, before he had drawn upon himself the cares of the Abbotsford estate, the long solitary evenings were given up to writing. But he afterward found that working at night was likely to bring on his nervous headaches, and that he was only half a man unless he had seven hours of utter unconsciousness; thenceforth his habits in the country were those described with delight by the many who enjoyed the hospitality of Abbotsford.

He arose at five o'clock, lit his fire, shaved and dressed himself with particular care, for he disliked any sort of slovenliness, and by six o'clock he was busy at his desk, with his papers and books of

reference where he could find any one of them without the loss of a moment. He worked until eleven or twelve o'clock, save for his breakfast hour between nine and ten, and by one o'clock he was on horseback. The dinner hour was early, and the host and his family, with their guests, passed a short evening in conversation and music. As he said, "he broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast."

Though Scott devoted many hours to the mere putting of his thoughts on paper, yet the creative process was going on at other times. Scott himself bears witness to this condition when he tells us: "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up,—and there is the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily."

The year 1816, during which Scott produced nine volumes, affords another instance of his tremendous capacity for work. His unconquerable industry did not flag even when he was travelling, and in the morning he rarely ever resumed his journey without forwarding a package directed to the printer at Edinburgh. He found dogged persistency at composition was an unfailing remedy for discouragement, and that adversity drew out the best that was in him. Illness and intense bodily pain could no more deter him from writing than could travel or pleasure. The greater part of both "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated, and its composition was punctuated by the groans of the suffering author. When one work was finished, he took up another: "Anne of Geierstein" was completed one morning before breakfast, and after breakfast he began his compendium of Scottish history.

The manuscript page of one of the Waverley novels is of quarto size, evenly written in a free and open hand, without a dotted "i" or a crossed "t." A short dash alone indicates the place for a punctuation mark, but the mark itself is left for the printer to insert. The writing is so uniform as to suggest that it might almost have been projected against the paper by a single effort rather than penned line by line. Indeed, the handwriting was so regular that Scott could from the amount of copy calculate exactly to a page the length of a volume: this he has done on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Peveril of the Peak." Each of these pages of copy contained about eight hundred words. At the time of the composition of "Ivanhoe" three such pages, equal to fifteen or sixteen of the original impression, were considered a day's work,

although later he often exceeded that number. He records the result of one day's work as six manuscript pages, or about twenty-four pages of print; another day he wrote copy enough for thirty pages of print; and one day of hard work on "The Fair Maid of Perth" supplied the printer with manuscript for forty pages of print. Occasionally the bottom of a manuscript page shows the flourish used by lawyers to prevent the insertion of forged additions,—certainly an unnecessary scroll for a Waverley novel.—*E. H. Woodruff, in Scribner's Magazine for February.*

PRICES PAID FOR SHORT STORIES.

The Literary World contends that the average short story by a writer of established reputation brings about \$250, whereas ten years ago the price paid for a story of equal length would have been not much more than \$100; and that stories from unknown authors of sufficient merit to find a place in one of the leading magazines will often bring \$150. *The Critic* takes the ground that these statements are absurd, and only calculated to play havoc with the hopes of aspiring authors. In order to make a practical test, I secured the opinions of many prominent authors, who know whereof they speak. Here is what they say:—

Professor H. H. Boyesen.—"Judging from my own experience, I should say that the statement of *The Literary World* was about correct."

Brander Matthews.—"I sold last year four short stories to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Young People*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century* for \$250 each; also, I sold a very short one to *Scribner's* for \$150, and received \$100 for a three-page sketch from the *Century*. I have now on my table an offer of \$75 for a tiny story of 1,500 to 2,000 words. My price for a story of from 7,000 to 10,000 words is \$250. There are perhaps a dozen other short-story writers who can get this price, and there are three or four who can get more. I have known both the *Century* and *Scribner's* to pay \$150 for 6,000 or 7,000 word stories by a man quite unknown to them."

George H. Jessop.—"It seems to me that the figures you state are fairly representative of the prices paid by the large magazines, excepting to the few names which always command a special remuneration. I have myself received both \$150 and \$200 for short stories, but never less than the former sum."

Julian Hawthorne.—"I know nothing about the matter, except my own experience. I suppose the price paid for a short story of, say, 5,000 words

varies, according to circumstances, from \$10 to \$1,000. An American publisher, Robert Bonner, probably paid Dickens \$5,000; but that is exceptional."

George W. Cable.—"I fear that \$150 is a large estimate of the average price paid for a short story, from a writer of no special reputation, by the great magazines. The magazines pay for such stories by the page, or by the thousand words, and only the very longest short story likely to be given place in a single number of such magazine will bring the author \$150. Magazines behind the very front rank pay a much lower rate. Nevertheless, there is no branch of literary work which commands so ready a market for the literary beginner as short stories."

Louise Chandler Moulton.—"The prices mentioned are not excessive."

George Parsons Lathrop.—"I doubt whether \$200 is even the average price paid for short stories by well-known authors. A few persons get more, but most among even fairly-known writers get less than the sum named. The price, however, is somewhat affected by the length of the story. Fifteen years ago, I remember, when Bret Harte was in the height of his fame, \$250 or \$300 was considered an enormous, almost an extortionate, price for him to receive for a short story. He was an exception then, but prices have somewhat advanced in the period I have mentioned. The statement that \$150 is a common price for a story by a writer of no special reputation appears to me preposterous; and I should advise beginners not to build any hopes on that basis. They will be lucky if they get as much as half of \$150. There is a great deal of exaggeration current about prices received from periodicals. I know of one instance, not long ago, in which some thousands of dollars were said to have been paid for a contribution, when, as a matter of fact within my own knowledge, the price paid was only a few hundred dollars. These stories may have their origin in vanity, or in a disposition for playful advertising."

Octave Thanet.—"I can only say that if the friends of the writer in *The Literary World*, with no special reputation, can get \$150 for their short stories, their experience is more fortunate than mine. But I dare say a well-known author would not consider \$200 a high price for a story. I imagine, however, that the price paid unknown writers depends chiefly upon the value of their work, as it should."

Arlo Bates.—"The price paid to well-known authors for short stories can, of course, only be

told by themselves. I chance to have known the rates paid to numbers of writers of no special reputation, and it has usually been from \$10 to \$15 per thousand words."

The editor of one of the three leading magazines, whose name I am not at liberty to give, for obvious reasons, but whose experience has been very wide, says: "It is true that an author of no especial reputation might receive \$150 for a story, but such a payment would indicate that the story was of such length as to justify this payment at the usual rate per page. The statement made, which you repeat, about short stories, is likely to mislead unknown authors."

The above letters prove that the circumstances in connection with the story itself, its merit, and its length govern entirely the prices paid for short fiction. The letter of Mr. Lathrop is interesting especially, as he for some time was managing editor of a well-known magazine, though that was some years ago. Whatever may be said, I have positive and personal knowledge of three short stories recently purchased by the editors of the three leading magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*, for which \$150 each was paid. The authors of the tales had never before contributed to magazines, nor were they well known in any branch of literature. — *William F. Bok, in the Chicago Journal.*

AN AUTHOR'S CONTRACT.

When you have had your book accepted, you will be asked to sign a formidable document, from which I am going to make quotations. It is printed on beautiful paper, and presents somewhat the appearance of a mortgage (on your brains), and somewhat the appearance of a passport (to fame). After the usual "agreement" between the party of the first part and the party of the second part, the party of the first part, who is the author, "hereby agrees that the said party of the second part," who is the publisher, "shall have the exclusive right to print and publish the said book during the full term of the copyright thereof, and also during the full term or terms of any and all renewals of said copyright."

The author then agrees that he will not "write, print, or publish, or cause to be written or published, any other edition of said book, revised, corrected, enlarged, abridged, or otherwise, or any book of a similar character," thus delivering afterthoughts and preconceptions along with his whole mental product and equipment,—his children of the brain, "hoofs, horns, and tallow." That done,

the author must further agree that he will "protect and defend" the publisher "against all suits and other actions at law in consequence of any infringement of copyright." After making a complete surrender, he must become protector, and fight for the hand that enslaves him.

On the second page of this beautiful piece of parchment, the publisher, on his part, agrees simply to print and publish, and report semi-annually the sales, and to pay the author,—here a blank space is left, which is usually filled with the words "ten per cent. of the price of the books actually sold,"—"provided that the said party of the second part" (the publisher) "shall not be required to make any such payments until he shall have sold a sufficient number of copies of the said book to reimburse him for all moneys expended in manufacturing and publishing the same."

The climax of this series of "*provided however's*" is this: "If, after the said book shall have been published two years, the said party of the second part cannot sell the said book at the cost of paper, printing, and binding, he shall then have the privilege of disposing of all copies for waste paper, and thereupon to cancel this agreement without paying the said party of the first part" (the author) "the sum of money hereinbefore provided, or any other sum."

This is the form of the agreement made with the author by one of the largest publishing houses in New York. With difference in details, all forms are substantially like this. It is not once in ten years that a copy of this interesting kind of document finds its way into print, for the very excellent reasons that no author, after he has signed it, cares to have it made known, and the publisher before it is signed does not care to frighten off all writers whom he has not thus bound to him.

It is but fair to say that these extra-rigid provisions are seldom carried out. The upshot of the whole transaction generally is, that an author entrusts himself to his publisher with the childlike faith that distinguishes the craft, and awaits the accidents of popular favor with what composure he can. When the first semi-annual report is made, the novice of an author concludes that the whole first edition was given to the press to be reviewed. It is on the second and third (if there ever come a second and third) semi-annual reports that he must base his hope of a cash payment. If you except the few successful professional authors (and they are very few), the amount of money paid over by the publishers to the average writer of a book is not enough to buy pens, ink, and paper.—*David Wechsler, in the Brooklyn Times.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

. THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

. All checks and money orders should be made payable to William H. Hills.

. The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, are wholesale agents for THE AUTHOR. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or directly, by mail, from the publisher.

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. Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: —

THE AUTHOR,

BOSTON, MASS.

(P. O. Box 1905.)

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The failure of the House of Representatives to pass the international copyright bill has disappointed all who were interested in the success of the copyright movement.

The illustrated article by E. H. Woodruff, in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, on "Walter Scott at Work," should not be missed by any writer. The extracts from it printed in THE AUTHOR give only a taste of its excellent quality.

Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to send in answers to the "Queries" printed in the magazine, and to ask any questions that they would like to have answered. If readers will coöperate with the editor, they may make this department one of the most useful and interesting features of the magazine.

The favor with which THE AUTHOR has been received proves that there is room for such a periodical, and insures the success of the magazine. Already the subscription list is large, and it is growing rapidly and steadily every day. If the number of subscribers continues

to increase in the same proportion, it is likely that THE AUTHOR will be enlarged before the year is out. In the mean time, if readers have any suggestions to make for the improvement of the magazine, the editor will be glad to know of them. A hint on a postal card might add to the magazine a department which every reader would enjoy.

Hereafter THE AUTHOR will be sent only to those subscribers who have paid their subscription fees in advance, and when subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription, and if no order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to discontinue taking the magazine. This plan has been adopted, after due consideration, as being the best and fairest for all concerned. Attention is again called to the requirement that all subscriptions for THE AUTHOR must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

Criticisms of editors by disappointed contributors usually afford their authors a ready means of getting into print. "A Disappointed Author" lately wrote to the *New York World* to deny the assertion "that editors of periodicals conscientiously read all manuscripts sent to them, whether the authors have a literary reputation or not." She says: "I have positive proof that this is not the case. Having experienced much disappointment in regard to my compositions, I concluded to try a little trick to see whether they were read or not. I tucked tiny pieces of paper between the pages of the manuscript in such a way that if the pages were opened the pieces would be displaced. This story I sent to the *Century*. It came back in four weeks with every piece of paper intact. I immediately sent the same manuscript to *Harper's Magazine* with the same result. As I do not care to dispose of the work of my brains to inferior journals, I made no further efforts to dispose of my work."

To the "disappointed author," no doubt, her experience seemed positive proof that editors are

not so conscientious as they have been painted. "The Lounger" of *The Critic*, however, takes a more sensible view of the case, in saying: "I quite agree with this lady, that every page of the manuscript was not read; but, at the same time, I may say that there are some manuscripts of which even less experienced editors than those in question need read no more than the first page in order to return them with a clear conscience, and a polite note of declination."

The editors of the two great magazines, however, are not the only ones who have roused the ire of their contributors. The editor of *The Independent* recently had to write to a correspondent, one or two of whose stories, "though excellently written," he had declined, and who complained of a lack of courtesy, in that they were sent back by the next mail unread, and without a word of criticism or suggestion. This is what he said:—

We are surprised if there has been any lack of courtesy in our treatment of your stories. Certainly it is a new complaint that the immediate return of a declined manuscript is discourteous. We have had occasional complaints for the opposite fault of delay, but never before for offensive promptitude. You may be assured that neither your stories nor any others are returned unread. The editor in charge of this work is prompt and faithful, and if your story was declined, it must have been for no other reason except either the pressure of other matter or because something in the story itself seemed to make it unavailable. You certainly could not ask him to take his time to offer criticisms and suggestions. Be assured that, as the form of declination says, which I am sure is courteous, and which accompanies every returned article, we must decline many excellent articles well worth printing, and the fact that we decline cannot be a real grievance.

Of course, it is a favor to us to have any writer send us an article. We always examine those sent, and decline all those we can, and accept those we must.

In speaking of this letter in *The Independent*, the editor says: "Our usual form of declination is as follows, and is in handsomely engraved script on fine linen paper, and we have been told by writers who have had much experience in having articles returned that it is a poultice of balm to a disappointed spirit:—

THE INDEPENDENT,
251 Broadway, New York. }

We are sorry to be compelled to decline, with thanks, the accompanying article. We are overwhelmed with communications, and the exceptional number of excellent articles which come to this journal compels us to decline very many which are quite as worthy of publication as those which we accept.

EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT."

The simple truth is that every editor receives

manuscripts the very envelopes of which,—almost,—show that they are not suited to his purpose. To read them would be a useless waste of time. The only sensible thing for him to do is to return them to their authors, with or without a printed note, saying that he finds them unavailable. The author has no reason to be either offended or discouraged by such a failure. He cannot in justice expect an editor to waste time looking at wares he knows he cannot buy, while, on the other hand, a second editor may want what the first editor has refused. The "disappointed author" who sits down in despair at the second rejection, and "makes no further efforts to dispose of his work," will surely get exactly as much fame as he deserves.

William H. Hills.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 13.—Is not W. D. Howells an imitator, rather than a mere admirer, of Balzac? Surely his "Rise of Silas Lapham" is little better than a feeble imitation of "César Birotteau."

H. S. T.

STRATFORD, CONN.

No. 14.—Who is the author of the following lines:—

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing?"

A. B.

SAN DIEGO, Calif.

No. 15.—A reviewer, speaking of Edgar Saltus' latest novel, says: "The book runs over with forced expressions, and is stuffed full of words excavated laboriously from 'Jenkin's Small Dictionary of Uncommon Words,' not for beauty of expressiveness, but because they will be caviare to the general public." Is there any such book as "Jenkin's Dictionary," or is that an invention of the reviewer?

J. W.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 2.—It is generally supposed that George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such" is composed of life

studies, or George Eliot's opinions of certain character types. She might have intended to elaborate them further. G. W. Cooke, in his life of George Eliot, says that no one who wishes to know the author's mind can afford to overlook this book.

C. R. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 3.—“J. L. L.” has n't any Arnold's ink (London.) He thinks he has, but he has n't. Arnold's ink will do whatever it ought to do. The police recently raided an establishment in Chicago, and found thousands of Arnold's bottles, which the enterprising proprietor had bought up second-hand (and empty,) and had refilled with worthless ink, labelling them with forged labels in duplicate of the original. “J. L. L.” had better throw the whole lot away. No one can afford to use ink that fades, when the best can be had at seventy-five cents a quart.

E. B. M.

RICHMOND, Va.

No. 6.—A complete edition of the “British Dramatists” it would be impossible to find. John Campbell's “British Theatre,” published in 1855, is in forty-seven volumes, with remarks biographical and geographical. It is printed from the acting copies of the plays used at the theatres royal. There is also a large work of Inchbald's.

C. R. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 8.—“M. L. H.” can procure photographers' paste of E. & H. T. Anthony, 591 Broadway, or of the Scovill Manufacturing Company, 423 Broome street, near Broadway, New York city. A jar containing one pound and costing twenty-five cents will keep for a long time. I have had mine over a year, and it is only half gone, and is still sweet. A good way, if a little is used, is to put some in a clean vaseline or similar wide-necked bottle, and cover the jar, and set it in a cool place. It is a very convenient article to have around.

J. H. E. W.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. 8.—I cannot give any information concerning photographers' paste, but nothing can be better for pasting scraps and papers than gum tragacanth. This does not require hot water, and does not discolor the paper or acquire a disagreeable odor. It can be bought at any drug store for five or ten cents an ounce, and can be prepared with cold water. It is well to put a few bits in a wide-mouthed bottle.

C. R. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 9.—An extensive catalogue of the short

stories published in the United States for the last twenty years fails to mention “Bolus Hankus.”

C. R. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Black.—William Black is about forty-six years old. He has dark, keen eyes, sparkling behind glasses, black hair, a heavy brown moustache, a firm mouth, a square brow, and a broad chin. He is of medium height, and firmly built. William Black looks like a farmer, and nobody would take him to be an author. He has a ruddy complexion, walks with long, striding steps, and is capable of great endurance. He was educated in private schools in Glasgow. When a boy he showed signs of an artistic disposition, and wanted to become an artist. However, he turned his attention to journalism, going to London when twenty-three years old, and acting as correspondent during the Franco-Austrian war for the *Morning Star*. His first novel was written when he was twenty-six. His books sell very well, yielding him a handsome income, “A Princess of Thule” being the most popular. His habits, when writing, are peculiar. During the summer months he scarcely ever puts pen to paper, but he arranges his stories in his mind, even to the structure of sentences, and often carries them so for months before he begins to write them. He then shuts himself up from everybody, and keeps on writing for ten or twelve hours at a stretch. Everybody in the house has to keep perfectly quiet, as the least noise, even the presence of anybody in the room, interrupts his composition. When he begins his manuscript he regards his labors as nearly finished. He has long time ago severed his connection with newspapers, and now makes by his pen his ten thousand a year. His favorite authors are Heine, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, and Thackeray. Black lives at Brighton, the beautiful seaside resort near London, where he has a comfortable and delightful house.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Blackmore.—Readers of that noble and ever-popular novel, “Lorna Doone,” will be sorry to hear of the increasing ill health of Mr. Blackmore. The author has been living for some time out a few miles from London, not far from the upper Thames. He sees few people, is little known among those about him, and a friend who recently visited him reports that he had great difficulty in finding his home at all. Few of his neighbors know his name, and the tradespeople who do have no idea of his fame as a writer. Mr. Blackmore spends most of his days in his garden, in which he raises with

loving care all manner of fruits and flowers, sending his produce regularly to the city, like any other market gardener. The literary man who visits the author finds little encouragement in trying to get him to talk of himself or his work; both subjects my friend found equally distasteful to him, while he seemed to be quite willing to discuss market gardening in all its phases. What work he does now is accomplished in the evening; he never lets his writing interfere with his care of garden and flowers. He is most painstaking and patient in all that he undertakes, and, in his literary work, so careful that he goes over but little ground at a time. Mr. Blackmore is retiring and modest to the last degree. A petition for his portrait brings a cold chill upon him, and the innumerable requests he receives for autographs and personal mementoes he promptly puts in his waste basket. When asked, recently, if he would allow his portrait to be published, he replied: "By no means; the public have no wish to know how I look. If my books are read, the interest ends with the works. I do not believe in this petty curiosity, and I shall keep out of it."—*William J. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Burnett.—Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's marriage gave her international copyright. She is an Englishwoman born, and being married to an American citizen, she is able to secure the copyright of her books in both the United States and in England. This gives her great advantage over authors who are British subjects, and who are consequently unable to obtain a copyright in the States.—*Court Journal*.

Collins.—Wilkie Collins has described the manner in which he works out his plot and clothes this framework with flesh and blood. He used "The Woman in White" to illustrate his method of writing novels. His first effort was to get his central idea,—"the pivot on which the story turns." This occurred to him in the shape of a conspiracy in private life, by which a woman is robbed of her identity by being confounded with another woman whom she closely resembles. He next searched for and finally found the three principal characters in the drama, the conspirator and the two women. Then began the process of building up the story, three things being borne in mind, "to begin at the beginning, to keep the story always advancing, without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts or to the book publication in volumes, and to decide on the end." The first step was to sketch the plot in the mind,—to decide in a very general way upon the development of the

story. The beginning of "The Woman in White" gave the author much trouble. He decided upon an opening scene, and spent over a week in writing it out, only to throw it away. Nor did any satisfactory idea suggest itself to him, until one evening he happened to read in a newspaper of a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum. Instantly the possibility of using this incident occurred to him, and he fell to work upon a new beginning for the story. After that, all was comparatively smooth work, the characters and the details of the plot being elaborated as the story advanced. After six months of hard labor, the tale was completed. Young authors will be interested in Mr. Collins' account of his efforts to perfect his style. "The day's writing having been finished," he says, "with such corrections of words and such rebalancing of sentences as occur to me at the time, is subjected to a first revision on the next day, and is then handed to my copyist. The copyist's manuscript undergoes a second and a third revision, and is then sent to the printer. The proof passes through a fourth process of correction, and is sent back to have the new alterations embodied in a revise. When this reaches me, it is looked over once more before it goes back to press. When the serial publication of the novel is reprinted in book form, the book proofs undergo a sixth revision. Then, at last, my labor of correction has come to an end."—*The Book Buyer*.

Hale.—Edward Everett Hale believes that three hours a day is as large an average day of desk work as a man of letters should try for. "I have," he recently said, "written for twelve consecutive hours, but this is only a *tour de force*, and in the long run you waste strength if you do not hold every day quite closely to the average." Dr. Hale believes that the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bedtime. The evening occupation should be light and pleasant, as music, conversation, or attendance at the theatre, or a stroll in summer. No work of any kind should be done in the hour after dinner or after any substantial meal, as all the vital force is required for the beginning of digestion. "Sleep nine hours if you can, but do not allow yourself less than seven," is Dr. Hale's closing injunction.—*William J. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Hume.—The most interesting volume of literary correspondence which has recently appeared is a collection of letters by David Hume to his publishers. Of the first volume of his "History," only forty-five copies were sold within twelve

months after its publication. It was only after the appearance of the second volume that the public began to show its appreciation. What the letters of Hume, now published for the first time, chiefly show is the assiduity of the author as a corrector. He was never satisfied with his phrases, — always trying to produce something which was beyond his powers. More than once he quotes with approval the saying of Rousseau's, that "one-half of a man's life is too little to write a book, and the other half to correct it." His labor was purely for love, and he was able to boast to his friend Strahan, "I am perhaps the only author you ever knew who gratuitously employed great industry in correcting a work of which he has fully alienated the property." — *New York Observer*.

"Ouida." — "Ouida's" villa is situated on one of the lovely hills that overlook Florence. Her garden, though small, is in beautiful order, and is well guarded by two large Maremma sheep dogs. The villa is in the Italian style, and the vine-clad piazza commands a charming view. "Ouida's" real name is Louise de la Ramé. Her father was a Frenchman, her mother English; and while her tastes and manners are French, her features are decidedly English. Her face is fair and oval, her eyes are deep blue in color, and very large and expressive; her hair is golden brown. She is about the medium height, slender, and graceful. She passes much time in the open air, driving and walking, and from April to October is out all the time, except when eating and sleeping. Her favorite time for driving is in the afternoon from 2 to 6. She drives herself, and always has a couple of pet dogs with her; in fact, whether walking or driving, at home or abroad, eating or reading, thinking or writing, she has her canine companions by her side. She has a burying-place for her dogs in her garden, and her favorite St. Bernard dog, Isla, has a marble tomb over his remains. "Ouida" is an early riser; tempted by the lovely climate of Florence, she is up at 6 in winter and 5 in summer. Her literary work is done chiefly in winter, but she has no particular hours of the day for writing, taking up her pen only when she is in the humor to write. She does not remember when she commenced authorship, for at the age of four she wrote in printed letters a child's story. She paints with great cleverness, both in oil and water colors, and she finds her favorite subjects in her own household pets. A dog or cat always appears in her landscapes, and sometimes a horse is added. The name of "Ouida" is an infantine corruption of her baptismal name, Louise, just as "Boz" was of

Charles, the first name of Dickens. She began her literary career by writing short stories for the English magazines, and was glad to get one pound a page for them. Now her English publishers give her \$7,000 for every book she writes. — *Louis Northrop, in the New York Star*.

Poole. — Dr. William Frederick Poole, the librarian of the Newberry Library, has frequently been asked to explain the origin of the inscription: "*Qui scit ubi sit scientia habenti est proximus*," — "Who knows where knowledge is, is next to having it," — which appears on the title page of his "Index to Periodical Literature." In truth the Latin author, or the author in Latin, is the accomplished librarian himself. The first edition of the "Index" was printed in 1848, and covered only the periodicals of a small library at Yale. Young Poole was not burdened with too much money, and Putnam, who published the book, assumed all financial responsibility. The edition was a small one, and copies are now rare. Even the author does not possess one, and had not seen one for twenty years, until, while attending the first International Librarians' Conference, in London, he found a copy in the British Museum, "much soiled and dog-eared from constant usage." Another edition was published in 1853, of more comprehensive scope. The work is now under the charge of the Library Association, with the assistance of four English librarians. A coöperative arrangement exists whereby each librarian does a certain share of the current indexing, the whole being issued as a supplement every five years. — *Chicago Tribune*.

Schreiner. — Although Miss Olive Schreiner's book, "The Story of an African Farm," was published several years ago, it did not acquire any considerable circulation in this country until last summer, and so it may fairly be grouped with the two other famous novels of the year. From Miss Schreiner herself was received, in response to the application for the facts of her life, a brief autobiographical sketch, which is of so much interest that we give it entire. These few lines cover four pages of note paper, Miss Schreiner's handwriting being very coarse and easy to read. Her account of her life is as follows: "My father was a German, born in Würtemberg. He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been strict Puritans. I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solitary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman

Catholic, and is living in a convent in South Africa. I came to England for the first time seven years ago, and then published the 'African Farm,' which I had written in Africa. The first English edition was published in 1882. I have made stories ever since I could remember; long before I could write I used to scribble on sheets of paper, imagining that I was writing them. I began 'An African Farm' when I was almost a child, but left it for some years before I finished it."—*The Book Buyer*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society has just awarded a prize of \$700 to Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, for a manuscript story, entitled "Rose and Thorn." A second prize of \$300 falls to Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, of Brockport, N. Y., for her story of "A Titled Maiden."

The Presbyterian Board of Publication, of Philadelphia, will soon bring out a new Western novel by Alice A. Barber. It is named from its principal character, "Ruth Irving, M. D."

Mr. Whittier has told some one that "Maud Muller" came to him as a name which he repeated to himself: "Maud Muller, Maud Muller," for some time, and out of the rhythm the poem took form.

Macmillan & Co. have among their announcements "An Author's Love. Being the Discovered Letters of Prosper Mérimée's 'Inconnue,'" a work in two volumes.

John Morley's sketch of Walpole will be the next volume in the Twelve English Statesmen Series.

Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, have made arrangements with W. H. H. Murray for a series of six volumes of Adirondack Tales. The first volume will be published in the spring, and two others will follow next autumn.

The supplement to *Harper's Weekly* of February 2 contains a series of papers by leading American playwrights on "The American Drama."

The scene of Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is said to shift from London to the South Seas. He is thinking of calling it "The Gaol-Bird," and he will publish it in the autumn.

Tolstoi authorizes a denial of the statement that he has ready for publication a new novel. He has a new story in hand, but it is unfinished, and the state of Tolstoi's health at present is not good. He is now in Moscow with his family.

"Essays — Religious, Social, Political," by David Atwood Wasson, is announced by Lee & Shepard. The volume includes, besides the essays, an autobiographic sketch, and a biography of Wasson by his friend, Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

Lawrence Hutton is preparing a unique article on the complimentary inscription written by authors, past and present, in the copies of their books presented to their contemporaries. The motive of the article is to show the bonds of friendship existing between authors whose relations the public often believe to be strained.

Charles Dudley Warner's new serial, to be begun in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, is to be called "A Little Journey in the World."

At the meeting of the Western Authors and Artists' Club in Kansas City, February 6, sixty-four new members were elected. The next meeting of the club will be held the first Wednesday in October.

The Collegian (Boston) for February contains a serial paper "On the Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum," by Professor Spring; "The Modern Novel," by Caroline T. Goodloe; "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs," by Frederick Perkins; and the "Position of 'Lalla Rookh' in English Literature," by E. A. Herrick.

The Lothrop literature prizes have not yet been awarded. The time for competition expired December 1, but there are so many competing articles that, although the manuscripts are being examined as rapidly as possible, it will be some months before the awards can be made.

Margaret Deland never even wrote a short story until after she put "John Ward" on paper. She is now writing a new novel. In spite of the apparent unorthodox tendencies of "John Ward," Mrs. Deland remains herself a stout churchwoman.

A special prize of twenty-five dollars is offered by the publisher of *The Growing Youth*, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., for the best poem commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington. The competition is open to all. The poem must not contain more than one hundred lines, and must be received on or before March 21.

"The Romance of a Shop" is the title of a novel which Cupples & Hurd are about to publish. It is the work of Miss Amy Levy, an English-Hebrew, a pretty, gentle brunette of twenty-five. Beside poems, she has contributed many short stories to *Temple Bar* and other magazines.

Clark Russell has long been a suffering cripple from rheumatism. He has tried all sorts of remedies, — even a long voyage to the Cape, — and has at last found relief at an English therapeutic establishment, where the pine treatment is given. Here the sufferer inhales, swallows, bathes in, and is rubbed with the essence of the pine.

H. S. Edwards, the author of "Two Runaways," will have a story in a new vein in the *March Century*. It is called "The Rival Souls."

"The Edict of Freedom" is the title of the March instalment of *The Century's* "Life of Lincoln." In this number is completed the story of "Emancipation." In "Topics of the Time," the editor says that "the very heart and substance of the author's 'Life of Lincoln' are to be found in the instalments published in *The Century* for December, January, February, and March."

"Brentano's," of New York, Chicago, Washington, and Paris, have opened a London branch at 430 Strand.

The *Magazine of American History* for February is a "Washington's Birthday Number," with a picture of Washington and his family for a frontispiece, and several interesting articles on Washington. There are also articles entitled "Oriental Account of the Discovery of America," "The Mound Builders and North American Indians," and "Slavery in New York and Massachusetts," with the usual departments.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says: "Mrs. Cleveland is said to have literary aspirations. It is understood that she has promised Mr. Gilder that she will write some sketches for the *Century* as soon as she has retired to private life."

Ticknor & Company's February books are "A Daughter of Eve," a novel by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," and "Safe Building," by Louis De Coppet Berg. The February volumes of Ticknor's Paper Series are "The Desmond Hundred," by Jane G. Austin, and "A Woman of Honor," by H. C. Bunner.

Munsey's Weekly is the name of a new illustrated periodical started in New York. John Bangs is the editor.

The D. Lothrop Company are about to move into a handsome building on Washington street, opposite Bromfield street, Boston. They have also taken the large five-story building from 114 to 120 Purchase street, for printing, binding, mailing, and editing their various publications. There are more than 3,000 books on the Lothrop Company's lists.

Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, have removed to their new store on School street, near the Old Corner Bookstore, where the senior partner presided for some years. They have added to their business the Algonquin Press.

A literary curiosity is the first instalment, in the February *Cosmopolitan*, of a Chinese historical novel, entitled, "Wu Chih Tien, the Celestial Empress." The story is two thousand years old, and is the classic of Chinese literature. It opens dramatically and quaintly, and is adroitly illustrated.

An author, who had written a book and had it printed, refused to pay for the numerous corrections with which he was charged. When the case was taken into court, the judge decided that the writing was so bad and illegible as to justify the printer in charging for the consequent corrections.

Cassell & Company say that the *New York World* did not print Max O'Rell's new book complete in a recent Sunday issue. In Max O'Rell's book there are forty-one chapters, of which the *World* printed twenty-eight in part.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have issued a special ten-page catalogue of books by Western authors and books on Western topics, by which it appears that nearly fifty of the authors whose works are published by this house reside in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, or some other Western State. The list of authors is an interesting one. It includes Lew Wallace, John A. Wiltach, T. C. Mendenhall, J. B. Howe, J. P. Dunn, Jr., of Indiana; Joseph Kirkland, Frank W. Gunsaulus, Washington Gladden, Franklin W. Head, J. Emerson Smith, John D. Caton, William M. Payne, E. G. Mason, of Illinois; James K. Hosmer, Annie Wall, D. R. McAnally, Lucien Carr, of Missouri; Thomas M. Cooley, L. H. Bailey, Jr., of Michigan; Edith M. Thomas, John Hay, William D. Howells, Elizabeth Karr, George S. Gray, Alice and Phoebe Cary, John James Piatt, Mrs. S. M. Piatt, Forceythe Willson, James A. Garfield, A. P. Russell, Mary A. Sprague, Edward R. Sill, Rufus King, of Ohio; Octave Thanet, of Iowa; Mary N. Murfree, James Phelan, of Tennessee; Josiah Royce, Flora H. Loughhead, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Mary E. Bamford, of California; N. S. Shaler, H. B. McClellan, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; Carswell McClellan, of Minnesota; O. W. Wight, of Wisconsin; Charles Denison, of Colorado. The authors of works on Western topics are: Bret Harte, William Barrows, William Henry Bishop, Theodore Roosevelt, W. G. Sumner, Carl Schurz, Leverett W. Spring, Edward Marston, George F. Hoar.

In an interview with Edmund Routledge, on the out-put of the London publishing house of that name, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some striking statistics. In 1887, for instance, 5,590 copies of "The Bigelow Papers" were sold in the Pocket Library, and 6,560 copies of Bret Harte's poems were sold in the same year; of Irving's "Sketch Book," Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," and Poe's poems, 5,100, 6,210, and 5,440 copies, respectively, were sold. In 1883, 3,150 copies of Artemus Ward's writings were disposed of, 10,000 of Josh Billings', 21,000 of Buffalo Bill's, 3,010 of "The Leavenworth Case," 29,000 of "Poe's Tales," 39,130 of "The Mill Mystery," 9,620 of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," 2,650 of "The Scarlet Letter," 4,950 of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 580 of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and 17,943 of Cooper's romances.

The first number of the *Library*, organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, is published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster row, London.

Edgar S. Werner, publisher of the musical and vocal journal known as *The Voice*, has changed its name to *Werner's Voice Magazine*, to avoid confusion with a prohibition paper called *The Voice*.

Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N. Y., has issued the first number of his long-contemplated quarterly, the *Magazine of Poetry*. The first issue of the magazine comprises 128 pages, and gives biographies of twenty-three poets, each sketch being followed by a few pages of extracts from the poet's writings. After these are collections of juvenile poems, single poems, and the announcement of a prize-quotation project. The writers treated of biographically are Richard Watson Gilder, George Houghton, Walt Whitman, Anna Katharine Green, "Carmen Sylva," Harriet Maxwell Converse, William W. Martin, Robert Gilfillan, John Boyle O'Reilly, O. C. Auringer, Jean Ingelow, Eliza Allen Starr, Francis Howard Williams, Henry Abbey, Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, Mary Morgan, William H. Bushnell, Alice W. Brotherton, Sarah Knowles Bolton, Richard Crashaw, Clinton Scollard, and Charles G. D. Roberts. There are portraits of most of the writers named.

A magazine of which Western people are proud is *The Great West*, edited and published in Kansas City.

"A very remarkable copy of Forster's 'Life of Charles Dickens' is exhibited by Brentano," says the *New York Star*. "It was the work of an English gentleman, who was a great admirer of the

Sage of Gadshill. Forster's 'Life' was in two volumes,—octavo. Each leaf has been inlaid in a large octavo leaf of heavy paper. From twelve to fifteen hundred illustrations were collected and similarly inlaid, and the whole collection was bound in eight large folio volumes. Upon the death of the gentleman who perfected this labor of love, the work was sold by his heirs. It eventually passed into the hands of Brentano, by whom it is valued at \$800."

The *Christian Union* for January 31 says: "We are authorized to deny the rumors which have been going about the newspapers as to Mrs. Stowe's health. We are assured by her friends that she is in good health for one of her years, though enjoying a well-earned repose from labor of pen and study. This testimony of her friends is abundantly confirmed by a personal letter from her to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, which the latter has very recently received. Her writing is as clear and as firm as it ever was, and affords ocular demonstration, both by its expression and its chirography, that neither her brain nor her hand has lost its cunning."

Walter N. Hinman, author of "Under the Maples," published by Belford, Clarke, & Co., is the son of George E. Hinman, and was born in Stittville, N. Y., in 1854. He was educated in the public schools of Holland Patent and Syracuse, with a term or two at Whitestown Seminary. He lived for some years in Cleveland, Chicago, and New York, being employed as a telegraph operator, and doing some newspaper work. His health failed in the West, and he returned some eighteen months ago to Holland Patent, where he now lives.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given his medical library entire, consisting of 968 volumes of choice works, to the Boston Medical Association. He has been over half a century in collecting these works, and the gift is not only the rarest, but the largest, ever given to the association by any one person. Dr. Holmes had provision made for them at his own expense, and had them in their place before he notified the association of his purpose. The earliest book bears the date 1490, and the latest, 1887, covering a period of four centuries. In making the gift, Dr. Holmes said, among other things: "These books are dear to me; a twig from some one of my nerves runs to every one of them, and they mark the progress of my study and the stepping-stones of my professional life. If any of them can be to others as they have been to me, I am willing to part with them, even if they are such old and beloved companions."

The National Colored Press Association will hold a convention in Washington March 5, 6, and 7.

"False Modesty in Readers" is the title of a pithy paper by George Parsons Lathrop in the *North American Review*. Mr. Lathrop is a defender of Amélie Rives, though Ouida and George Moore are too much for him.

A new series of books, to be called the "Green Paper Series," is announced to appear from the house of Cupples & Hurd, of Boston. The volumes will be issued semi-monthly, and will be made up largely of works of fiction.

The authorized life of the late Miss Alcott will be published in about a month; the biography of Mrs. Stowe is to be brought out at almost the same time.

Miss Mary F. Seymour has started in New York a woman's paper, called *The Business Woman's Journal*. Miss Seymour is both the editor and publisher of the paper. Her office is at 38 Park row.

The following English authors who died during the past year were possessed of personal estates of the sums named: Bonamy Price, \$58,500; Leone Levi, \$44,000; J. Cotter Morison, \$36,000; Matthew Arnold, \$5,200.

A collective edition of the works of James Russell Lowell will be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., in style similar to their recent fine editions of Longfellow and Whittier. Matter which has not before appeared in book form will be included in this edition.

The volume to be brought out this month in Miss Wormeley's series of translations of Balzac's novels will be "Les Employés."

Richard Henry Stoddard, who has been blind for three or four months from cataract, has had an operation performed, which promises to be successful.

G. P. Putnam's Sons continue their Story of the Nations Series by the publication of "The Story of Mexico." Susan Hale is the author.

The Cosmopolitan has secured Edward Everett Hale to conduct a department entitled "Social Problems."

William Evarts Benjamin, the New York bookseller, exhibits the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855. The type was set by the poet himself, as he could find no one else to print it at that time. The volume, which is a thin octavo, contains six portraits of the author, taken at various times during the past forty years.

Literary men will be glad to know that the new *Atlantic Index* is rapidly approaching completion.

Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler is writing the last chapters of her new novel in her Virginia home. The title of this new story will be "The Witness of the Sun," and its scenes are laid among the people of Italy and Russia. The story will be printed complete in the April issue of *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which a first edition of 150,000 copies will be issued.

The first number of the *Shorthand Review*, published in Chicago and New York, contains much that will be found of special interest to the fraternity. A fac-simile of the stenographic notes of the Haymarket Anarchist speeches, by G. P. English, a Chicago reporter, is an important feature of this issue.

Charles Dudley Warner begins a new serial in *Harper's Magazine* for March. The title is "A Little Journey in the World."

Andrew Lang, "as a matter of interest to book-makers," confesses that his "Perrault's Popular Tales," recently published, cost him £1 5s 10d.

John Bartlett, the compiler of the famous "Familiar Quotations" and "Shakespeare Quotations," has just retired from the firm of Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, of which he was the senior member.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book will certainly not be ready for publication for nearly a year. It is another religious novel, written on the same general lines as "Robert Elsmere." In a letter to the London correspondent of the *New York World*, Mrs. Ward protests vigorously against the dramatization of "Robert Elsmere" by Mr. Gillette. She says: "'Robert Elsmere' was never written with any view to the stage. It is entirely unsuited for theatrical presentation, and I have refused steadily to allow it to be dramatized in this country. It can only be adapted for the stage by destroying the proportions of the story, by emphasizing what is subordinate, and leaving out what is essential. For I cannot believe that an American, or, in fact, any other public, would bear to hear the most intimate and sacred speculative problems discussed behind the footlights. I am aware that your law gives me no protection, but if, as I am told, the book has made me friends in America, I appeal to their sympathy and to their sense of justice to discourage in every way they can a proceeding which injures the book and outrages the author." Since Mrs. Ward's letter was published, Manager Palmer has decided not to produce Mr. Gillette's play.

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A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN NOVELIST.

"Remember the Alamo," the latest of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novels, by some critics is considered her best work, although others still maintain that honor for "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," written two or three years ago. All of the volumes Mrs. Barr has published show an amount of research which would frighten the "geniuses" who just now "dash off" immorality so swiftly, and with such disregard of literary rules. For many years before she presumed to step into sight of the public and demand recognition as a novelist, Mrs. Barr was a conscientious, studious, and daily toiler in the hard school of newspaper and periodical work. Fully conscious of her own powers, she had no intent to exhibit them until she had gained by every means at her command the addition of grace, finish, and artistic beauty.

One of the most sunshiny women possible, enjoying gayety and mirthfulness with a keen zest, her work, — in other words, her real life, — receives the most profound consideration and serious care. It is first: to it all other things subserve; and the genial hospitality of her house is none the less appreciated because her guests are expected to recognize this fact, and to adjust themselves in accordance with it.

Until very recently, Mrs. Barr has been accustomed to enter her study very early in the morning, — usually by seven o'clock, — and to write or "read up," with slight interruption, until four or five in the afternoon; but lately, at the advice of her physician, she has regretfully given up the hours after midday to rest and recreation. When she has decided upon a subject, she devotes herself to its consideration in every possible aspect; thoroughly imbuing herself with its spirit, training herself to think as her characters are to do, and to live their lives. Having thus mastered her theme, her work is, practically, done; the putting a story on paper has become almost mechanical. She is a very rapid writer, and from the time she really takes up her pen till her typewritten copies are in the hands of her publishers only a few weeks elapse. She makes first rough drafts of her stories in a hand-writing nearly as legible as print, and from these is made the perfect "copy."

Mrs. Barr's advice to others entering upon a literary career is to be systematic and thorough. In genius she undoubtedly believes, but genius untrained and unrestricted is to her like an unbroken colt, — very beautiful and very useless. In speaking not long ago of her earlier efforts, Mrs. Barr recalled the continual "boiling down" to which she subjected them, believing that most women writers are too diffuse.

Sometimes, she said, she would write and re-write paragraphs as often as ten or twelve times, herself being so difficult a reader to please; and it is safe to say she lost nothing by this care-taking: her delightfully "easy-reading" pages are the sure result of such "hard writing."

The question whether so conscientious an author has made literature "pay" is easily answered in the affirmative. It is probable that ever since she began her work she has earned from it a fair support; and now, as should be, she reaps far richer gains. Her books are brought out in London, as well as in New York, and even run in serial form through some magazine, making three or four sales for one story. "Remember the Alamo" has been her most successful book financially, and its proceeds already equal those of all her other novels combined; but the fact that she no longer needs to write does not in the least affect this energetic woman's industry. "If I were worth millions," she says, in her own enthusiastic way, "I should write just as much as I do now."

The facts gained from this brief glance at one successful author are all encouraging to young writers. Literary work must be as thorough, as regular, as painstaking as carpentry. Though one can wield a pen or swing a hammer better when in the mood than when not, that fact must be accessory, not leading. One must learn to be thankful for "rejections," by which he is impelled to graver, braver effort; to be, of all his judges, himself the most severe. He is to remember that the mind which would feed others must itself be fed, and to give more hours to study than to expression; and, lastly, that to succeed one must be indomitable in purpose, caring first to produce good work, and sure that in these days of rich literary rewards such work will always "pay."

F. E. H. Raymond.

METHODS OF WRITING POETRY.

Quite a well-known author has recently declared his opinion that by the careful study of the mechanism of verse, and the rules governing it, any person of ordinary intellectual capacity could become a poet.

I differ from the learned gentleman. Very good

verse may be written in this way, if one has the patience to grind it out, but not poetry. We might as well say that any person can become a musical composer who learns the rules governing its construction.

Correct rhythm, and proper accent, and an ear for rhyming sounds must be born with the poet, or else he is no poet, — just as true time and a correct ear must be born with the true musician. Without these natural gifts, only second or third-class work can be achieved.

I had published three books of verse, and had maintained a livelihood by writing what my editors chose to call poetry for ten years before I understood what constituted a sonnet, or knew the meaning of the word "hexameter." Although I wrote verses at eight years of age, and was passionately fond of poetry, I found no interest in that part of my grammar dedicated to scanning lines and descriptive of different forms of meter. So I was absolutely without knowledge of any rules, save those my ear taught me, until about ten years ago, when I became desirous of understanding the mechanism of a sonnet. I read some of Mrs. Browning's, some of Shakespeare's, some of Rosetti's, and others, and found sufficient variety in their forms to puzzle and confuse me as to the proper construction. Finally, I was told to purchase a little book entitled "The Rhymester," by Tom Hood, and therein I found samples of the most perfect sonnets, ballads, triolets, rondels, etc., in existence, with all the rules governing them. The book contains general information regarding all kinds of verse; but while it would be invaluable to a mere verse builder, it would be of no assistance to a natural poet, save in its specimens of sonnets and other arbitrary forms.

The natural poet is always vastly amused at the idea of a rhyming dictionary. I think most poets find their only difficulty in that respect the choice from the number that occur. Rhymes fly in flocks to me, — seldom singly. I think of a dozen ways I might rhyme a couplet, and to decide which is the better is often a nice point.

I am almost daily asked how my poems come to me, — whether I "think them up," find them in books, or am "inspired." The universe seems to me to be filled with thought germs, and unwritten poems people space. In walking down the street, wholly intent upon some worldly matter, the purchase of a new gown, or something equally material, the soul germ of a poem, on an entirely different subject, has pierced heart and brain like a needle of light. I have had the same thing occur in conversing with people, or while reading a book.

Frequently, in such cases, I can trace its source to some remark that has been made, or to something I have read. But quite as frequently it comes unheralded and mysteriously. From the moment this mental conception takes place I consider the poem practically written. It may be a day, a week, or a month before I give it form and expression, but I know during all this time that whenever I choose to invoke them, both form and expression will come.

There is a peculiar exhilaration in this state of mental pregnancy. To carry about, unknown to those nearest you, an unuttered and beautiful thought which you believe will, when delivered and clothed with speech, bring pleasure to the world, is a happiness understood only by authors or willing and happy mothers.

The amount of time and labor necessary to the delivery of these ideas varies with the poet's mood, or condition, or with the nature of the poem. A sonnet with me requires more time than a mere flowing form of verse. I am often asked how long a time I occupy in writing a sonnet. I recollect one of my best, which required some four hours of consecutive labor. When I made this fact known the critic reproved me, saying, "You should have worked over it four weeks, instead, and picked and chosen your expressions."

Yet in those four hours I had written one line twenty-six different ways before I was satisfied with its formation, and all the others had been rewritten many times. I could have done no more, had I extended the work over weeks instead of hours.

I am frequently urged to write less, and informed that I will write better in consequence. This theory my own experience constantly disproves. When I write six poems in one week I do far better work than when I write one poem in six weeks. The greater the pressure, the better my productions. Every day of my life I thank God for the neediness of my youth, which compelled me to write constantly. I owe my best work to the stern mistress, Necessity.

I have recently been asked whether it was necessary to have the same number of syllables in each rhyming line of a poem.

There is no imperative law regarding ordinary rhythm, save that the corresponding lines in each stanza shall be of corresponding length and similar accent.

For instance, take the following stanza:—

Keep out of the past: it is lonely

And bleak to the view.

Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old;

Turn, turn to the present,—the new.

Now, the first line contains eight syllables with a two-syllabled word,—“lonely,”—at the end, and it is accented on the second and seventh syllables.

The second line contains five syllables, accented on second and fifth.

The third has a double rhyme, the fourth eight syllables.

Now, this follows no rule or law. It is written to please my own fancy, which any poet has a right to do. But if I write ten stanzas more, I will be no poet, if I do not carefully adhere to the rules I have made for the first stanza. Each first line of the following ten stanzas must contain eight syllables with the same accent, and the two-syllabled ending; each second line five, each third line the double rhyme. There are some kinds of fantasies in verse,—where no rule is observed, and where all sorts of liberties are taken; but these require a master genius, or else they result in a mere conglomeration of words.

The “born” poet, too, can make use of certain constructions, and extra syllables even, which do not mar his verse, but rather add to it, like grace notes in some music. Let the mechanical poet beware of attempting it, for though he counts his number, and seems to follow the same rule of “no rule,” he will make a limping failure, and will be unable to understand why, and no one can explain the subtle cause satisfactorily to him; yet every musical ear will note the difference. To sum up this advice in a sentence,—great poets may use poetical license,—ordinary poets must not.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the New York Star.*

HOW ILLUSTRATIONS ARE MADE.

The first thing that happens when a book or periodical is ready for illustrating is to decide upon the number and the subjects of the pictures, and to determine which artists shall be intrusted with the work. This depends upon the kind of illustrations called for by the subject. Some artists do landscapes, others interiors, others figures, and so on. To some are intrusted the humorous pictures, to others historical subjects, to others descriptive drawings. Sometimes one artist will illustrate an entire article; sometimes it will be divided among a dozen. Books are generally illustrated by one man. The size of the picture need not be taken into account, for reasons that will appear. The artist follows his own fancy in this regard.

Drawings are of two kinds. Line drawings are made with the pen. Those made with the brush are called “wash” drawings. Both are embraced

under the general head of black-and-white drawings. The great majority of drawings are of the "wash" variety, the "line" being called for only in particular cases and for particular subjects. Humorous pictures are generally of the latter kind. When the drawing is completed, and approved by the chief of the department, the second step in the operation is ready to be entered upon. And here it is necessary to mention a third class of original illustrations, the first two being "line" and "wash" drawings. The third class is photographs. For all three are employed as the basis of book and magazine illustrations. Occasionally, also, an oil painting is used as an original.

When the original, whether photograph, or "line," or "wash" drawing, is ready, the chief has to decide another question. All originals are transferred, either by hand engraving or by "process," a species of sun engraving, commonly known as photo-engraving. "Line" drawings are almost always transferred by "process" work. Photographs and "wash" drawings are generally handed over to the engravers. As a rule, the public prefer engraving, because the work is brighter and clearer. On the other hand, the artists prefer "process" work. There is less danger of alteration of the original if the work is done by the sun than if completed by the human hand. Artists, like authors, wish to see their work accurately reproduced. On the other hand, engraving is ten times more expensive than "process" work. Still, notwithstanding the great difference in expense, the bulk of the work in first-class houses is transferred by engraving.

The work of engraving may be described briefly as follows: Blocks of boxwood are first procured. These are made by skilled artisans. It is a separate business. The publishing houses purchase these blocks from the makers at a cost of from four to eight cents a square inch. They are furnished of any size, from a few inches square to the size of *Harper's Weekly's* double page, and are made just the height of the type which they will accompany in the printing press. The surface is polished to the smoothness of the finest enamelled paper. The largest blocks are made by fastening together a number of the smallest blocks by means of iron rivets. These can subsequently be taken apart and distributed to various engravers. Sometimes eight or more engravers will be employed upon a large double-page illustration. A thin coating of white stuff, composed of silver-white, albumen, gelatine, etc., is now placed upon the block by the photographer, whose services are next called into requisition. The drawing or other original is now photo-

graphed upon the block. In this operation it is reduced or enlarged, as the case may require. Original drawings are generally two to three times the size of the completed picture. It is because of this ability of the camera that drawings need not be prepared the exact size required, as they were formerly. But of this something will be said further on. The block, with the photograph on it, is now ready for the engraver, who must be something of an artist himself. Very frequently he is an accomplished one.

Engraving is performed with finely pointed steel instruments called "gravers." The engraver looks at the work through a monocle, similar to that used by watchmakers. It must be performed with great care, and very slowly. Sometimes six weeks are consumed in engraving a single block. When completed, the block is blacked with ink. Then a preparation of fine chalk is spread over it, which brings out the black and white tones of the drawing. By this means the engraver is enabled to compare his work with the original. He now goes over the work carefully again, bringing out the tone still more accurately. When it is finished to his satisfaction a proof is printed from it, and this is submitted to the chief of the department, who suggests, if necessary, further alterations. When the block is finally approved, a papier maché matrix is made from it, and on this matrix the plate which is to be used in the press is moulded.

If the original is to be reproduced by process work, it is sent to a photo-engraver. The work done here is more or less a secret, known only to the trade, but a general idea of it may be given by the following description: A negative is made from the original by photographing it through a species of screen in such a manner that it shows lines and dots corresponding in a general way to those which would have been produced by the engraver had the work been intrusted to him. In the case of a line drawing no screen is necessary. On the negative the black lines of the drawing become white, and the white portions become black.

A gelatine plate of the required size and about a quarter of an inch thick is next produced. This has been "sensitized," as it is called, by means of a preparation of bichromate of potash. It looks like a pane of yellow glass, except that it is soft and pliable. If exposed to the sun, it becomes hard, brittle, and insoluble. This plate is now fixed to the back of the negative, which is then submitted to the action of the actinic, or light, rays of the sun, or of an electric light. The black lines of the negative protect the gelatine plate from these rays,

while the white portions permit them to pass through, and do their work upon it. When this process is completed, the gelatine is scrubbed in ordinary water. The protected portions are thus rubbed out, and the portions which have been hardened by the sunlight remain. The result now is a plate substantially similar to the block after it leaves the engraver's hands. From this a matrix is formed, and from the matrix a plate is produced by putting the gelatine through a battery of solution of copper. In a couple of hours a thin shell of copper is formed upon the matrix. This is backed up by type-metal an eighth of an inch thick. This is the electrotype, or printing plate, which is afterward nailed upon a block type high.

The cost to the publisher for drawings runs from \$75 to \$325 a page. For engraving it averages about \$200 a page, though sometimes as high as \$500 has been paid. — *Frank H. Howe, in the New York Star.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AT HOME.

Charles Dudley Warner has just finished two numbers of the serial, "A Little Journey in the World," which will begin in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*. I had the pleasure of looking at the manuscript a few days ago. It is the clearest "copy-plate," on paper of commercial-note size, with hardly an erasure. Mr. Warner is a rapid writer, never making a second copy of any manuscript. He uses violet ink, because it flows much more freely than any other kind, and enables him to work the faster.

"If I had been at work on the serial," said Mr. Warner, "I could not have seen you, for when I intend to write on that, I leave strict orders downstairs that no one is to approach my study on pain of, — not 'death,' perhaps, — but a scolding."

Mr. Warner works from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, when he walks down to his office in town, to attend to his duties as editor of the *Hartford Courant*.

He seldom takes any luncheon. A most tempting, but a very modest, collation was laid out for him at one end of the dining-room table; a bowl of milk, a few slices of bread, and a baked apple, with a vase of roses to add beauty to the repast; but it was already 3 o'clock, and the luncheon was untasted.

There is an open fire-place in this plainly-furnished study, with a cheerful blaze. The "delusive gas-log" is nowhere to be seen in Mr. Warner's house, for has he not anathematized it

as "a fraud which no one can poke, and before which no cat would condescend to lie down, a centre of untruthfulness, demoralizing the life of the whole family"?

"I don't suppose you ever had any manuscript returned?" I ventured to inquire, and I am bound to confess that his answer was balm to my soul.

"Oh! yes; I had plenty returned to me, but then, as I became an editor when quite young, I was somewhat independent of other editors."

"And what was the very first thing you ever wrote for publication?"

"Oh, I cannot remember," he replied, "for it was so long ago, but I presume it was some sketch for *Putnam's Magazine* or for the old *Knickerbocker*."

"Here is a copy of *Putnam's Magazine* for 1853," he said, taking the book down. The "dust-covered" book, I was going to say, but that would be a misstatement, for no dust can be found in that well-regulated work-room, even if the search is conducted with the aid of a first-class microscope. "And in it is an article that I wrote for it, 'Salt Lake and the New Saratoga.'"

Mr. Warner, as well as all other people in the world of letters, is constantly besieged with notes from young writers asking for advice, or if they may submit some choice and precious MS. to him.

"I always reply to such letters: 'I shall be very frank with you, and tell you the truth as it seems to me.' I can always sympathize with young writers, even if I find their letters a great interruption to my work, for I remember how anxious I used to be in regard to my articles; and how eager for somebody's opinion besides my own."

In regard to the much-vexed question, "Do editors conscientiously examine all MSS. submitted to them, whether the author be known or unknown in the literary firmament?" Mr. Warner says that every magazine editor is looking out for something good, and name or influence only avails in so far as it calls more immediate attention to a manuscript. Nor is it ever necessary to read every page of an article to tell whether it meets the needs of the magazine in question, or whether it is worth publishing at all. You need not eat the whole dinner to tell whether it is good. Often the readers for different publishing houses do not know the names of the authors, so that there can be no possible bias in favor of a name already made famous.

In appearance, Mr. Warner is tall and erect in form, with a strong countenance, indicative of thought and refinement. When at his work, he wears a black velveteen jacket.

His pedestrian powers are good, and in the summer he takes long tramps, accompanied by one or two friends; the Adirondack region being a favorite resort. As an angler, he is patient and expert.

All the walls in his house are covered with brown wrapping-paper, or paper such as is used to put down under carpets. There are different shades of the paper, to be sure, and the frieze in each room is of some bright color, which relieves the monotony. An unnoticed, plain wall surface Mr. Warner considers the best background for pictures.—*David Wechsler, in the Indianapolis Journal.*

THE BUSINESS OF AUTHORSHIP.

One writer sets out with the proposition that the women writers who succeed are usually women who have some other support than authorship. As a matter of fact, it makes very little difference whether they are poor or well-to-do, except that perhaps poverty is the more potent and permanent stimulus, as offering fewer alternative enjoyments.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble was said to give her first Shakespearean readings under pressure of temporary poverty, and to claim that she read for her "bread." Afterward, when needing it less, she was reported to claim that she did it for her "butter." On the whole, there are probably as many women who work for their butter as for their bread, but it never seems to make much difference with their work. The essential things are talent and energy; and these being given, it must remain for a time an open question whether the talent is only of the sensational or of the permanent kind. In the latter case, it usually ends in being called genius instead of talent, and perhaps in securing posthumous fame, in place of either bread or butter. It is a curious fact that almost all the women authors actually named in the essays before me are those whose work is obviously perishable, and that the American women whose writings are most likely to be read fifty years hence,—as Helen Jackson and Emma Lazarus,—are not so much as mentioned in them, although the former, at least, made an independent income by her pen. There is the same difference among men. It is often necessary to choose,—unless nature made the decision before you were born,—whether to take your reward in money or in fame. At a time when Hawthorne was earning with difficulty a few hundred dollars a year, and getting perhaps \$20 each for tales now immortal, the poet Longfellow received a call from "Professor" Ingraham, who told him that he had brought novel-writing to such

perfection that he could with little effort turn out twenty novels a year and earn \$3,000, which would be equivalent to \$5,000 to-day. Yet there is no evidence that Hawthorne ever envied his rival. Ingraham's high-water mark was "The Prince of the House of David," a sort of anticipation of the still more popular "Ben-Hur" of the present time; but he now appears in the cyclopædias simply as "an author of sensational romances," while Hawthorne's fame is as fixed and permanent in its way as that of Shakespeare. Sometimes, though rarely, the two forms of success are combined; but it is of great importance to an author's peace of mind, that he or she should decide in advance which kind of success is most desirable.

The question is not merely whether this or that author has made \$10,000 or \$20,000 a year by writing, but whether you would be willing for that sum to have done that author's precise work, and no more. I have often seen books by which the writer claimed to have made \$1,000, and yet they were books which I should have been sorry to shoulder at that price, while I should be proud to have written Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," of which the author carried seven hundred unsold copies,—out of nine hundred printed,—up to his attic on his back. It is observable that most women who write about other women in the newspapers seem to think chiefly of the \$1,000. The fact that Mrs. Stowe wrote for the cause of the negroes, and Mrs. Jackson (latterly) for that of the Indians, and Miss Lazarus for that of the Jews,—and that to them success was measured by the interest thus inspired,—does not seem to enter into their account. Then the delight of expression, which is so large a part of the intellectual stimulus of the true writer, is a thing for which money affords no measure. Then there is the high ambition to do honor to one's native land, and the minor yearning to take rank with the original writers of the world. Longfellow wrote in his diary (February 24, 1853) of Mrs. Stowe: "At one step she has reached the top of the staircase up which the rest of us climb on our knees year after year." Such an admission from, perhaps, the most popular American author of his day would count to many women for more than money. Then it is vain to say, as some of these newspaper criticisms point out, that the largest incomes gained by literature do not equal those obtained, even by certain women, in trade or invention. Of course, they do not; but these commercial successes are balanced by two things: first, that they do not lead to the flattering personal admiration and affection

won through literature; and then that the reverse side of the commercial medal is failure, and that one who to-day has an immense income may next week go into bankruptcy, and be weighed down for the rest of life by debts which the happy author escapes. — *T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

author not to read what is said of her works. Mrs. Moulton, Miss Jewett, and Mrs. Spofford think otherwise, and a conscientious notice of any work issued by them will often elicit a graceful acknowledgment. — *William J. Bok, in the New York Graphic.*

AUTHORS AND PRESS REVIEWS.

Whether our famous authors who write a great deal read what is said of their books by the papers is a question often asked by people out of the literary swim. As a rule, most of them do; although some seem indifferent. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, very rarely evinces any desire to read what is said of his books. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has the notices of his books sent him for careful reading. Dr. Holmes, years ago, gave up the practice. Whittier enjoys only an occasional one, while Lowell shows no concern whatever for the most flattering review. Brander Matthews keeps a scrap-book of all his notices, properly indexed. George W. Cable seldom reads any criticisms, except when they are sent to him direct by friends. Henry James used to spend hours over his notices when he was in America. E. P. Roe considered it his duty to read what the critics said of his novels, and few authors were more influenced by the tone of the notices than was he. Donald G. Mitchell was an industrious reader of his notices before his retirement, while Mark Twain never "hankered" after them, as he expresses it. Julian Hawthorne is very sensitive to newspaper criticisms, while Edgar Fawcett will answer those which attack his works. Mrs. Burnett, one would judge, would have become tired reading what is continually written about her, yet a favorable notice of any of her works is always certain of her attention. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great respecter of the opinion of the press, and not infrequently will sit down and answer a critic with whose judgment she differs. Mrs. Custer is a singular exception to the run of writers, in that she acknowledges every criticism printed of her books. To Marion Harland newspaper comment has ceased to be a novelty, yet she is thoroughly appreciative of an intelligent review. Margaret Deland is said to have read every notice of "John Ward, Preacher" sent by editors to her publishers. Amélie Rives is reported as having waxed wrathful over the more severe criticisms of "The Quick or the Dead?" Harriet Beecher Stowe still enjoys a pleasant tribute from the press, although few writers have had more paid them. Miss Alcott always held that it was best for an

SIMPLICITY.

No doubt one of the most charming creations in all poetry is Nausicaä, the white-armed daughter of King Alcinoüs. Is there any woman in history more to be desired than this sweet, pure-minded, honest-hearted girl, as she is depicted with a few swift touches by the great poet?—the dutiful daughter in her father's house, the joyous companion of girls, the beautiful woman whose modest bearing commands the instant homage of men. Nothing is more enduring in literature than this girl and the scene on the Corfu sands.

The sketch, though distinct, is slight, — little more than outlines; no elaboration, no analysis; just an incident, as real as the blue sky of Scheria and the waves on the yellow sand. All the elements of the picture are simple, human, natural, standing in as unconfused relations as any events in common life. I am not recalling it because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity. This is the stamp of all enduring work; this is what appeals to the universal understanding from generation to generation.

We may test contemporary literature by its conformity to the canon of simplicity; that is, if it has not that, we may conclude that it lacks one essential lasting quality. It may please; it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms, of course, will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own, and characteristic of him, as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it comes between me and thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspi-

cious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony in color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. We may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.

I am not sure whether simplicity is a matter of nature or of cultivation. Barbarous nature likes display, excessive ornament; and when we have arrived at the nobly simple, the perfect proportion, we are always likely to relapse into the confused and the complicated. The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. It is a note of some of the purest modern writers that they avoid comparisons, similes, and even too much use of metaphor. But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of youth, and it seems also to be a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration. This is a fact which may be verified by studying different periods, from classic literature to our own day. — *Charles Dudley Warner, in the Atlantic Monthly for March.*

GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Cable, on coming North four years ago, selected Northampton as a home. This city, famed in song and story for its historical associations, its great natural beauty, and its institutions of learning, is a fitting residence for a *littérateur*. Here Bancroft and Edwards lived and worked. The Cary sisters found inspiration amid these surroundings, and Jenny Lind in her enthusiasm declared that it is "the paradise of America." Holland spent his early years here.

Mr. Cable purchased a substantial brick house in a retired part of the city, where seclusion and quiet are assured. The front windows command a fine view of the rugged sides of Holyoke and Tom, with the majestic Connecticut winding about their

base like a zone of silver, and the rich verdure of the intervening meadows. The neighboring wood, with its sequestered nooks, gently flowing streams, rich variety of plant life, and many-voiced birds, afford him opportunity for that communion with Nature in which, as his books plainly show, he delights. It is the ideal home of an author.

As we approach the vine-covered entrance, a tennis racket lying upon the neatly-kept lawn and a doll's carriage upon the stoop indicate that pastimes and domestic joys lighten the graver duties of life in this home. In response to a request to see Mr. Cable, we are ushered into a comfortably-furnished parlor, and through an open door see our author busily at work in his study, which is immediately in the rear. While waiting for him to finish his task, we take the liberty to note his personal appearance.

He is apparently about forty-five years of age, slightly built, under, rather than over, medium height. His hair and beard, which he wears full, are dark, with here and there a trace of gray. His hazel eyes have a genial light, and indeed his general expression reveals his well-known kindness of heart.

He is seated at a small, round table, furnished, *not littered*, with writing materials. The walls of the room are lined with cases containing volumes of reference and general information. Here and there are souvenirs of personal interest, but it is evident that everything is arranged for work, and not for show. It is a workshop, and not a museum; the abode of a toiler, and not of a literary dilettante.

In a few minutes the daily stint is done, and Mr. Cable comes forward with so cordial a welcome that we at once feel at ease. His unassuming manner is such that we can hardly realize that we are conversing with George W. Cable, whose books are in every library, and whose fame is already international. He refers with modesty to his own work, but always has praise for others who are worthy.

Mr. Cable's present reputation is not accidental, a mere caprice of Dame Fortune, but the reward of patient and unremitting toil. From boyhood he has been an indefatigable worker. As errand boy, soldier, clerk, reporter, author, he has always been characterized by untiring industry. His first literary work, consisting of anonymous contributions to the local press, was accomplished by rising at 4 o'clock, and writing before it was time to begin his regular work for the day as clerk in a mercantile establishment.

Social science is his favorite among the graver studies. He delights in the poets, but, with this exception, rarely reads anything for recreation. Indeed, he cannot be called a great reader. He studies, rather than reads, books. He is said to read only one newspaper a day. Gardening and music are his favorite amusements. He drives a good deal, and seeks exercise as much as possible in the open air. — *Rev. Charles M. Melden, in Zion's Herald.*

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who wrote "The Romance of Dollard," lives in Hoopeston, Ill., a sleepy village eighty miles south of Chicago. I stepped from the train into this little town one afternoon, and followed the directions of an inhabitant, who told me to go up to the bank, and turn south. I rang the bell at the door of a neat Queen Anne cottage. Mrs. Catherwood herself came to the door, a tall, fair woman, with an open, cordial manner, and greeted in me a personal friend of several years' standing.

"Is that Little Lord Fauntleroy in petticoats?" I asked, as a five-year old girl came bounding into the room, her long curls and laces flying over a plush dress.

"That's Hazel. That child has the most accomplished manner of hallooing I ever heard. I really think she will be heard from some day."

"But 'The Romance of Dollard'?"

"How it came to be written? Well, I got to reading Francis Parkman, and then went up to Canada last summer, and pored for days over the parish registers of Villemaire. I paid a fabulous price for a 'Histoire du Canada.' Dollard really lived and died. The black, unexplored woods of Canada had, at one time, been peopled by heroes, descendants of the Crusaders. It is all commonplace enough now. Dollard fought like Richard Cœur de Lion, and died, and has been mourned and extolled in the 'Chansons Populaire' for over two centuries by the hero-loving French Canadians.

"Dollard's story is all there in the records, except the heroine; her I invented. But it seemed to me that one so young, — he was only twenty-five, — and so brave, beautiful, and so fair a flower of chivalry, should be loved by one like him. A Laval-Montmorenci, she feared not death in shipwreck or battle for his sake. They died together."

"You made them die!"

"It is the story. Dollard died; he had lived to be a hero. That is longer than most men live."

"It was a story worthy to be told."

"It seemed so to me. I worked, and studied, and dreamed, and cried, while Hazel screamed undisturbed. Fortunately, the meals are served whether I dream or not. I wrote other things in the meantime, but for a year I dreamed of Dollard. Then it was written. I thought it was good, so I took it myself to New York, with a letter of introduction from James Whitcomb Riley, to Mr. Gilder, editor of *The Century*. He was kind, but said: 'My dear madam, we have stories enough to last for years already purchased. Your story may be so good it would make your heart sick waiting for it to be published, even if we accepted it.'

"'Read it,' I said. I believed in my Dollard, even as Celare believed in him. I promised to stay in New York until it was read. I could not eat or sleep for anxiety. In a week it had been accepted, and I came back with a check for \$—," and she mentioned a large sum. "That was last summer, and it was published in November. Next fall *The Century* will issue the work in book form, and pay me a royalty. They have asked me for another story."

"What will it be?"

"A historical romance of Chevalier La Salle and his lieutenant, Tonti. I shall take them from Canada into Illinois, down the Illinois river into La Salle and Peoria counties. The woods, and streams, and plains of Illinois, too, were once a background for heroes. The ascetic Jesuits once peopled the banks of Peoria Lake. As soon as the weather will permit excursions, I shall go to get my local color."

I examined Mrs. Catherwood's work-room, — an alcove space containing a writing-desk and bookshelves, in which rare works on Canada, printed in French, abounded.

"Where are your own works?"

"My books? I don't know whether I have any copies." After a long search, she unearthed copies of her early books, dust-covered, with many of the leaves uncut. Her first book, "The Craque of Doom," appeared about twelve years ago in *Lippincott's Magazine*, since which time she has produced "Old Caravan Days," "The Secret at Roseladies," and numerous short stories for magazines. Mrs. Catherwood has seemed to spring into fame with "Dollard," but for years her work has been in demand by publishers of periodicals, so "Dollard" is the result of training, and of careful, conscientious work.

"Is it easy for you to write?" I asked.

"No; I have to write and rewrite everything. I began 'The Story of Tonti' just this morning, and this has been rewritten five times already." — *Nora Marks, in the Chicago Tribune.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer "Queries" published in the magazine, and to send in any questions which they would like to have others answer.

Attention is called to the requirement that all subscriptions for THE AUTHOR, whenever they may be received, must be for one year, and begin with the January number.

Writers are again urged to contribute material for the "Literary News and Notes" of THE AUTHOR. Announcements of their plans and undertakings are especially desired.

Several of the subscribers for THE AUTHOR have expressed a wish that larger type might be used in printing the magazine. Brevier type was chosen, instead of the bourgeois type used in THE WRITER, in order that as much reading matter as possible might be given in the space at command. As THE AUTHOR grows older it

is likely to grow larger as well, and when more pages are added a larger type may be used. Subscribers can do much to hasten this improvement by helping to extend the circulation of the magazine.

The woman who writes in a fine, feminine handwriting, with violet ink, still sends contributions to editors now and then. She is not known to fame, however, for contributions written in that way seldom get into print.

THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER are sent only to subscribers who have paid for them in advance, and when subscriptions expire the names of subscribers are taken off the list, unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received.

The mailing list of THE AUTHOR has been put in type, and each subscriber will find on the address label of his magazine the date of the expiration of his subscription. Subscribers are requested to call the attention of the publisher to any mistakes in the printed labels, in order that corrections may be made as soon as possible.

THE USE OF STAMPED ENVELOPES.

In the January number of *The Forum* James Payn, in an article entitled "How to Get into Print," gives some excellent advice to young writers, but on one point his instructions are not to be followed. Apropos of sending an article to an editor, he says that the writer should "enclose stamps, but not a stamped envelope (that is really too tempting for human nature)."

My experience has been that if only stamps are enclosed with a manuscript, the average editor takes particular pains in returning it to use an envelope of wholly different shape from the one in which the manuscript was sent, and that he accordingly folds the paper in such a way that by the time it reaches me the new creases show plainly that it has been re-folded and rejected, and I am obliged to re-copy it before sending it out again. Besides, if loose stamps are enclosed, editors sometimes use only a single one on a returned manuscript, and leave the author to pay the extra postage. Although

stamped envelopes may be "too tempting for human nature," certainly time,—for copying,—and money,—for stamps,—will be saved by enclosing them when one submits his wares to editorial inspection. *J. B. Clapp.*

"CONSCIENCE IN LITERARY WORK."

F. A. Reynolds' communication to THE WRITER on "Conscience in Literary Work" has the right ring. For one, I desire to protest against the prevalent lack of conscience among many literary workers. If abstract right were done, such writers as the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" instead of being held up to the admiration of the world, would be consigned to a limbo of detestation and scorn. A writer without a conscience is on a plane compared with which the rumseller's becomes lofty, and the burglar's glorious. He who is willing to coin debasement of the public into dollars and cents is a fitter subject for the penitentiary than for the pantheon of American genius. And yet,—and here's the rub,—our great men and our pure women do not blush to read books which they declare are unfit for the young. After all, in spite of "Robert Elsmere," some of the good, old-fashioned doctrines have their strong points. For instance, the doctrine of "Original Sin."

F. A. T.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 16.—Do you know of a copy of the Minnesongs of Germany, translated by A. E. Kroeger, of St. Louis, Mo.?

A. D. K.

NATIONAL CITY, Calif.

No. 17.—I cannot find an unfading ink. Some time ago THE WRITER mentioned the Kosmian ink, which I at once obtained; but it is thick and unpleasant, as this note at once shows. The last AUTHOR, in its answer to query No. 3, says: "No one can afford to use ink that fades, when the best can be had at seventy-five cents a quart." Will THE AUTHOR please state: (1.) The kind of ink which is fast and unfading. (2.) Where can it be obtained? (3.) How can one be sure? I have tried many kinds of ink, and bought quarts that I could never

use, and I have rarely found a good one,—never an unfading one.

M. L. H.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 18.—I wish to find the name of the author and the poem in which each of the following quotations occurs:—

"Thus it is all over the earth:

That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest."

"Our earliest longings prophesy the man,
Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
And in my life I trace that larger plan
Whereby at last all things are reconciled."

"Life's but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things,—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world."

H. T.

PATERSON, N. J.

No. 19.—Please inform me in what novel, or novels, of Balzac is "Valérie Marneffe" a character.

G. L. H.

FORT SCOTT, Kan.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 4.—The poem, "Geehale: An Indian Lament," is to be found in "Cheever's Poets of America," but the authorship is not given, the poem being marked "Anonymous." The edition of Cheever's collection which I have was published in 1876, but I remember having read this poem somewhere some years before that.

A. M. G.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 4.—Henry Rowe Schoolcraft wrote "The Indian's Lament." The poem may be found under "Michigan," in Longfellow's "Poems of Places," "Western States."

J. H. W.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill.

No. 14.—The lines were written by Frances Anne Kemble, and are as follows:—

DOUBT.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

A. H. D.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. 15.—There is a "Jenkins's Vest-Pocket Lexicon: An English Dictionary of all except

Familiar Words," etc., by Jabez Jenkins, copyrighted, 1861, and published in revised edition by Lippincott, at least as late as 1877; size, two and one-quarter by three and one-quarter inches, 563 pages.

J. M. V.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Harland. — Henry Harland, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Sydney Lusk," is a frequent visitor at literary gatherings this winter. He is a young man of about three-and-thirty. He has dark brown eyes, often twitching from excessive study, a firm mouth, a square brow, and a broad chin. His face is partly covered by a fine growth of light brown hair, and would look better if he shaved. Harland has abundant faith in his literary career, otherwise he would not have given up his snug berth in the surrogate's office, got married, and determined to earn his living solely by his pen. It was a bold venture, but I hear that his writings already yield him a good income. — *The Epoch*.

Ingelow. — But a few moments' ride from London is the Kensington home of Jean Ingelow. The house is an old one, of cream-colored stone, and one scarcely knows whether it has two or three stories. Liberal grounds surround the house, and even in winter show a gardener's care. In summer the entire lawn is bordered and dotted with flowers, for the poet is a pronounced horticulturist. During the cold weather a spacious conservatory attached to the house shelters the flowers, and in this hot-house of palms and buds she is often found by her friends, reading or writing. Flowers bloom, too, in almost every room in the house, on centre tables, mantels, and in the bay windows. Jean Ingelow's home is that of a poet, with books on every hand, and always within reach wherever you may chance to sit down. The poet is now in middle life, but her face shows not the slightest trace of years. Her manner is most friendly, her conversation charming, and in a most musical voice. She has a remarkably correct knowledge of American literature, the titles of all the latest American books being spoken by her with wonderful fluency. Her character is eminently practical, without a touch of sentimentality. All her literary writing is done in the forenoon; her pen is never put to paper by gaslight. She composes slowly, and her verses are often kept by her for months before they are allowed to go out for publication. She shuns society, and the most severe part of the

winter is spent in the south of France. — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Kirkland. — Joseph Kirkland was born January 7, 1830, at Geneva, New York. He is the son of William Kirkland, a professor in Hamilton College, and of Caroline M. (Stansbury) Kirkland, who wrote (1840 to 1860) "A New Home," "Forest Life," "Western Clearings," "Holidays Abroad," and other works. His grandfather, General Joseph Kirkland, was nephew of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas before and during the Revolution. Joseph Kirkland passed the first twelve years of his life chiefly in the then "backwoods" of Central Michigan. He had only a common school education and desultory home training. From the ages of twelve to twenty-six he lived in New York City with his parents. Then he went to Chicago, and, later, to the prairies of Central Illinois, where he made the studies which give character to his novels, "Zury" and "The McVeys." In 1861 he entered the volunteer service in the first levy for troops. He remained in service (as a private, lieutenant, captain, and major, successively) until 1863, when he returned to Central Illinois, and since then he has lived in that part of the state and in Chicago, where he resides at present. Mr. Kirkland's plan of fiction includes a third novel ("The Captain of Company K"), wherein he will carry some of the characters he has already portrayed through the scenes of the great conflict; trying to strip war of its glamor by regarding it from the point of view of the private soldier and of the line officer. He himself considers his literary characteristics to be a deep, loving sympathy with the classes who labor in contact with the soil, and a keen appreciation of their courage, their tenderness, their pathos, and their exhaustless funds of wisdom, wit, and humor. He has an ambition to carry realism to the utmost bounds which the present fine standard of English literature permits, telling truth at all hazards, and leaving the reader to make the application and draw the moral. — *The Book Buyer*.

Shillaber. — B. P. Shillaber, the genial "Mrs. Partington," was visited the other day at his quiet home in Chelsea. Although he has arrived at the advanced age of seventy-four years, his intellect seems to be as clear as ever. He has not been in Boston for seven years, having long had rheumatic trouble, which has made locomotion difficult, although he gets about the house with a cane, and rides now and then in a carriage. He has four children living. One daughter remains with him, the comfort of his declining years. Mr. Shillaber

has published nine books, collections from his own writings. Two of these were verse, three for juveniles, and he has one now ready for publication. Enjoying fair health, he manages to get along, and "with pen, paper, pipe, and pills," said he, "I sit here from year's end to year's end, patient as may be, receive my friends, and wait for the better life." — *Boston Budget*.

Spencer. — The personal traits of Herbert Spencer have entered so little into the gossip of the day that people will like to read these details set forth by a female novelist: "Mr. Spencer ran away from his uncle's house because he abhorred dead languages, and he has abhorred dead languages ever since. Mr. Spencer has not written any of his works; he has always dictated his thoughts to an amanuensis. I once, one Christmas, witnessed the philosopher kiss, or, rather, attempt to kiss, a lady. It was on Christmas Day, after dinner, and we were all sitting in the billiard-room. He did it quite openly, quite philosophically, in fact. He produced a small sprig of mistletoe out of his pocket, and held it above her head. I did not see what happened; I was too much astonished. He had known her from the time she was a baby until that Christmas; and I believe he knows her still, that is to say, I understand she has forgiven him. I have not seen Mr. Spencer since he lost his health, but I hear that he suffers from mental depression, and that he is so weak he can only talk to friends for a few minutes. Once Mr. Spencer took me out for a walk. As the little boy said of his grandmother, 'Her thoughts were too high for me, and my thoughts were too low for her, so we never said nothing.' Our walk took place in silence. Before we went indoors, Mr. Spencer stood still, looking very serious, and said: 'You have a bad habit of wrinkling your forehead. If you place three or four strips of sticking-plaster across it when you go to bed, you will be cured of this trick.' Mr. Spencer used to be very fond of children before he lost his health; and they liked him, and were not afraid of him. I remember how surprised I was to hear the youngsters chaffing him, — I, who had found a temporary salvation in his 'First Principles,' a book which pointed out to me the high-water mark of the human intellect. Mr. Spencer snubs young men, but he is very kind to young women." — *New York Tribune*.

Walford. — Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose full name is Lucy Bettia Walford, is on her father's side a native of Scotland, and from both parents inherits literary tastes. It was with the utmost secrecy and diffidence that her own first efforts were committed to paper, and that simply because the impulse thus

to commit them was too strong to be restrained. Everything she wrote before the age of twenty was, however, burnt or destroyed as soon as written, and that without being shown to any one. It was not until four years after her marriage, in 1869, to Alfred Saunders Walford, that "Mr. Smith," her first serious attempt, was submitted to the eye of criticism. It was sent anonymously to John Blackwood, and by him was accepted and published at once. On learning who was his new correspondent, he further dissuaded Mrs. Walford from adopting a fictitious name, as she had intended doing, the argument he used being that he "was sure her father's daughter would never write anything to be ashamed of, and that that was the only reason he could ever imagine for the concealment of any one's identity." Mr. Blackwood, on the success of "Mr. Smith," urged Mrs. Walford to write for the time-honored pages of "Maga," and the result was a series of short tales, beginning with "Nan: a Summer Scene," which has lately been brought out under this heading in book form. "Pauline," Mrs. Walford's first *Blackwood* serial novel, ran its course in 1877. "Cousins," her third novel, was published by the same firm in 1879. "Troublesome Daughters" followed in 1880. "The Baby's Grandmother" was the *Blackwood* serial in 1885, and "A Stiff-necked Generation" has just completed its course in the same pages, having run during the last year. Many other short sketches, stories, essays, and verses have also been scattered over these years. Mrs. Walford's present home is in Essex, within a short distance of London, Mr. Walford being a member of an old Essex family, and magistrate for that county. He is also the London partner of the eminent firm of paper-makers, Messrs. Wrigley. They have seven children, of whom the eldest is a Winchester schoolboy, and the youngest an infant of a year old. — *The London Queen*.

Wormeley. — Miss Wormeley's work, as the translator of Balzac, has attracted such wide attention, and has won such enthusiastic praise from the most competent judges, that a good share of the honor of this undertaking rightfully belongs to her. She was born in Suffolk, England, July 14, 1832, and now lives in Newport. Her father was Admiral Ralph Randolph Wormeley, of the British Navy, a native of Virginia, who died in 1852, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a grandson, on the mother's side, of John Randolph; and for some time preceding his death he lived in Boston. Miss Wormeley's mother was a niece of Commodore Edward Preble, of the United States Navy. In

the Civil War, Miss Wormeley was at the headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission with the Army of the Potomac during the Peninsular campaign, taking an active part in relieving the suffering of the wounded; and her letters, and the narrative of her experiences, have just been published by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, under the title of "The Other Side of War." The title of this book has been wrongly printed many times, much to the annoyance of the author, who sought to indicate by it that the letters, etc., to quote her own words, depicted "the black, the suffering, the *other*, not the glorious, side of war." — *The Book-Buyer*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

In his annual report to Congress on the condition of the Congressional Library, Librarian Spofford says that the collection now includes 615,781 volumes, and about 200,000 pamphlets. This shows an increase for the year of 18,824 volumes.

The Critic will have henceforth a fortnightly London letter from the London novelist, Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Harper's Magazine has this hint to literary beginners: "A critic who was asked if imagination were essential to literary success is said to have replied: 'In history and biography, especially autobiography, — yes. In fiction we can dispense with it.'"

Bookmaking 500 years ago was a costly business. The bill for designing and writing a manuscript in 1402 has just come to light. The parchment, the writing, the miniatures, the gold-plated and enamelled silver nails, ink figures, smaller gold-plated nails, a gold-plated silver clasp, sky-blue satin, and binding together cost, according to present value, \$186, the miniatures alone costing \$80.

"Mr. Gladstone," says the *North British Daily Mail*, "usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other, when his mind has reached the limit of absorption. His retentive memory was no doubt born with him, but it has been largely developed by the constant habit of taking pains. When he reads a book he does so pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wishes to remember, querying those about which he is in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those which he disputes. At the end of a volume he constructs a kind of index of his own, which enables him to refer to those things he wishes to remember in the book."

"Just the Boy that's Wanted in the Ministry" is the title of an article which Dr. Lyman Abbott has written for the *Youth's Companion*. It is one of a series on the needs of the professions, to which Dr. Austin Flint, General Nelson A. Miles, Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Mr. E. L. Godkin will contribute papers on the boys that medicine, the army, the law, and journalism respectively need.

Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee, the author of that charming little book, "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," lives in Lexington, Mass. She is said to spend a great deal of time on the bleak but delightful island, and knows it well. This is her first novel, her previous literary work consisting merely of a few anonymous sketches published in periodicals.

G. W. Dillingham will publish soon a novel, entitled "A Marriage Below Zero," by "Alan Dale," the pen name of Alfred J. Cohen.

The *New York World* says of Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "Cheerful, shrewd, plain spoken, sprightly, and succinct, she furnishes precisely the pleasant musical truisms that the world enjoys, the reiteration of which it cuts out and carries about in its pocketbook."

Harper's Bazar for March 15 contains a portrait of its late editor, Miss Mary L. Booth, and an obituary notice by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A new life-size portrait of Dr. Holmes has just been issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The San Francisco free public library now numbers 52,000 volumes. The librarian is the poet, John Vance Cheney.

Colonel Higginson's new volume of poems is to be called "The Afternoon Landscape," a poetical allusion to his declining years. The volume is to be dedicated to "J. R. Lowell, Poet and Fellow Townsman," and will be published both in New York and in London, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

A paper full of curious information and speculation, in the March *Forum*, is by Mr. James Sully, an English writer, on what literature owes to dreams. His theory is that not only such an acknowledged poem as "Kubla Khan" has sprung from dreams, but that there are evidences of dream origin in the "Tempest," parts of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," the "Arabian Nights"; also that such authors as Jules Verne, Lewis Carroll, Anstey, Stevenson, as did Poe and Hoffman, owe the germs of many of the fancies on which their works are reared to dreams.

Colonel T. W. Higginson will take his family to England in May, and spend six months in that country and Scotland, and possibly as long a time on the continent.

Winifred Howells, a daughter of the novelist, died at Merchantville, near Philadelphia, March 2. She was twenty-five years old, and has long been an invalid. She was born in Venice. Mr. Howells' remaining children are a son, now at Harvard, and a daughter in her teens, who is developing much artistic talent.

Many articles of especial interest to literary people are printed in the *North American Review* for March. Ignatius Donnelly reviews Theodore Bacon's biography of Delia Bacon; General L. S. Bryce criticises Professor James Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; George S. Boutwell writes of "Common-Sense and Copyrights"; Dion Boucicault has an article, "At the Goethe Society"; W. J. Henderson discusses the "Decadence of Song"; and Albion W. Tourgee sets forth "The Claim of Realism."

Edward Everett Hale's portrait is the frontispiece of the March *Cosmopolitan*, accompanying a biographical article by Mrs. Bernard Whitman, an intimate friend of Dr. Hale. The *Cosmopolitan* has been improving wonderfully under its new owner's control.

In their spring announcement Scribner & Welford include: "Select Essays of Thomas De Quincey," edited and annotated by Professor David Masson, and "The Story of Carlyle," by A. S. Arnold.

The Putnams will appropriately mark the approaching centennial anniversary by issuing Irving's "Life of Washington" in large quarto, with 130 steel portraits of Revolutionary generals and statesmen, and other attractive features.

Merely a rough pine board, with the name roughly pencilled on it, is the only monument over the grave of John Esten Cooke, the Southern author. The grave is in the churchyard of the old Episcopal Chapel, near Berryville, Va.

The Political Science Quarterly for March opens with a striking article by H. L. Osgood, upon "Scientific Anarchism," reviewing the theories of Proudhon, and showing the aims of American Anarchists. Professor Woodrow Wilson analyzes and criticises Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The June number will contain an article by Professor Sloane, of Princeton, editor of the *New Princeton Review*, and will continue and bring down to May 1 the Record of Events heretofore published in the *New Princeton Review*.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, publish "A Whisper in the Dark," a short story by the late Louisa M. Alcott, which has not heretofore been made public. In the same volume will be printed "A Modern Mephistopheles," one of the successful "No Name" novels, which has not been heretofore issued under Miss Alcott's name.

A "Guide to Books Relating to Heraldry and Genealogy," which George Gatfield, of the British Museum, has undertaken, will contain upward of 13,000 titles.

Lockwood & Coombes have nearly ready "The Brotherhood of Letters," by J. Rogers Rees, the author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm." It comprises chapters on notable meetings of literary men.

James Whitcomb Riley is reported as saying: "I am sick and tired of writing dialect. I can write better verse than I ever wrote in jargon, and I mean to do it."

The first of four volumes of the works of Rowland G. Hazard, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., contains his "Essay on Language," and other papers.

Maurice Thompson has resigned his position as State geologist of Indiana, on account of ill health, and left Crawfordsville for Bay St. Louis, Mo., to try a warmer climate as a curative agent.

The necessary amount of sleep to rest the brain of the active literary man varies in number of hours with our best-known authors, writes William J. Bok. George Bancroft believes seven hours' sleep is absolutely necessary. Dr. Holmes places the figure at eight, as does Mr. Lowell. To a young man six hours is plenty in the opinion of the poet Whittier, while older persons should have eight and nine. Edward Everett Hale is a believer in the seven-hour limit, as is George W. Cable. "I want but five hours, and I feel refreshed," says Robert Louis Stevenson, although the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" believes himself an exception to the rule. "Eight hours in winter, seven in summer," John Burroughs. Mr. Howells and Mr. Stedman both are champions of eight hours' sleep. Mrs. Burnett finds six hours plenty to rest the mind, while Mary Mapes Dodge finds eight necessary. Marion Harland generally indulges in seven hours. Ella Wheeler Wilcox requires eight to feel thoroughly refreshed. Taking the average from these statements, seven hours' sleep is the necessity of the author, although everything of course depends upon the person.

Ticknor & Company's March books are: "Dragon's Teeth," translated from the Portuguese of Eça de Queiros, by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano; "Forced Acquaintances," by Edith Robinson; and "Under Green Apple Boughs," by Helen Campbell. The last two are in Ticknor's Paper Series.

The Fellowcraft Club, of New York, has elected James Russell Lowell to honorary membership. The club is to join in the coming centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration, by making, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an exhibition of copies of as many newspapers published in 1789 as can be obtained, and of the photographs of editors and newspaper writers of that day.

At an "authors' reading" in Boston, March 7, in aid of the International Copyright Association, Dr. Holmes, S. L. Clemens, Charles Dudley Warner, Julia Ward Howe, Richard Malcolm Johnston, F. Hopkinton Smith, John Boyle O'Reilly, George W. Cable, and T. W. Higginson appeared. The proceeds of the entertainment are about \$2,000.

Professor Huxley has written a racy reply to certain criticisms of agnosticism made at the Church Congress of 1888, and to a recent deliverance by Frederic Harrison, who attempts to prophesy on this subject. The article contains an account of how the name agnostic originated, and explains why agnosticism, as Professor Huxley conceives it, cannot have a creed. It will be published in the April *Popular Science Monthly*.

Up to January 8, Rider Haggard had received £1,346 for his "King Solomon's Mines."

The Scribners report that Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" have reached a combined sale of over 125,000 copies. They have just printed an edition of the latter in raised letters for the blind.

The American Magazine is practically dead, for there are claims against it amounting to over \$8,000, and its only assets are some back numbers of the magazine, some old cuts, some office furniture, and the copyrighted name. Among the creditors are several contributors. An effort is being made to revive it, but its success is problematical. The magazine was first published in September, 1887, by E. T. Brush & Co. After a few months it was sold to the American Magazine Company, and was subsequently leased to the American Magazine Publishing Company, at the head of which was William B. Hazen. Last spring A. E. and A. M. Davis took hold of it, and it is still on their hands. It is said that Colonel W. T. Ropes, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, will continue the publication.

William Black began in the number of *Harper's Bazar* issued March 1 a new novelette, entitled "A Snow Idyl." The story describes the experience of a party of English people in the Highlands.

An appreciative life of Dickens has just been published in France, the author being a M. du Pontavice de Heussey. He says England owes a good deal of the moral progress she has made in all directions within the last half century to Dickens.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have in press Samuel Adams Drake's "Decisive Events in American History, Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, with an outline sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-6."

"Every-day Business: Notes on its Practical Details," by M. S. Emery, will be published soon by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Magazine of Western History has moved its business offices to 32 Cortlandt street, New York, the editorial rooms remaining at 145 St. Clair street, Cleveland.

The *Secolo*, a Milan newspaper, is publishing the Bible in 210 half-penny parts of eight pages each with 900 wood-cuts.

Miss Frances E. Willard's autobiography will be published in April, under the title, "Fifty Fortunate Years."

The chief attraction of the March number of *The Art Amateur* is a superb colored plate of Jacqueminot roses. There is also a charming colored design of maiden-hair fern for tea-service decoration. The articles of practical value are in unusual profusion.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* has been purchased by J. W. Arkell, of Judge.

An article on American humorists, illustrated with portraits, is in preparation for *Harper's Magazine*.

George Alfred Townsend has been confined to his bed for some weeks with an attack of gout. During his confinement he has almost finished the novel he started last spring, dictating to stenographers.

Mrs. James T. Fields has prepared another paper from out the Fields store of books, letters, and memoranda, this time dealing with the famous men who composed the Edinborough group. It is fully illustrated with fac-similes, and abounds in personal reminiscences. It is to be published in the April number of *Scribner's Magazine*, under the title, "A Second Shelf of Old Books."

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HOW I WRITE MY POEMS.

Editors are prone to be omniscient and omnipotent. They can say "no" to you with more or less grace, but you find it very difficult to say "no" to them, even if they ask for an article which you feel to be outside your range or beyond your capacity. So, having been asked several times by the irresistible editor of THE AUTHOR to say a few words on the above subject, I now plunge *in medias res*.

Of course, the suggestions I make, after detailing my methods, must not be taken by beginners as authoritative or final, by any means; since, though my poems now fetch excellent prices, and though the demand for them in certain quarters is quite flattering, I do not for a moment imagine myself a great poet, and I do not doubt, though some of my verses are widely copied, and warmly praised at present, that fifty years hence they will be utterly forgotten.

In the first place, I think no one ought to write for fame. It is a mirage created by the

introverted gaze of human vanity. The sense of doing helpful work in the world, by creating new shapes of intellectual beauty, ought to be sufficient reward in itself. Indeed, the publishing of verses for the mere sake of seeing one's name in print is not only a silly, but a cruel vanity. Whatever is worth printing is worth paying for, and the writers who give their verses to newspapers are hurting the market of all those who write for bread, for if newspapers were not overstocked with voluntary contributions, they would have to buy verses to satisfy the eternal demand of the public for poetry.

Having now fully aired my grievance against the unpaid versifier, I will try to describe, as well as I have been able to observe them, the ways in which I write my verses. First, let me say that once in a while a poem comes into my head entire; for instance, walking from one block to another in a crowded city, with no especial thought of verse-making in my mind, in a space of less than five minutes the poem, "My Little Wife" (which was published years ago in the *Century*, and which the newspapers do me the honor to republish year after year), flashed into my mind. Fearing I should forget it, I ran up into a newspaper office, seized pen and pencil, and jotted it down. Here is the original form, as near as I can remember:—

She is n't very pretty
(So say her lady-friends);
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run:
She's never in a passion,
Except a tender one.

Her tones are soft and cooing; (1)

She listens more than speaks;

While others talk of doing,

The nearest task she seeks. (2)

It may be but to burnish
The side-board's scanty plate,
Or *with a smile* to furnish (3)
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She *lends to* lowly life, (4)
To Fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

Although at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Deeming her hardly pretty, (5)
And *countrified* in style, (6)

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet
I would not change one feature, —
One curve from *head* to feet. (7)

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

This, as near as I can remember, omitting another stanza which I struck out entirely before publication, was the form in which this simple little bit of verse was born. Now, I have italicized and numbered certain words and phrases so as to show the changes made, and the reasons therefor. The third stanza was amended thus: —

Her voice is low and cooing;
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

The reasons for this change lie, first, in the fact that, if we are speaking of an unprofessional person, we are apt to say he (or she) has a very sweet "voice," or a very harsh voice (1), as the case may be, and too often, unfortunately, is; whereas, the more specific phrase, "tones" (1), would be used in commenting on a player or public singer. Then the last line of the original stanza, "The nearest task she seeks" (2), offended my ear as too consonantal and sibilant, so I reduced its consonant sounds from twelve to nine, changing off two sibilants, two dentals, and a guttural for two liquids, "n" and "r," in the second foot. Such points as this, to be sure, are among the minor morals of the art of verse-making, but they are points which every amateur, and many professional, versifiers could well afford to study. In the fourth stanza, the phrase "with a smile" (3) was changed to "but with bread" for two reasons. First, because some waggish friend suggested

people might think "with a smile" was meant for the slang language in which a smile typifies a drink, and secondly, because the phrase "but with bread" (3) carried a further suggestion of the humility and simplicity surrounding the heroine of the poem, and so led up to the strong contrast expressed in the next stanza, in which, by the bye, I changed "lends to" (4) into "sheds on" because the preposition "to" occurs again so soon; the close repetition of a merely connective or conjunctive word being generally in verse, or prose, or speech, an inelegance to be avoided. The sixth stanza I certainly improved by changing "deeming" into "who deem," thus gaining a long "oo" sound for a short "i," with which latter sound the line was overlaid; and, also, I think I improved it, by substituting "sadly out of" for "countrified in" (6), though it might take me some time to remember a reason for this latter emendation. Still, read the new against the old way, and judge if it be not better: —

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty,
And sadly out of style.

In the seventh stanza I changed "head" (7) to "crown," because the expression, "head to feet," though good English, is not so common as "head to *foot*," and, also, because, as I was summing up and working toward my climax, "crown," as applied to my heroine, seemed a more poetic word than head, implying, so to speak, something her head deserved and *had* in the eyes of her "lover and her mate."

I have been thus explicit in noting my revision of this little thing, which is, doubtless, hardly worth any close study, for the simple purpose of impressing, if possible, on all would-be makers of verse this point, that, because a poem may be dashed off in a few moments, thrown off at white heat, there is no reason why it should not be worked over afterward, and most carefully corrected. Wordsworth speaks, I believe, of poets as having "The vision and the faculty divine." By the latter phrase I have sometimes suspected he meant "revision." Certainly, judging from Browning's case, if a man has vision without revision, his chances of becoming a popular poet are small.

But though my poems at times come out of my heart and head entire, oftener they are fragmentary, or come first as pictures or intense feelings, and then, after haunting me in a vague way for days, perhaps months, with a line here and a phrase there, they begin to crystallize, and in this process rather worry me till I take pen and paper, and get them out of the way. After this, as a rule, I used to lay them aside for months, and then on taking them up again would find myself in a critical attitude toward them, which would often result in an entire recasting, sometimes in a casting away. Indeed, I believe I have destroyed several thousand lines of my verse, and very likely if I destroyed more, the rest would gain by it.

The themes of my longer poems I generally find in reading history. Some incident, pathetic or noble, makes a deep impression upon me, thrills me through as I read, and I feel, "Here is the basis of a ballad." I may be so carried away with the feeling as to take pen right then, and try for an opening in several metres till I hit upon the rhythmic tune to which my feelings, or spiritual vibrations, wish to set themselves; but more often I brood over it. If it is a simple theme, and no particular rhythm suggests itself, I deliberately choose one of the simplest, but in so doing I sometimes try to add a new effect, as, for instance, in the following verses, which appeared lately in the *Sunday School Times*, of Philadelphia, and which have since then had considerable currency through the favor of the press:—

THE BLUEBIRD.

"On his breast the earth: on his wings and back the sky."
— *Thoreau*.

To the window of my garret
Came a bluebird yesternorn,
And I fancied for a moment
'Twas the soul of Spring, new born;
But I heard thy wind, October,
Sighing like a ghost forlorn;
And the gray clouds, full of menace,
Frowned the dancing leaves to scorn;
And the bluebird *flew away*:

Flew away ere I could open
Unto such a heavenly guest
That old window of my garret,
Near to which, perhaps, a nest
Full of bluebirds once was hidden, —
So, before his Southern quest,
He had paused for one more visit

Near the place he loved the best, —
The old nest where he *was born*:

Yes, *was born*. There is a hollow
In the apple-tree close by;
And the bluebird (who doth carry
On his back and wings the sky,
And upon his breast the brown earth
Of the springtime, soft and shy),
Trusteth often to things hollow, —
Precious hopes, — as you and I
Oft have done and *may again*:

May again! Nay, will do always,
Let us pray, — since far more wise
Is the habit of believing
Than the wisdom cynics prize:
Rather let us be like bluebirds,
Who, although the brown earth tries
Upon their breasts to spread its color,
Carry on their wings the skies, —
But my bluebird *flew away*:

Flew away; and then this other
Fancy came: how oft, indeed,
Heavenly guests unsought might seek us
In our grayest days of need,
If we only to the music
Of their coming wings gave heed:
But they find our garret windows
Closed too oft, — and so they speed,
Like my bluebird, far away!

This little nest of rhymes was built thus: Among other bad habits, I have a pipe, — not one of the pipes of Pan, but a faithful old clay, such as delights the lips of many a cheery Irishman, and when I go out to visit some country friends, who abominate tobacco, I am allowed an old garret with one cobwebby window, whereby I read, and smoke, and do what is politely called thinking. It is not really severe cerebration, but something on the Walt Whitman order of "loafing and inviting one's soul." One day last fall a bluebird lit on the window-sill, and perused my lineaments through the pane, in what I could not help considering a painfully critical and disapproving fashion. Before I could open to him, with a toss of head he vanished, and musing on the incident, I fell into a moralizing strain. The next day, while sitting in the same place, the picture of the spring bird, lingering so late, and bringing thoughts of the green season out of season, seemed to me a fit theme for some light didactic verses. (I would here interpolate that didacticism in rhyme is not poetry, though poetry may be incidentally didactic, and all great poetry is nobly so, by force of the spirituality behind

it.) Having now a theme for my idle pen, I reflected that for so simple a thing the simplest rhythm, the one most frequently chosen by children in their sing-song plays, namely, the trochaic, would be best, and, accordingly, I wrote the first four lines. I then decided that for phonetic richness I would have in each stanza two more rhymes, "relating back," as the lawyers phrase it, to the original rhyme-word as a keynote. This plan, as may be seen, is carried out in every stanza. But I was not satisfied with that. I wished to adorn the simplicity of the measure, and lift it out of too much infantility by a new rhythmic effect; so I decided to have at the end of each stanza a line of the same rhythm and measure, but unrhymed, or mateless,—like the bird itself. Then to have still another effect, I added what may be called for want of a better term, the echo in verse. That is, I started each new stanza with the last phrase of the unrhymed line preceding, picking up, as it were, the cadent sound, and carrying it on, and so tying the stanzas into a closer harmonic whole. I have italicized these places, so that the reader may catch at a glance my meaning, and it is not hard to perceive that this rude attempt might be raised in the hands of a master to a rare pitch of poetic musicality.

I am now afraid this paper has reached its reasonable limit, but I cannot refrain from making a few more minor suggestions to the amateur, not, of course, to the professional poet, of which latter there are, unquestionably, so many better skilled than myself. For instance, avoid expletives; don't put in words merely to fill out a line. To my taste, the beginning of Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" is spoiled by so many "do's," and "doth's," and "did's." Then again, avoid as much as possible the collision of "s" and "z" sounds. For instance, in my poem, "Sappho," printed in the last October *Century*, of this stanza, —

"And in that grove of cypresses severe
That sadly sentinel the Stygian stream,
When Sappho's music brims her empty ear,
The ghost of Helen smiles through her dark dream," —

the third line originally ran, "When Sappho's song o'er brims her empty ear," but by putting

"music" for "song," I got rid of two "s" sounds coming together, and also of the contraction, "o'er," which ought never,—and this applies to nearly all contractions,—to be used, if it can be avoided without forcing. Another point: Be careful about introducing unusual words. Study chiefly to have the poetic thought, and the poetic phrase will come in time to match it; and remember that poetry, like every other art, needs faithful study of the best models, and patient persistence in self-culture. The old saying, "A poet is born and not made," like many old sayings, is only half true. The whole truth seems to be that a poet must be born *and then made*. And do not rush into print with crude verses, echo-y of some master. Do not be misled by vanity, or by the desire for mere money. It is pleasant to get good prices for rhymes; but, after all, to the true poet, his art ought to be, in the noble phrase of Coleridge, "Its own exceeding great reward."

Henry Willard Austin.

MEDFIELD, MASS.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

The relations between author and publisher are simply those between principal and agent, or, where an author sells "outright," between buyer and seller. The "outright" price of a book is purely a matter of bargain, and no general rule applies. The author may reserve the "renewal" for his own benefit, or contract to renew, as part of the original bargain. In the case where the publisher acts as agent for the author, the arrangement may be one of several different kinds. Either the author or the publisher may bargain to defray the cost of setting the type or making "plates," in which last case the plates usually remain the property of the party paying for them. An allowance of about ten per cent. on the actual manufacturing cost of plates is a fair charge of the publisher for his oversight of them. Either the author or the publisher may bargain to defray the cost of making the edition (paper, presswork, and binding), and of the advertising, usually a large item, and like expenses. The remaining profits may be equally divided, which is the "half-profits" system used in England. Or a definite percentage may be paid the author,—usually in America, ten per cent. on general, and five per cent. on school and subscription books,—when the publisher pays for the book and takes the risk. Or the author may arrange to pay the

publisher a definite commission of ten or twenty per cent., as selling agent, and take all risk. An author's copyright is reckoned almost invariably, not on copies printed, but on copies sold, and accounted for yearly or half-yearly. The "half-profits" system is apt to lead to much misunderstanding as to the actual expenses (*e.g.*, general office expenses of a publisher) to be deducted before profits are reckoned, and the American ten per cent. system is, on the whole, most satisfactory. The publisher does not, as is sometimes naively assumed, get the other ninety per cent. as profit; he gets the difference between the returns from the trade or public on copies *actually sold*,—averaging perhaps two-thirds of the "retail price," on which the author's ten per cent. (really thus fifteen per cent.) is reckoned,—and the cost of making the *entire edition*, and of advertising and marketing the book. The author, in any event, gets a return proportioned to the success of his book. If its sales are small, the publisher makes a loss; if large, the publisher makes a profit, increasing proportionately with each extra thousand sold.

It is by means of this profit on successful books, that the publisher is able to take risks with new books and new authors. It has been said that of five books, three fail, one covers its cost, the fifth must pay a profit to cover the rest. The element of risk in the book business is, in fact, very large; if the author complains that his successful book ought not to pay for others' unsuccessful books, he can get over the difficulty by taking the risk himself, and making corresponding terms with a publisher. On a dollar cloth-bound book, it may usually be roughly estimated that the cost is thirty cents, the trade discount thirty cents (covering the bookseller's expenses, risk, and profit), the author's royalty ten cents; out of the remaining thirty cents, the publisher covers expenses, risk, and profit. On the average, he nets probably less than the ten cents of the author, and the system is essentially on an equitable basis. The publisher's larger returns come from the fact that he handles more books than any one author writes. The publisher has usually in bargaining with the author the advantage of larger experience and superior business ability, and of the fact that the author seeks him rather than he the author; but no law can better the author in these respects. As a matter of practice, the better publishing houses treat with new authors on the same terms as with old, and have a form of contract on which transactions are based. It is usually understood in these contracts that a book remains with the publisher so long as he keeps it

in the market; if an author wishes to retain control of his book, that should be specified. The true secret, in fact, of satisfactory relations between author and publisher lies in a full understanding of the conditions of the arrangement in settling the terms of a contract, and these details of customary arrangements have here been given to correct the common confusion between copyright law and a business relation, which rests solely upon the common law of contracts.—*R. R. Bowker, in "Copyright, Its Law and Literature."*

STYLE IN WRITING.

Composition is the art of forming ideas and expressing them in language. As it is strictly a mental effort, its foundation must be laid in a cultivated and disciplined mind, in the exercise of vigorous thought, in reading and observation, and an attentive study of the meaning and the force of language.

Style is the language in which the author expresses his meaning,—the fitness of the words to the thought as arranged in the mind. Whatever is clearly conceived in our minds we shall be able to express with clearness; whatever [is earnestly conceived there will be earnestly expressed.

The principal styles of composition are known as the dry, the plain, the neat, the elegant, and the florid. The dry style excludes ornament of every kind; of this Aristotle's is the most complete example. The plain style is not a dry one; it possesses some ornament, and force and liveliness are consistent with it. The neat style reaches the region of ornament, while the elegant style possesses all the virtues of ornament without any of its excesses or defects. A florid style is one in which the ornaments are too rich and gaudy for the subject; it is the term generally used to signify an excess of ornament. The words are more luxuriant than the ideas, and a labored attempt to rise to the grandeur of composition is visible. The young writer is most apt to adopt the florid style, but generally very sensibly abandons it later on in his experience. Luxuri-ance will admit of pruning, but for barrenness there is no remedy.

There are also the simple, the affected, and the vehement styles, the adjectives somewhat plainly determining them. The simple writer is one who expresses himself in such a manner that every one thinks he could have written in the same way. His words flow without an effort; there is a softness

and ease about them. His simplicity charms us; but it is not the simplicity that is equivalent to plainness, but that which is susceptible of the highest ornament. The models of beautiful simplicity among Greek writers were Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, and Xenophon, and among the Roman writers were Terence, Lucretius, and Julius Cæsar. Among later authors of note, Archbishop Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison might be quoted.

The affected style is pedantic, and almost the reverse of the simple. It is the pomposity of language. Dr. Johnson rarely expressed anything with simplicity; the lexicographer is visible in all he wrote. The vehement style implies strength, and is not inconsistent with simplicity. It is born of a vivid imagination, is fired by passion, and gushes forth with the fulness of a torrent. It is expected from an orator rather than from a writer, and the orations of Demosthenes and Lord Bolingbroke are examples of copious impetuosity.

The concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest words possible, selecting those which are the most expressive. His sentences are arranged with compactness and precision, and they generally suggest more than they express. Addresses to the passions ought to be concise, because it is difficult to maintain the proper warmth for any length of time. Tacitus, Homer, and Milton were concise writers. Aristotle was an author of so much brevity that his frugality of words frequently obscures his meaning. The diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully; he places it in various lights, and his periods naturally run out into some length, and what he wants in strength, he supplies by copiousness. There is a "happy medium" between the concise and the diffuse. The extreme of the one is abruptness and obscurity; of the other, languor and insipidity.

Independent of the styles classified in rhetoric, adjectives have been coined to express those that have individual peculiarities. Lord Bacon's style is known as Baconian; Addison's easy, elegant, yet learned, style is called Addisonian; and Dr. Johnson's pompous style, Johnsonian. Macaulay's style was called brilliant, and Sydney Smith's trenchant. There is also an individuality in composition that seems to be distinct from style, taste, or genius, and yet it is blended with them all. It may be because the pulsations of the author's own life throb in his pages, and his mental and moral structure gives a charm to his words, just as drapery on the graceful wearer is a different thing from the same drapery upon a lifeless show block.

While you study the style of a writer of acknowledged reputation, be on your guard against becom-

ing a servile imitator. It will hamper your genius; it will produce a stiffness of manner; you will be apt to imitate the author's defects as well as his beauties. Read, think, observe, experiment. A single hour in the day given to the study of some interesting subject will bring you an unexpected accumulation of knowledge. Do not worry yourself especially about your style; it will take care of itself, after sufficient practice. The first condition of a writer's success, according to Bovée, is to keep his mind from a too anxious hope or fear about it. He must abandon himself to his genius, or it will abandon him. Perfect success is only to be achieved through perfect liberty. If you cannot, says Leland, out of any human life, and from any human scenes, write without effort so much as one good article, why, then, let literature alone, — you have no call for it. But if you have genial sympathies, a quick eye for the characteristic, a keen ear for the humorous, and a ready heart for the touching and beautiful in infancy, manhood, and old age, then write. — *Frank H. Stauffer, in the Detroit Free Press.*

A PHILADELPHIA POETS' CLUB.

One Sunday afternoon in November, 1885, in the cozy library of a snug bachelor house on Locust street, three men, Charles H. A. Esling, the host, John Beaufoy Lane, and the writer, were puffing the after-dinner cigar, and reciting sundry verses of which they had been severally guilty, which recitation led to comment, laudatory and adverse, emendation, and suggested improvement.

"How uncommonly jolly it would be," said one, "to get together, say once a month, a lot of men literarily inclined, for mutual improvement;" and incensed with the fragrant smoke, the idea found instant favor. Several men met in the parlor of that same bachelor house a few days after, and "The Pegasus" became an accomplished fact.

The name, proposed in joke, was adopted in earnest, as indicative of the poetic flights to which each member pledged himself. The object of the club was declared to be mutual improvement in the literary art, by means of criticism and amendment of each other's work, and poetry was adopted as giving greatest scope for the best English, the highest imagination, and terse, vigorous treatment in the smallest space. The membership was limited to twenty-seven, — viz., twenty-one active members or writers; three art members, whose duty it should be to illustrate with pen, pencil, or brush such poems of the actives as might prove fit subjects therefor; and three musical members, who should

set to song such lyrics as they might deem worthy; and the meetings were appointed to be held once a month. They have been held regularly since that time.

As a description of the *modus operandi* of a meeting will best describe our *modus vivendi*, and illustrate the object and aim of the club, I will give it in detail.

Soon after a meeting, the secretary mails notices of the next meeting, by way of reminder, to the members, and upon four of those sent to the active members, chosen by lot, he inscribes, "You are drawn," which is to say that the member receiving such a notice must furnish, for discussion at the coming meeting, an original poem, or poetical translation of a poem, or essay pertaining to the subject of poetry (the last is very rare). The manuscripts are sent to the secretary; he transmits them to the club printer, and about twenty-five copies of each are printed, no names being signed, as the authorship is unknown to all but the secretary.

On the meeting night, at eight o'clock, we assemble, and after a preliminary toast, drunk standing and in silence, the meeting is called to order, and the minutes of the previous meeting are read, and, if correct, approved. Then follows miscellaneous business, if any, and the real business of the evening is begun. The secretary distributes to each of the members present a printed copy of each of the poems submitted, generally ranging from four to six (there being, generally, one or two volunteers), and the member appointed reader for the evening reads them all aloud. Each is then discussed in its turn, fully and completely, even to punctuation, and, if faulty, amended, if amendment be found possible, and put to vote for acceptance. If accepted, the name of the author is called for, and the unlucky parent, who has been obliged to sit unmoved during the laudation or condemnation, cutting, lopping, and patching of his child, declares himself, and then, and only till then, has an opportunity to defend his work; but reconsideration is rare, the first action of the club being generally final. If amendment is deemed impossible or inexpedient, the poem is referred back to the unknown author for correction and re-submission.

The object of this manner of criticism is to give the poem, as far as possible, the criticism it would probably meet with at the hands of the general world, before whom, of course, the author would have no voice until after judgment rendered. And it has been found to be of the greatest value to us all, not only as showing us faults heretofore unseen, and rendering sale and publication more

probable,—polishing the poem to the highest possible point,—but as raising our standard and perfecting our execution, which is most vividly shown in perusal of the archives,—the accepted poems,—of the club.

By this time literary appetite is satiated, and physical takes its place; when supper and general discussion go hand in hand.

As our membership embraces names not unknown to the literary and musical world, I may, perhaps, be pardoned if I give it, as it stands at present, in full:—

President, Charles Pomeroy Sherman; *Vice-President*, Charles Henry Lüders; *Secretary*, Oliver Perry Smith.

Active Members: The officers, and Francis Howard Williams, N. Allen Stockton, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Harrison S. Morris, Henry H. Suplee, Arthur Hale, John K. Mitchell, M. D., Richard P. Parrish, J. Chalmers Da Costa, M. D., S. Solis Cohen, M. D., and Owen Wister.

Musical Members: S. Decatur Smith, Sr., and Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc.

Art Members: At present none.

Honorary Members: Charles H. A. Esling and S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

In conclusion, I may say that we believe our club to be *sui generis*,—to stand alone in the method by which it accomplishes its objects and aims. If any reader should, however, know to the contrary, we shall be very glad to hear from him.—*Charles Pomeroy Sherman, in Society.*

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS.

"They have not read it at all." "How do you know?" "I arranged some of the sheets in a peculiar way, and they came back to me undisturbed. If they had gone through the manuscript, this would not have been so." We were talking about a story that my friend had sent to one of the magazines. It had been returned to him with the stereotyped reply, "Not wanted." My friend was trying to solace himself with the belief that the editor had not read his story. I had heard this complaint made often before. I determined to investigate the subject a bit.

I consulted the editors of several leading magazines. To the question, frankly put, "Are manuscripts ever returned unread?" the answer uniformly was: "They are read sufficiently to enable us to determine whether we want them or not. Contributors cannot ask more of us." One editor

formulated what I found to be the views of all in substantially these words:—

"It would be silly for us, would it not, to return articles unread? We are here for the purpose of finding out what there is that we want among the contributions sent to us. How can we tell unless we examine? Of course, there is but a very small proportion of the contributions that we can make use of. Take our magazine, for instance. In a year there will be one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred separate captions. Of these, seventy-five to one hundred are ordered articles,—*i. e.*, serial stories and articles that we publish in series, besides separate and independent papers. The remaining one hundred we take from the general mass of contributions that come unsolicited. I should say about forty of these are in verse. About sixty are prose articles. We pass upon five thousand articles a year, and we cannot use, as you see, more than a hundred in all, or two per cent."

"How are manuscripts handled when they come to you?"

"In the first place, they are all entered in a register with name, date, etc., etc. A small proportion are evidently written by persons of weak mind, and bear on their face the evidence that they are valueless. These are at once sent back. Next are weeded out articles written on subjects with which our magazine has nothing to do. For instance, a purely medical paper would be manifestly out of place in our columns. These, then, are sent back. The next are examined by my assistants or myself. But I pass, finally, upon all articles, whether they are accepted or rejected. No article is returned from this office until I have found that for some reason we cannot use it."

"Are not many articles returned that are up to standard from a literary point of view?"

"Yes. We get two or three times as many articles as we use that have nearly equal merit with the accepted ones. Sometimes we decline an article because we have others that we have already purchased that treat of the same general subject. Sometimes we have two or three stories on hand from a prolific writer. We decline to take more from his pen until we have used up those we have in stock. Sometimes an article is sent us on a subject which we do not, for some special reason, care to discuss at the time. Many articles are returned because they treat of matters of current interest which will have lost their value by the time they can be published in our columns. These are articles that should be sent to the daily press. People do not understand that a magazine is pre-

pared three or four months ahead of its publication. Some one comes to us, for instance, with a well-written article about passing political events that would interest the public to-day. They want it printed in our next issue. They cannot realize that that number has been in press for one, two, or, perhaps, three months. We could not use the article under four months, at the least. Of course, by that time the special interest in the subject has died out, and the article is valueless."

For the information of writers generally, it may be stated that the Harpers, with four periodicals, receive about fifteen thousand manuscripts a year, and can use, at the outside, not more than five or six hundred. The Century Company, with two publications, receives about ten thousand, and can use not more than three hundred and fifty. The Scribners receive five thousand, and can use less than two hundred. The *Atlantic*, *Belford's*, *Lippincott's*, and the others absorb a like proportion. It must be borne in mind, too, that of the thousand or eleven hundred articles that can be made use of by the three first-named houses, not more than half are taken from the general contributions; in in some cases much less than half. Some issues of magazines are made up entirely of ordered matter,—*i. e.*, articles written by well-known authors or public men, upon special agreements with the publisher. Probably not more than five hundred, at the outside, of the articles consumed by the Harpers, the Century Company, and the Scribners are taken from the general contributor. Of this number, more than half are poetical contributions. Perhaps not more than two hundred short stories, sketches, and miscellaneous articles are, or can be, accepted by these three houses out of the thirty thousand contributions sent them. This is not a very promising lookout for the chance contributor, certainly. On the other hand, it is very probable that many, or most, of the articles that are received by one publishing house are received by the others. So that, while there is an apparent contribution of thirty thousand articles, according to the figures given, the actual number of separate articles is probably less than two-thirds of that sum. It must be remembered, also, that articles rejected by these houses often find acceptance in one of the numerous other periodicals published in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or elsewhere. It is probable that no article of real merit fails to find a market ultimately.

At a rough guess, I should say that the newly-fledged writer of short stories has about one chance in fifty of having his production accepted by one of

the three houses named. That is to say, for every one accepted, forty-nine are thrown out. But probably, of all short stories produced, ten per cent. ultimately find a place in one or the other of the leading magazines. A large proportion find a market in the cheaper periodicals, the syndicates, the daily papers, etc. But the majority are never printed, which is, perhaps, a mercy.

One editor told me the people who caused him more trouble than all the rest were the small class of new and original writers whose first productions came almost up to standard, but not quite.

"These," said he, "I have to read carefully, and very often I read them more than once before I determine to reject them. Then I send them back, almost always with a word of encouragement or a request to try again. This involves one, generally, in a correspondence, which adds considerably to the burdens of my office. The writers want to know the whys and wherefores. Of course, I can't stop to criticise any of the articles that are sent me. I have n't the time. Occasionally, I should like to, but, with manuscripts pouring in here at the rate of fifty a day, you will see that is impossible. Still, every once in awhile, some one among the new or casual contributors develops talent and originality. These people I like to encourage. It is to these that we must look in the future. We cannot always depend on the old contributors, and we are anxious to cultivate new ones whenever we can discover material that looks promising. Sometimes, when I have sent an article back with a word of commendation, I have been asked to let the author revise it, and I have consented. In this way I have sometimes read the same article over no less than three times."

"Did you ever finally accept an article so revised?"

"Never. They might just as well take my advice in the first place. That is, to try something else. If I have rejected an article on a particular subject, or a story from a new man, it is pretty certain that I will not accept an article on that subject from him, or a story of that particular kind. I see evidence of talent in him, though, and I ask him to try again. I mean I want him to try some other subject, or write a story with a different plot, or with a different *motif*. But they are so full of their own idea that they often insist on coming back at me with it again and again, notwithstanding my advice.

"There's another thing contributors ought to understand, and it is this: Every prose manuscript comes into competition with every other prose manuscript, and the same with the poems. I get

many articles written on the same or similar subjects. These come into direct competition with each other. If I care for the subject, I take the article I like best, though others may be very good. If I don't care for the subject, I send them all back. And this may be determined by other contributions. For instance, a kindred topic may be treated by another class of contributors. I take the best one of these, because, on the whole, I like the treatment better, and then send back all the others, as well as the one selected from the first set of contributions. In this way, I am compelled to reject many manuscripts that are up to standard, from a literary point of view.

"When I send an article back, I mean just what my accompanying note says,—*i. e.*, that I cannot use it. I might add to many of these notices with perfect truth that the contribution is worthless from every point of view. But that is not my province. I cannot undertake to answer more than the one thing: Have I, or, rather, has the magazine over which I preside, a use for the particular article? My reasons for deciding yes or no are my own affair. The contributor can have nothing to do with them."

One of the cleverest writers of short stories we have in this country told me some time ago that the best story he ever had published in *Harper's* had been previously rejected by the *Century*, and the best story the *Century* had ever printed of his had been declined by *Harper's*. Another amusing anecdote is told about a prominent editor of a funny paper, who has obtained considerable reputation as a writer of serious verse. He contributes many short poems to the leading magazines. As fast as they are rejected by one magazine, he sends them to another, and keeps an account of their travels in a memorandum book. Before they have gone the grand round they are generally accepted by one or the other of the magazines. But if a stray chansonette, or barcarolle, or other underdone poetical *jeu d'esprit* chances to wander home rejected by all the magazines, it is said to be this editor's practice to add a tail to his ugly duckling, in the shape of a comic tag, and then to print it in his own paper as humorous poetry. This editor's plan might be a good one for some of the short-story writers to adopt. A tale of tragedy and pathos that has been rejected by the hard-hearted editors of *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, or the *Century* might, by a turn of the wrist, be transformed into a comic yarn that *Puck* or *Judge* would grab at. And there is no charge for this suggestion.—*Frank H. Howe, in the New York Star.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Bits of information about authors and their work are always wanted for THE AUTHOR'S "Literary News and Notes."

Any one who will send in five new subscribers for THE AUTHOR, with five dollars, may have THE WRITER for one year free.

Friends of THE AUTHOR are requested to send to the publisher the names of persons who would be likely to be interested in the magazine.

Any one who has difficulty in getting either THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR from newsdealers will confer a favor by informing the publisher.

Brief contributions on practical topics of interest to literary workers are invited from readers of THE AUTHOR. Articles should contain not more than one thousand words, and postage

should be enclosed, so that they may be returned if they are found to be unavailable.

The department of "Queries" in THE AUTHOR is in the hands of readers of the magazine. They are invited both to ask questions, and to answer questions asked by others.

THE BOOK-BORROWER.

Book-borrowing is an evil so wide-spread and so pernicious that all journals which discuss literary subjects should join their voices in crying it down. It is mean in principle. The money which his neighbor invests in books, the book-borrower places where it will yield a profit in dollars and cents. Attempt to secure the use of another's capital without remuneration, and you will be called dishonest. And yet these same men will invade your library, and carry away an armful of your favorites with the air of one who has the right to do so. They absorb the earnings of another without compunction, and without consideration of value, while jealously guarding their stocks and bonds. Book-borrowers are never found among the book buyers. They belong to an entirely distinct genus, and never merge, as different species do.

No one is too poor to buy a book, unless, indeed, he is an actual pauper. A copy of Byron's complete works can be purchased for thirty-five cents. A set of Dickens' works, printed in large type, and bound in cloth, can be obtained for five dollars. I recently bought in a second-hand book-store a work on rhetoric, bound in calf, and, excepting that it was slightly faded and shelf-worn, as good as new, for five cents.

No one can "get out" of books, as some improvident people do of matches or coffee, and offer the fact as an excuse for borrowing. I once owned a copy of Lucretius' "De Natura Rerum," seemingly as bright as when it came out of the shop, which was nearly two hundred years old. A man who has once collected a good library can always have it (except in case of an extraordinary accident), provided the borrowers (as atrocious as those other vandals who burned the Alexandrian library) do not pillage him.

The excuses of emergency and necessity can not be pleaded by book-borrowers, as they are sometimes offered by those other depredators, umbrella-borrowers.

To make book-borrowing unpopular, the borrower should be exposed to public execration. Journals which mould public opinion have it in their power to do this. I would suggest that the legend, "Welcome," be taken from the rug which greets the intruder at the door of the library, and that in its place be substituted the words: "He that lends, loses friends." Good old Tom Hood, in a poem called "The Art of Book Keeping," set an example in denouncing this vice, which literary authorities everywhere should follow.

J. W. Dean.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 20. — Which of John Burroughs' works is regarded as his best work?

T. W. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

No. 21. — Will some of the readers of THE AUTHOR suggest the titles of some works valuable to one desirous of developing powers of poetic expression? I do not mean rhyming dictionaries, but works that would assist in forming a really elevated style, as far as the writer's abilities will permit.

W. S. B.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. 22. — What is the best kind of "common-place book"? I used formerly Todd's students' "Index Rerum," but think it is now out of print.

H. M.

BOSTON, Mass.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 16. — I own a copy of Kroeger's "The Minnesinger of Germany." The title-page bears the imprint of Hurd & Houghton, Boston; and Trübner & Co., London, 1873. I will gladly furnish information therefrom, if "A. D. K." will communicate with me.

A. L. W.

WATERBURY, Conn.

No. 17. — I hope THE AUTHOR will not bar out a grateful volunteer puff for the ink which has long been an important agency in making my life happy.

I have used great quantities in proof-reading and editorial writing for many years, — have tried about every brand made, have endured all kinds of tortures from their flowing colorless, eating off my pen points, and turning to glue, and have now for ten years found peace in the one brand which satisfies even the exacting requirements of proof-reading, — "Caw's Ink," with the trade-mark of a crow on the bottles. It flows black, it stays black, it will not corrode the pen, if you leave the latter in it a month, and it does not turn gluey. It will thicken (as all inks will from the cause which *makes* them ink), though not for some time; and it is useless for library work, because it rubs dreadfully under moist thumbs; but for writers and proof-readers it deserves a diamond medal.

F. M.

HARTFORD, Conn.

No. 17. — An ink which I have used for several years, and found permanent in color as well as of excellent quality, is that manufactured by Knowles & Maxim, Pittsfield, Mass. Probably it can be obtained of most stationers, or ordered direct from makers, though I have only found it in one small country store. It is a powder contained in a capsule; one of which will make one half-pint of ink, by simply adding that amount of soft water.

F. E. H. R.

CORNWALL, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Atherton. — Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the latest of the sensational school of authoresses, lives modestly in Fifty-ninth street, with her maid. She is in the neighborhood of her thirtieth year, and is a widow. She is beautiful, with the plump face and slender figure of a school-girl. Having made her own way with two books, having means of her own to live upon, and owing nothing to the machinery by which so many feeble lights gather oil for their wicks, she has not attached herself to any of the so-called literary coteries in town, and is not to be seen on exhibition in any of their parlors. She is a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, and her first *nom de plume* was a copy of his signature divided so as to read Frank Lin. — *The Epoch*.

Black. — One of his own favorite mists was creeping up from the sea as I rang at the door of Mr. William Black's charming residence in Brighton. Upon being admitted, I found myself in a large hall, wherein hung a fine engraving representing McCleod of Dare gazing over the dawnlit Thames. As the drawing-room door was

opened, a short, well-knit man, clad in a Norfolk shooting-jacket, wearing spectacles, with a moustache that, like his hair, is already turning gray, came forward to meet me with a kind and homelike Scottish greeting. "Well," said the great novelist, "and so you want to talk with me about my books. I hate talking about my books. I always like to forget them once they are written; but still I shall be very happy to give you any information I can. I always study my subject before writing upon it. For instance, in 'Sunrise,' I make constant allusion to Russian Nihilism. All my information I gathered from special sources. I never draw my characters from one person only; it would not be a real human portrait, not sufficient variety. 'Queen Titania,' however, is so far a portrait that it very fairly represents my sister. You were asking a short time back which of my books I liked best myself. On the whole, I prefer 'Madcap Violet.' I am just finishing one now for the *Graphic*, next July. It will deal chiefly with theatrical and literary life in London, but will also describe deer shooting and salmon fishing in the Highlands." — *Pall Mall Budget*.

Burroughs. — An ambitious young author not long since wrote to John Burroughs, asking his ideas of the best methods of life and work for a literary man. Mr. Burroughs' reply was characteristic: "Go to bed at nine o'clock; get up at five in summer and six in winter; spend half of each day in the open air; avoid tea and coffee, tobacco, and all stimulating drinks; adhere mainly to a fruit and vegetable diet; and always aim to have something to do which you can do with zest. Stagnation is the parent of ill-health; the currents, both mental, emotional, and physiological, must be kept going. The mild excitement of a congenial talk, of conversation with friends, of a brisk walk on a clear day, a row on the river, or the reading of a good book, are all sanitary, and promote health." — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Fletcher. — I see that your Boston correspondent notes the forthcoming book of Miss Fletcher, "The Truth About Clement Kerr." Miss Fletcher's book, "Kismet," written when she was eighteen, and published by Roberts Brothers in 1876, was, it seems to me, as remarkable as that of any young girl author that America has produced. She was even young enough to take the pen name of "George Fleming," that did not in the least veil the charming femininity of her work. "Julia" (I think she signs herself Constance Fletcher nowadays, both names being hers,) is the daughter of James Cooly Fletcher, a man who began as a

Presbyterian clergyman, became a missionary to Hayti, then a Sunday-school book agent, then a naturalist, then an agent of the Brazilian government to establish a line of steamships between New York and Rio Janeiro, then consul to Naples in 1873-7, and now is living somewhere out West, — Indianapolis, if I am not mistaken. His wife was divorced from him shortly after his return to this country, and subsequently married Eugene Benson, an artist and art critic on the *New York Post* (or was it the *Times*?), who is very well known here. Constance remained with her mother in Rome, and has not since returned to this country. In 1876 she took a journey up the Nile, and afterward in Syria, with that most charming of hosts and travelling companions, Mr. Thomas Appleton, of Boston, and "Kismet" and "Mirage" were the result of these experiences. Then she wrote "The Head of Medusa," a falling off from her previous work, and "Andromeda" and "Vestiga," both of which are disappointing; so disappointing that we begin to believe that this is the day when first books are best books. However, on the other hand, she has become a charming essayist, and has written a life of Leopardi that Canon Liddon was happy to have dedicated to him. Year before last she removed with her mother and step-father to Venice, and was devoting herself in 1887 to translating and editing Italian authors. Miss Fletcher is about thirty-five years old, has heavy flaxen hair, blue eyes, and rather a brunette complexion. Her friendship with Robert Browning is of long standing, and during the last few years he has been her near neighbor during his long-continued visits to Venice. — *Newport Letter in the Hartford Courant*.

Hardy. — A man a trifle past middle-age, and rather less than what is known as "medium height," sat in a parlor-car on a Boston express train yesterday, smiling quietly to himself as his ear caught bits of comment from two young women at the right, who were discussing, "But Yet a Woman." He was Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy, of Dartmouth College, and the author of the book in point, as well as the writer of "The Wind of Destiny." The young women would have been somewhat astonished if they had known that the author of those two popular novels is also one of the most thorough students of the higher mathematics. The versatile genius which enables a man to write in two consecutive summers the most widely-sold novels of the season, and then prepare an exhaustive text book on "Quaternions," is indeed rare. Still another strange fact is, that while Professor Hardy stands at the head as an authority on higher mathematics,

he abhors anything pertaining to arithmetic. Illustrative of this, he said to a friend, recently: "For some time I have been writing an occasional book review for a literary weekly in New York. The other day I opened a consignment by express, and found the editor had sent me ten arithmetics, which he had been accumulating for my expert judgment. Now, I never knew anything about figures, and of all books in the world, I abhor an arithmetic, so I sent the books back. My old professor at West Point was as deep a mathematician as I ever saw, and yet he would stand at the blackboard, day after day, and, nervously snapping his fingers in the midst of a 'sum,' call out: 'Come, now, eight times seven, how much, how much is it?'" Professor Hardy is the choice of the Alumni to succeed President Bartlett, the present aged and infirm head of the college.—*New York World*.

Lamb. — Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the clever editor of *The Magazine of American History*, is one of the most unobtrusive literary women in New York. Years ago Mrs. Lamb brought out a novel entitled "Spicy," but she soon turned her attention to writing of a more serious character, and her "History of the City of New York" is a monument to her talent, research, and indefatigable industry. She is *petite*, quiet, gentle-voiced, with a kindly and sympathetic face. Mrs. Lamb lives at the old-fashioned Coleman House, where, on an upper floor, she has the cosiest eyrie under the sun. She frequents society to a certain extent, and is a familiar figure during the season in Washington.—*The Epoch*.

Lyll. — The writer who, under the pen name, Edna Lyall, has become familiar to many readers, both in this country and in England, is in private life Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Bayly, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, London. To use her own words, Miss Bayly "made up her mind at the age of ten to be a novelist," and she was in her teens when she wrote her first book, "Won by Waiting." In her case, however, the first performance was not, as sometimes happens, the most successful, for it was "We Two" and "Donovan" which gave her a deserved place among contemporary fictionists. Still later novels are "In the Golden Days" and "Knight Errant," while the last production from Miss Lyall's pen is the strong and wholesome tale of Norwegian and English life, entitled "A Hardy Norseman," which is now running as a serial in *The Churchman*. Edna Lyall is still young, and, with her literary gifts and earnestness of purpose, is likely to give us in the future some of her best

and most attractive work.—*The Churchman*.

When asked, not long ago, about the way her books were written, Miss Bayly said: "The conception of my central character comes before my plot. I then plan the circumstances in which his individuality can be brought out, and the minor characters by which he is to be surrounded. I think every novel should have a purpose, provided it is not too prominently thrust forward. I write for two or three hours in the morning, but the time I take over my work varies."—*New York Tribune*.

Murray. — David Christie Murray, the author of "Val Strange," "Joseph's Coat," and numberless other stories, is one of the most interesting men in London. He has had the hardest of work to attain his present position; from boyhood he has made his way unaided, and, like many other writers of fiction, he came up from newspaper work, and his early journalistic training has been of inestimable value to him. After working for a long time on the *Birmingham News*, he resolved to see London, and arrived in the city with but little to keep body and soul together. While casting about for some road to fortune, he wrote an article on "Impecunious London," which was printed in one of the weeklies, and served to open a new field of work to him. The paper, it need hardly be said, was founded upon his own experiences, and its success encouraged him later to set out on an extended tour as an amateur tramp. To put it out of his power to enjoy creature comforts, he mailed a bank note to the care of a post-office nearly one hundred miles away, and started to walk to it. He had not a penny to buy a lodging or food; he stopped at many of the poorhouse hotels which lay on his path, worked a bit when nothing else would secure food, in true tramp style, and, arriving at the longed-for post-office, secured his money, and revelled in luxurious comforts. He is a member of the Savage Club, London, and one of its shining lights.—*William J. Bok, in the New York Graphic*.

Norris. — Another author about whose personality one hears little, but whose works are read wherever the English language is spoken, is W. E. Norris. It is not often that one can meet Mr. Norris in London. Most of his days he spends at Torquay, which he finds exceedingly beneficial to his health, which, unhappily, is none of the best; and unless something especially brings him to London, he spends only the two months of the season, June and July, in the English capital. The author of "Matrimony" is a slow worker; he spends an infinite amount of trouble upon all that he does.

His manuscript is beautifully written, in a small, feminine hand, but one may be certain that every page represents much work, and often many copyings. He works only at night, as he finds that only after dark is he able to get away from the day's disturbing influence. Mr. Norris has been fortunate in having Mr. Leslie Stephens as a friend and helper. It was he who first gave the young author encouragement, as, indeed, he has done in more cases than the world will ever know. — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The novel which Mrs. Mona Caird, the woman who started the "Is Marriage a Failure?" controversy, has just completed will have for its title "Under the Wing of Azrael," and its publication (London) will take place very soon.

Maurice Barrymore is engaged upon his most ambitious literary effort. It will be his first novel, and is to be published in *Lippincott's* as one of the series of complete novels.

The most popular of all novels, after all, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This perennial story was first published in 1851, and almost from the start Mrs. Stowe has been drawing a comfortable living income from the royalties on this book. She does not receive any income from the foreign reprints, though the story has been published in substantially every known printed language. During the past two years Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., the authorized American publishers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," have issued 80,000 copies of it, and they are issuing them now at the rate of 1,000 a week. They say that they sell to-day four times as many copies of the book as they did six years ago.

A new book by the author of that popular novel, "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," which appeared in the No Name Series, is to be published this spring by Roberts Brothers. It is entitled "Inside Our Gates," and is a sketch of life and character on Long Island. The author is Mrs. Christina Chaplin Brush, wife of a clergyman.

Edith Sessions Tupper, whose poems attract much attention, is the daughter of a member of Congress, and wife of Horace E. Tupper, a railway man, nearly related to Sir Charles Tupper, of Canada. She studied before her marriage to be an actress.

A portrait of Amelia E. Barr appears in the April number of *Book News* (Philadelphia). The same number contains an interesting article on

"Plate Matter for Newspapers," by Howard Fielding, and a biographical sketch of Mrs. Barr.

A new portrait, recently taken, of George Bancroft will be printed in the May *Book Buyer*. The same number will also contain portraits of Ellen Olney Kirk, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," and Sallie Pratt McLean, author of "Cape Cod Folks." A personal sketch will accompany each portrait.

The home of Dickens in Kent, and the one in which his last hours were spent, Gad's Hill, is again in the market. Its present owner is a major, Austen F. Budden. The property includes eleven acres of land.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has become editor of *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Sangster has been associated for several years with Harpers' publications. She is also a writer of graceful verse, and is well known as a writer for the religious press.

Worthington Company is getting up an edition of "Famous Books by Famous Authors." It is to be made up of one hundred and eighty-three volumes, and promises to furnish choice literature, classic and modern, of all nations.

Once a Week has been increased in size again, this time to twenty-eight pages. Frank R. Stockton's new story, "Ardis Claverdon," is now appearing.

Worthington Company will publish soon the third series of the poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne, the first two of which have already been issued by this house.

A civil list pension of £100 has been granted by the English authorities to the widow of Richard A. Proctor, the writer upon astronomical and other scientific subjects.

Regarding his methods of literary work, James Russell Lowell recently said: "I am one of those men who believe in system, and who seek and utilize every moment at their command to advantage. I put aside so many hours, generally in the forenoon, for reading and writing, and try to be uninterrupted. If I am, I make it up at the first leisure I can secure." "Then you are not a believer in writing by inspiration?" said his questioner. "Well, I don't like to commit myself positively upon that point," said Mr. Lowell, "but I do know that steady, hard, and continuous work has been my reliance during a somewhat varied life."

D. C. Heath & Co. publish "Hints for Teachers of Physiology," by Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, of the Harvard Medical School.

The Popular Science Monthly for May will have an article on "Diabolism and Hysteria," by Dr. Andrew D. White; a reply, by Rev. Dr. Henry Wace, to Professor Huxley's article on "Agnosticism"; "The History of a Picture Window," by Professor C. H. Henderson; and an illustrated article by Garrett P. Serviss, entitled "The Strange Markings of Mars."

The Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, who will begin a series of papers on "Social Life in Russia" in *Harper's Magazine* for May, is of Russian extraction, and was elected one of the "Forty Immortals" by the French Academy last fall. In the same number of *Harper's*, Mr. de Blowitz will have "A Chapter of My Memoirs," accompanied by a portrait, and there will be an article by Brander Matthews on "The Dramatic Outlook in America."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a "History of the Nineteenth Army Corps," by Richard B. Irwin, to be published in the autumn of 1889.

Among the books announced by Macmillan & Co. are: "An Author's Love"; the unpublished letters of Prosper Mérimée's "Inconnue," to be in two volumes; the second part of Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life"; and "Literature in Its Social Aspects," by Aubrey de Vere. In fiction, the firm will publish soon Henry James' "A London Life" and Marion Crawford's "Greifenstein."

"The Recollections of a Man of Letters," Daudet, with eighty-nine illustrations from designs by Bieler, Montegut, Myrback, and Rossi, is announced by George Routledge & Sons.

"Physical Education," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, will be published this spring by Roberts Brothers. The next volume in the firm's "Famous Women Series" will be the biography of Jane Austen.

To the series of "Romans Choisis" W. R. Jenkins intends adding Jules Verne's "Le Tour du Monde" and to the "Contes Choisis," an amusing story by Leon Tinseau, entitled "L'Attilage de la Marquise."

The title of James Anthony Froude's new novel, which the Scribners will bring out in America, will be "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy."

The first edition of 5,000 copies of Mrs. Burnett's new story, "The Pretty Sister of José," issued in book form by the Scribners, was exhausted several days before the book was published, and a second edition has been printed.

William H. Garrison has succeeded William S.

Walsh as the editor of *American Notes and Queries*.

Walt Whitman will be seventy years old May 21.

In the *Art Amateur* for April, Professor Ernest Knauff gives the second of his series of profusely illustrated papers on "Pen Drawing for Photo-Engraving," invaluable for the student who aspires to be an illustrator of books and magazines.

The life of Jane Austen is to be written by Oscar Fay Adams, of Boston and Cambridge. He is going to England to study his subject.

America, Chicago, began its second year with the issue for April 4. It has been enlarged to thirty-two pages, and has begun a series of cartoons by Thomas Nast.

E. Harvey Wadge, F. G. S., Detroit, Mich., announces that he will begin, May 1, the publication of the *Dilettante Magazine*, the object of which will be "to afford amateur authors an opportunity of exercising their powers and of having their productions in print." Prizes will be offered for the best articles on various subjects.

Eugene Schuyler will publish in *Scribner's* for May and June some interesting reminiscences of "Count Leo Tolstoi Twenty Years Ago." Mr. Schuyler was a visitor at Tolstoi's home, and had many long and intimate conversations with him.

Paul du Chaillu has broken down while revising the proofs of his great work, "The Viking Age," and has left for Tangiers to recuperate. He will probably postpone the publication of his book till September.

The Victoria Library is the name of a new series of standard and popular works to be issued in handy pocket volumes by Frederick Warne & Co.

William Winter's address on "The Press and the Stage" is to be printed as one of the publications of the Dunlap Society. Most of the volumes printed by that society are now out of print. They are beautiful books, executed in Mr. de Vinne's most perfect style.

Mrs. G. R. Alden, so widely known under her pseudonym of "Pansy," has a new book in the press of D. Lothrop Co., called "A Sevenfold Trouble." The annual sale of Mrs. Alden's books amounts to 200,000 volumes, which her publishers declare is twice as great as that of any other woman writer in America.

Heine received forty copies free of charge as sole and entire payment for his first book of verses, after another publisher had refused to print it.

"John Strange Winter" does all her literary work in a little room at the top of her high house at Putney. The room is furnished with Spartan simplicity. There is only one table, a chair, and a rug in the room, which she has enamelled in blue herself. It is warmed by an asbestos stove, and here, overlooking the river, all the novels which pass so many pleasant hours away are written.

The Lippincotts will soon publish a novel with the title "John Charaxes." It will appear anonymously, but *The Critic* hears that George Ticknor Curtis is the author.

Munsey's Weekly (New York) is printing a series of portraits of "Eminent American Journalists," with brief biographies.

Colonel T. W. Higginson will take his family to England in May. James Russell Lowell is also going to England again.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher gets \$50 for a column article when written for the newspaper syndicates. She insists upon choosing all her topics herself.

The May number of *Wildwood's Magazine*, which is to begin its second year, will appear in an improved form, with Charles Hallock, the original editor and founder of *Forest and Stream*, as associate editor with F. E. Pond. Mr. Hallock will have charge of a branch office and editorial rooms at Washington, D. C.

A new literary magazine, called *East and West*, is to be started in Paris and London May 1. Its contributors will include Bret Harte, W. E. Norris, Mrs. Macquoid, Mrs. Parr, Sarah Tytler, George Fleming (Miss Fletcher), Mrs. Walford, Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Mead, Professor Church, and Grant Allen, and many others.

The Macmillans will publish shortly "The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith," edited, with an introduction by Austin Dobson.

The Easter number of *Harper's Bazar* has a special cover, by Harry Fenn, poems by Rose Terry Cooke and Frank Dempster Sherman, and a drawing of Fifth avenue on Easter, by H. W. McVickar.

In "Further Reminiscences," the title under which Harper & Brothers will soon publish a second volume of W. P. Frith's "Autobiography," there will be much pleasant mention made of Charles Dickens, Sir Edwin Landseer, Miss Braddon, Du Maurier, John Tenniel, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Linton, F. Anstey, Anthony Trollope, and others. Harper & Brothers also announce the third edition of "A Manual of Historical Literature," by President Adams, of

Cornell University; a volume of farces by William Dean Howells, embracing "The Mouse Trap," "Five o'Clock Tea," "The Garroters," and "A Likely Story"; and Lee Merriweather's "Tramp at Home."

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. published April 13: "The Open Door," a novel, by Blanche Willis Howard; "The Way," a religious work, by Professor Wier, of Yale College; a little book on Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by Thomas Davidson; and "A Satchel Guide" for European tourists.

Cassell & Co. announce a new edition of William Robertson's "Life and Times of John Bright," brought down to the date of his death, by a well-known American writer.

Scribner & Welford are about to publish "Poems and Translations," by W. J. Linton, the wood engraver, and a new edition of W. E. Henley's "A Book of Verses."

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have bought the copyrights, electrottype plates, and stock of all the miscellaneous publications of Messrs. Ticknor & Co. George F. Godfrey will retire from the publishing business, and Thomas B. Ticknor will become associated in an important position with Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., while Benjamin H. Ticknor will continue to publish the remainder of the Ticknor list, including *The American Architect*, and various architectural subscription books, at the old stand of Ticknor & Co.

"The Battle of the Big Hole," a thrilling historical narrative by G. O. Shields ("Coquina"), of the *American Field*, Chicago, will be published May 1.

M. Taine is recovering his health, and is again at work upon a series of papers on the "Reconstruction of France in 1800."

All of Amélie Rives' correspondence sent in care of her publishers is first opened by the latter before forwarding. This is done at the authoress's request, to protect her from abusive letters, which are destroyed by the publishers. Shortly after the publication of "The Quick or the Dead?" the character of several letters addressed to the authoress made this necessary, and the plan has been kept up ever since.

Another volume of society verses, by favorite authors, is undergoing compilation in the hands of Ernest De Lancey Pierson. The title chosen for the book is "The Merry Muse." Nearly seventy American poets will be represented by their lighter verses in the pages of this book.

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CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Under the title, "A Lost World," Julian Hawthorne has, in a recent issue of *America*, entered a protest against the realism of the children's stories of our time, and has made an appeal for the restoration, to the little folks at least, of "The Lost World" of their ideal. As he says, "A very beautiful world it was," and that is so.

Incidentally, and in very gentle terms, he criticises the most popular story of the day, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and hints, nay, says plainly, that whatever merit the story may possess, this one thing it lacks, that idealistic quality, that subtle influence that would enkindle a child's fancy, and make him think of things of which he could not talk, and see things that could not be painted in a picture or presented at the theatre.

Mr. Hawthorne's article was especially interesting to one who had felt quite humiliated by her incapacity to share the popular

enthusiasm, — one who had read the story with every disposition to be delighted, and, not succeeding, had felt that the deficiency must be in her own power of appreciation, rather than in the story, — yet vaguely feeling the while that the impression made by the "Little Lord" was, perhaps, due quite as much to the skill of the artist who illustrated the story as to the author, — that, in fact, it was his appearance, rather than his personality, that affected one.

So after reading Mr. Hawthorne's article, I took some pains to find out just what features had most impressed those who had read the book or had seen the play. I listened to the talk of children and of grown people, and in nine cases out of ten what did I hear? Rhapsodies on the beauty of the little fellow: his lovely bang; his cunning little legs; his funny way of standing; and his clothes, — the velvet suit, and the sailor suit, the red sash, and the blue sash, and the lace collar, — "Oh, they were just lovely! he looked too sweet for anything!" And then the "Dearest"; that, too, was very effective.

These were the things that appealed to, that captivated, the popular fancy, — nay, not the fancy, that was not involved at all, — it was the eye that was addressed, the eye that was satisfied.

Now, is there not something lacking in a literature that trains children to detect these things first, to enjoy them most, to demand them above all, and to be satisfied with the same?

Is it likely that such training will develop that fine spiritual vision which would discover and rejoice in the life of that "Lost World" for which Mr. Hawthorne and others sigh; that beautiful world in which Mr. Hawthorne's

father lived, and moved, and had his being; that world whence have come the men whose thought has, in all times, most enriched and glorified the thought which is the life of the world? In that beautiful world, among nymphs, and fairies, and all things strange, and lovely, and wonderful, must be conceived, born, nurtured, and trained the long-looked-for "Great American Poet"; thence must he come, if ever he come at all, for of the material, the realistic, the spectacular, he will assuredly never, never be begotten.

M. W. Dorsey.

BALTIMORE, MD.

TITLES IN LITERATURE.

That part of a literary production that is so small, and seemingly the very smallest, viz., its caption, is often the most perplexing part of the writer's task. Whether the production be a sermon, a book, or a literary composition of any kind, if it be given a title at all, there should be some relation between the title and the composition. Without any affinity between the title and what follows, it would be better to have the body without a head.

Many an author is perplexed more over the title-page than over any other page of his literary effort. No one should write without a subject, and then he should not be indifferent toward that subject, but have sufficient "professional piety" to keep the "fear of his title" continually in mind.

A title should be honest in so far as it gives the "leading thought" of the subject-matter. If the caption convey a false idea to the mind of the reader, a natural result will be prejudice against the author. Many a book is purchased because commended by a very promising title, but when the title has "advertised more than it can show," the result upon the patron is something akin to the disappointment of one who has been induced to visit a menagerie by glowing representations; the pictures outside proving more interesting than the curiosities within. There may be an occasional exception, perhaps, as in the instance of a certain religious writer who gave an ambiguous title to a book of essays on morality and religion, that many of vicious propensities might be induced by the epicurean title to peruse the volume.

A title that is obscure may also prejudice a collector of books. In this day of hurry and bustle, the man who has a part in the activities of his day cannot afford a half-day in the book-sellers' shops examining a single book before making an investment. And yet there is such danger of being captivated or dazzled by magnificent captions that one needs to exercise the greatest precaution to avoid being deceived.

There is a temptation in the human nature part of many authors to seek affected titles, and this is no modern failing exclusively, for it is displayed among the ancient Jews; also, some of the Roman and Grecian authors adopted titles that may well have a numbering among the follies and curiosities of literature.

There is, perhaps, little, if any, occasion to write a word of caution against the use of titles over-simple; and yet, in this day when the tendency is so largely toward affected and extravagant headings, it is possible that one may be occasionally deceived by the over-simplicity and modesty of others.

Ours is well termed the "practical age," and in all our discoursing our literary attempts should be to make it still more so, avoiding that which is sensational, untruthful, and obscure, even in the subjects that we handle, or, rather, in the names we give those subjects. Beware of literary follies.

W. G. Thrall.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN.

DARWIN'S METHOD OF COMPOSITION.

In "The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" we get several glimpses of his method of composition, and especially valuable are those in the "Autobiography." This was written when Darwin was sixty-seven years of age. He says then:—

"I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely; and this difficulty has caused me a very great loss of time; but it has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus I have been led to see errors in reasoning and in my own observations or those of others.

"There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form

Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately."

He also tells us his method of arranging the material of his books: "I first make the rudest outline on two or three pages, and then a larger one on several pages, a few words or one word standing for a whole discussion or series of facts. Each one of these headings is again enlarged and often transferred before I begin to write *in extenso*. As in several of my books, facts observed by others have been very extensively used; and as I have always had several quite distinct subjects in hand at the same time, I may mention that I keep from thirty to forty large portfolios, in cabinets with labelled shelves, into which I can at once put a detached reference or memorandum. I have bought many books, and at their ends I make an index of all facts that concern my work; or, if the books are not my own, write out a separate abstract, and of such abstracts I have a large drawer full. Before beginning on any subject I look to all short indexes, and make a general and classified index, and by taking the one or more portfolios, I have all the information collected in my life ready for use."

Darwin's son and biographer tells us that he thinks "this careful arrangement of the plan was not an essential to the building up of his argument, but for its presentation, and for the arrangement of his facts." And we are also told that it was only within the last few years that he adopted the plan of writing described in the "Autobiography." "It was characteristic of him that he felt unable to write with sufficient want of care if he used his best paper, and thus it was that he wrote on the backs of old proofs or manuscript." This was copied upon wide ruled foolscap, corrected, copied again, and sent to the printer; again corrected, and the proofs of this correction revised and corrected by Darwin himself.

We are also given this glimpse of his method of collecting materials: "For books he had no

respect, but merely considered them tools to work with. From pamphlets he would tear out, for the sake of saving room, all the pages except the one that interested him. He was methodical in his manner of reading books and pamphlets bearing on his own work. He had one shelf on which were piled up the books he had not read, and another to which they were transferred after having been read, and before being catalogued. Many a book was at once transferred to the other heap, either marked with a cipher at the end, to show that it contained no marked passages, or inscribed, perhaps, 'not read' or 'only skimmed.'"

In reading book or pamphlet he made pencil lines at the side of the page, often adding short remarks, and at the end a list of the pages marked. When it was to be catalogued and put away, the marked pages were looked at, and so a rough abstract of the book was made. This abstract would perhaps be written under three or four different headings on different sheets.

H. H. Brown.

PETERSHAM, Mass.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE.

Letters were addressed to many of the most distinguished writers in the country, asking whether in actual composition it was their custom to use the pen, or to record their thoughts through the medium of the typewriter or the stenographer. The verdict for the typewriter is even greater than was anticipated. There are, however, distinguished authors who cannot, through long use of the pen, bring themselves into harmony with the modern method. Only a few employ shorthand in composition. Their answers follow:—

Robert J. Burdette: "I was afraid that the mechanical operation of fingering the keyboard of the typewriter would impede the mental work of composition, but at last I bought a Remington No. 2, and I no longer wear ink on my thumb. I have been writing with both hands since March, 1887; I am clear out of Miss Orr and Mr. McGurkin—to the rear—in speed and accuracy, nevertheless I can write far more rapidly with the machine than ever I could with the pen. With the gain in speed, there is a corresponding loss of fatigue. The machine does not weary me; in fact, two years is not long enough to wear out the novelty, and I rather enjoy it. After mastering the keyboard, which is only a matter of a few weeks, the type-

writer was no more a machine than the pen. The typewriter saves paper, too. I put over 500 words where I used to write 250. If a writer uses one, his postage account will be reduced on his manuscripts fifty per cent.; his writing will be greatly improved, and he will have to be careful about his spelling. If I had to sell one or the other, I'd sell my desk and keep my typewriter."

George William Curtis: "For many years I have written all my copy for the press and many public addresses with a lead pencil upon a pad of paper of convenient size, which I hold in my hand. My letters are typewritten from a pencil draft, which I preserve as a copy. I never write at a table, except to sign my name."

Robert Grant: "It has been my custom to use the pen in actual composition. It is a very simple matter to dictate letters to a stenographer, but I should think there are very few literary people who, without practice, would be able to dictate satisfactorily work of the imagination, although practice would doubtless make it less difficult than it appears at first."

Charles Howard Montague: "The plot of whatever I have to write is carefully thought out before anything is written; the ideas, in brief, are jotted down in shorthand, under the proper heading, including the chapter divisions, and, in most cases, even the names of the chapters. These notes are simply useful for their ideas, and are not transcribed in a literal sense. After the story is thoroughly laid out, it is dictated to a stenographer. Next morning the draft is revised, interlined, and returned to the stenographer, who gives me a clean, typewritten copy. If I were submitting manuscript to publishers on chance of acceptance, I should consider that I had improved that chance about ten per cent. by sending it typewritten."

Louise Chandler Moulton: "I always use a steel pen, and am quite unaccustomed to the typewriter."

Murat Halstead: "I find phonography and typewriting a great relief and assistance. The matter that I dictate for publication requires a good deal of revision."

Frank R. Stockton: "All my manuscript work is done by dictation to a longhand writer. I should much prefer a stenographer, but as I live in the country, service of this kind is difficult to obtain."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "I compose pen in hand as a rule. I break the points of pencils so rapidly that I am obliged to use a pen. During the last few years I have found my penmanship growing steadily to the bad, and I have in consequence had

nearly all my work copied by typewriter — after written — before sending for publication. Were I an editor, I should refuse to read a MS. which was not typewritten, I think, and any author makes a great mistake who sends a manuscript to an editor without being typed. I have never attempted dictating, and do not think I could use a stenographer in composition."

Marion Harland: "I have a typewriter, and make much use of it, but comparatively little in original draughts of articles. My daughter studied stenography expressly to act as my amanuensis."

James Parton: "I must avow that I have no other method of writing than the old-fashioned way, with pen and ink. I write slowly, and it would not be an advantage to me to increase my pace. Fast writing cannot be good writing."

William H. Rideing: "I invariably use an old-fashioned pen in all my work, and am sorry to say that I have never been able to adapt myself to a stenographer or a typewriter."

Edward Eggleston: "In literary composition I use a fountain pen, but my manuscript, which is often badly interlined, is generally reduced to legibility on a Hammond typewriter by a member of my family. I do not dictate easily except in correspondence; I need the pen between the fingers, such is the force of habit."

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"): "I wrote with a pen till the spring of 1875, when I was threatened with pen paralysis. Then I bought a typewriter. Perhaps it was six months before I could use a typewriter as mechanically as I used a pen, but I have used one nearly fourteen years now, and it would have been impossible for me to continue my work without one. I have not written a book or a story for a paper since 1875 except with a machine."

Amélie Rives: "I always use pen and ink in writing, and never dictate."

Bill Nye: "During my brief career as a newspaper writer I have so far done all my work in longhand, at hotels, in the woods, on trains, steamboats, and anywhere else, so that the habit will be hard to overcome; but I look forward with much joyful anticipation to the day when I shall be thrown more in contact with my family, when the lecturer and his audience shall dwell together in harmony, and then, with a bright-eyed stenographer by my side, I will dictate till I get black in the face."

A. W. Tourgee: "I have never been able to dictate my thoughts successfully to a stenographer, though attempted many times. I usually write

with pencil or pen; the matter is then copied by my typewriter, corrected, and then copied again."

R. W. Gilder: "My letters are dictated, but my 'original compositions,' so to speak, whether of prose or verse, are still done in the old-fashioned handwriting; 'an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.' As an editor, I have a certain feeling of disappointment if a MS. is *not* in typewriting."

Captain Charles King: "'It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' For this reason have I, hitherto, clung to the old pen, and spread dismay among proof-readers and compositors. But in the near future I see prospects of both—the type and the shorthand writer."

George W. Cable: "I write much of my correspondence by dictation to a secretary, who writes sometimes in short, sometimes in long, hand. My literary work I write, without any one's assistance, longhand."

George Kennan: "In actual composition I have always been accustomed to use a pencil. After having given to my thoughts a form of expression that satisfies me, which is generally a work that takes time and pains, I make a final draft upon a typewriter, or give the rough interlined original to a typewriter operator to be copied. I have never found it practicable to compose and dictate simultaneously."

Edgar Fawcett: "I always write my fiction with a lead-pencil on white paper, never employing any other method. My slips of paper are about twice the size of this (9 x 14), and each one holds about one hundred words."

Charles A. Dana: "My practice is to dictate everything to a stenographer, who writes the matter out, after which it is corrected, and sent to the printer or to the post-office. It does not happen oftener than once a week that I write anything with my own hand. This method is not only easier in every respect, but the product requires less alteration and elaboration than when I employ my own pen."

G. A. Townsend: "I dictate newspaper matter to superior stenographers of only the best general information and clear habits. They get the matter out and leave me free to study and see abroad."

Edward Atkinson: "My correspondence and literary work is all dictated, and worked upon the typewriter. My impression is that if one can prepare his work in the intervals of active business, and when walking or driving, the actual transference of the words to paper for the press may be accomplished by dictation in a way which would be utterly impossible by any other method."

T. B. Aldrich: "As I always revise my matter, sometimes making three or four versions of the same sentence, a typewriting machine is not of the slightest use to me, except, indeed, to furnish a clean copy of what the pen has already accomplished. In correspondence I often find it convenient to dictate to a stenographer."

Margaret Deland: "In my work I use my pen altogether; but before I send my MS. to the printer I have it typewritten, finding the final correction much easier when the story is in type."

George Bancroft (by his private secretary): "Mr. Bancroft dictates everything to his stenographer. He writes little society notes occasionally, and that is all."

W. D. Howells: "I have a weak wrist, and I use a typewriter whenever I have a passage very distinctly in mind, or a bit of plain sailing before me. The difficult places I feel my way through with a pen."

Charles Carleton Coffin: "I have a typewriter (Hammond), but find that I cannot do as well in composition as with the pen. Possibly, for several reasons: because I have used the pen so long; because the mechanical action of the typewriter is more fatiguing than the pen. When in my best moods I can dictate to a stenographer rapidly, but the dictation needs more revision than that from the pen."

John Boyle O'Reilly: "I have to abide by the old, laborious method,—writing with my own hand. I have a typewriter, but I cannot *think* on it—I can only copy. I have tried dictation; but it is so odd and so easy that I constantly fear I am speaking loosely or crudely. If a writer could get a shorthand reporter whom he could personally forget, it seems to me that no more could be desired. I look forward to the phonograph as the greatest boon ever given to original thinkers. As described, it covers all the wants that I have ever felt for assistance in rapid composition."

John Habberton: "I use pen or pencil in preference to typewriter, for the noise of the instrument disturbs me greatly. Frequently, however, I have my manuscript copied by typewriter, and revise it afterward."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson: "I write always with a pen, having tried only the small (\$8) typewriter, which I did not find very satisfactory. I rarely dictate, but often have my MS. copied by a typewriter."

J. T. Trowbridge uses only the pen.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth: "With the pen I have written over seventy volumes, averaging six

hundred pages, besides many short stories. I have avoided writers' cramp by increasing the size of my pen and pen-holder from time to time. Now I write with a large-sized gold pen, in a large light India rubber handle. And I write with great rapidity. But for the last three years I have written on the Caligraph, which I am using now. The typewriter has advantages over the pen, in that it employs both hands, and mostly the middle finger of both hands, thus making an equal connection through the nerves of the arm with the brain and spine, and thus perhaps assisting thought."

Edmund C. Stedman: "I have hitherto availed myself of neither a stenographer nor a typewriter. But I am thinking of obtaining a stenographer's aid in the disposition of my very burdensome and increasing correspondence."

Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"): "I do all my work on a Remington."

Noah Brooks: "I use the typewriter for actual composition in all but the newspaper editorial writing that is done at the office. My books were written wholly with the aid of the typewriting machine. Having been accustomed at one time to dictate to a shorthand writer, I found solitude with the typewriter far less embarrassing. I work slowly, and with many pauses for thinking, but, for all that, I am sure that I accomplish more than I ever did with a pen."

Rossiter Johnson: "For my own work I have always used an ordinary steel pen. I am accustomed to see my way well through a chapter or an article before I begin to write it. Generally I can see it on the paper, in its various pages and paragraphs, while the sheets are still white; and I never write the first word of a sentence without having it all in my mind, even to the punctuation, which I put in as I go along. I never make a second copy, even of a single page."

Sidney Lusk: "I do all my writing with a pen; but I have no doubt that a typewriting machine must be a great luxury."

Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene: "Not pursuing a strictly literary life,—and travelling much and writing infrequently and irregularly as I do,—I have never employed the use of the typewriter."

Arlo Bates: "I have always written with the pen until this winter, and should have done so all my life had I been able. I have suffered, however, with writers' paralysis, which affected even my left arm after I had taken the trouble to learn to write with that. I cannot say that I am fond of the work of a typewriter, but I have been using one now for some months, and do not see how I should be

able to get along without it. Although I feel that writing by machinery should be all wrong, I find it quite the reverse."

Thomas N. Page: "I use the typewriter in my professional work (that is, my 'law work'), but use a pen in my literary work, or more generally a pencil, as writing is physically painful to me. This I have, copied. In warm weather I find the typewriter much less exhausting than writing with the pen, and employ it almost exclusively for office work."

Ellen Olney Kirk ("Henry Hayes"): "I use only a pen, — my own pen." — *S. B. Phillips, in the Phonographic World.*

SUCCESS IN FICTION.

It is much against the tenets and theories of this age to consider anything as accidental, or to allow that any result is not to be accounted for; but as we cannot lay down any law by which successful poetry is to be evolved, neither is there any way of attaining by effort of will, or guidance of rules, or following of example, success in fiction. It depends upon a hundred fluctuating things,—upon the changes of fashion and public taste, upon accidental circumstance, upon what often seems a mere caprice and chance of popularity, in so far as it does not depend upon the particular genius of the writer. Many books have been successful which have had little admixture of this latter element; and, though I must believe that nothing in which there is individual genius is ever entirely without its effect, this effect is often much inferior, in extent at least, to that of works which have no genius at all.

We have one rule which may be established as a fundamental principle. It is in "Alton Locke," I think, that the poet meditates a romance of the South Sea Islands, and is peremptorily bidden by his friend and adviser to write of what he knows, and not of that which he has no means of knowing. It is an exceedingly safe rule, but even this is not without its contradictions. Anthony Trollope, who, though he has been overshadowed by greater writers, is one of the most admirable chroniclers of English life that ever existed, made his reputation by his sketches of ecclesiastical circles and of the society of a cathedral town. I remember to have myself firmly believed for many years that he was the son of a clergyman, brought up in Barchester, and had naturally acquired his knowledge in that way. But, as a matter of fact, Barchester was as completely evolved from his imagination as if it had been fairyland, and he had no real acquaintance at all with clerical life. If I may cite my own

small experience among such names, I might add that I myself got credit for much acquaintance with the ways of English dissenters, of which I really knew nothing at all, save in a solitary gleam of reflection from another phase of society. It is very well known that Miss Martineau had never been in Norway, and knew nothing more of that country than could be gleaned from books, when she wrote the delightful "Feats on the Fiord," which seems (to the ignorant, at least) so full of local color. Therefore, even this simple fundamental principle does not always hold. But it is in general a safe one.

I might add, I think with still greater force, that one very distinct element of success in fiction is having something to say. To write a story because it is supposed to be the most ready and easy way of making money by writing is a determination which, by dint of genius and good luck, may be successfully carried out. But it is never a likely way of success. I have given foolishly such advice in my day, as no doubt many other writers must have done, suggesting, "Why not write a story?" to hopeless young aspirants in poetry or other forms of literature, — hapless souls, who think all their difficulties will be over if an experienced author will but take them in hand. I have received with compunction and misgivings the enthusiastic thanks of my victim, who has forthwith begun to write the story which was the easiest way of opening the gates of the Temple of Fame. I have in some cases had the painful task of negotiating with a publisher for the bringing out of the production, which, in the meantime, it has been my fate to criticise, suggesting corrections, sometimes too anxiously, too docilely, carried out. And when failure has been the result, as was to be expected, I have felt the look of the disappointed go to my heart. "Why did you tell me to do it?" was in the troubled eyes. And what reply could there be to such a question? Other writers of fiction, however, do not agree with me on this subject. Mr. James Payn offers literature (if not specially fiction) as a handy profession to any new-comer. Mr. Walter Besant thinks that the art may be taught, and that a great deal is to be done by note-books and special studies. I respect the opinion of these gentlemen, but I do not agree with them. In every communication between the literary person and the public, the chief necessity seems to me to be that the former should have something to say, — not necessarily a moral lesson, nor anything of an instructive kind, but at least his story, something that has been in him before he had ever thought of making fame or money by it.

Sometimes a man, still more often a woman, will have but one thing to say; and when that is said, — which, perhaps, may be done most successfully under a kind of inspiration, — will go on for years on the strength of it, repeating and watering down the one real impulse, which is, of course, a sad and regrettable consequence. In such a case, the "single speech" is generally an outburst of feeling, not an impulse of imagination.

These two things are the only foundations of success in fiction with which I am acquainted: to know what you pretend to expound to the rest of the world; and to have something to say, — not to make an effort to say something by laborious study of life and characters unknown. What is best is to have that spontaneous, sympathetic understanding more or less of all humanity and every human thought and feeling, which made Shakespeare, and which, in many gradations and dilutions, makes all true romancists, and all the best historians, preachers, and teachers of men; that invaluable power of putting one's self in another's place, seeing with his eyes, feeling through his heart, which is at once the highest moral influence and the very essence of genius. But this is a thing which cannot be learned or acquired, at least in literature. When it exists in concert with any grace or power of expression, any experience or knowledge of the world, it is the fullest endowment that the novelist can desire.

I have, for my own part, no faith in the note-book. If a young writer cannot divine what is likely to be said in a drawing-room after dinner, or in any other congregation of the personages whose very existence is due to his imagination, no number of actual conversations put down in a note-book will help him, and he had much better give up the art of fiction at once. His business is not to report what actual people have said, which is an odious sort of eavesdropping, however unimportant the talk may be, but to give an ideal representation of what people in certain circumstances would be likely to say, leaving out the repetitions, the pointless remarks, the meaningless digressions with which most of us actually dilute our conversation. His course of study, so far as study can benefit him in an art which is not to be taught, should be entirely of an ideal kind. He should work out within himself the problems of humanity as they lie around him, imagining with all the fervor and simplicity of sympathetic thought how a certain group of human creatures would conduct themselves in this or that emergency, how they would be likely to think, and act, and speak; what effect upon

the mind a sudden adversity, a sudden prosperity, would have; how a man or a woman wronged would stand in the face of fate, whether courageously or miserably, overcoming or being overcome. He would examine how men are affected by circumstances, and with what subtle strangeness their minds work, making new paths wherever the old are blocked up. No doubt, he would naturally think it out in the first place from what he himself would do, but the study would soon branch out into other lines, and, — half imagination, half knowledge, — would, by means of thinking what other human creatures of his own acquaintance would do, furnish him with the true, and, I think, the only legitimate aid which individual circumstances or existing characters ought to be allowed to give. — *M. O. W. Oliphant, in The Forum for May.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S METHODS.

I had arranged a system of task work for myself, which I would strongly recommend to those who feel as I have felt, that labor, when not made absolutely obligatory by the circumstances of the hour, should never be allowed to become spasmodic. . . . When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time, I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty, two hundred and fifty words to a page.

I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels. Nothing, surely, is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed. It has the force of the water-drop that hollows the stone. A small daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules.

There are those who would be ashamed to subject themselves to such a taskmaster [as the little diary], and who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till — inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached, I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more

absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things, or has drunk too much, or smoked too many cigars, then his condition may be unfavorable for work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The author wants that, as does every other workman, — that and a habit of industry.

My own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his brain is fitted if he will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life. I therefore venture to advise young men who look forward to authorship as the business of their lives, even when they propose that that authorship shall be of the highest class known, to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens, and to seat themselves at their desks day by day, as though they were lawyers' clerks; and so let them sit until the allotted task shall be accomplished. — *Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography."*

THE HERO IN FICTION.

Sometimes a nightmarish sensation comes over me that I am living somebody else's life, — that I am repeating with a helpless, hideous regularity the thoughts and deeds, the blunders and successes, of some creature that lived ages ago. If heroes of fiction were endowed with the power of sensation, they would, no doubt, be oppressed with a similar consciousness of preëxistence. For most of them have not only their prototypes, but their exact counterparts, in the ages of the past.

The oldest hero, as well as the newest (if we except the very latest development), is the man who looms a head above all the people. It is the king, the chieftain, the demi-god, whose strength, and prowess, and beauty, physical or moral, thrill the soul, and kindle, by admiring sympathy, the heroic possibilities in our own hearts. Each nation sees its own ideal in this type, and modifies it in accordance with its character.

Sigfrid in the "Nibelungen Lied" is, perhaps, the completest general embodiment of the Germanic hero. As an heroic type, he recurs with slight modifications in a number of the Norse Sagas; and he has been, and is, the hero of innumerable English, German, and Scandinavian novels. In fact, the romantic school of fiction knows scarcely any other style of hero; and is forced, in order to excite admiration, to repeat the Sigfrid type, more or less disguised, *ad infinitum*. Take the heroes of

Walter Scott's novels, one by one (conspicuously *Ivanhoe*), and what are they but pale reflections of the general Germanic ideal? Tremendously brave, surpassingly strong, extravagantly virtuous, pursued by hostile powers which threaten to overwhelm them, but over which they ultimately triumph,—is not that a fair description of the usual hero of romanticism? Whether he wears doublet or hose, or frock-coat and trousers, he is always the same fellow at heart, and he rarely fails to win, as the prize of his valor, his female counterpart, for whose sake he breaks many a lance in life's perilous tourney. In Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," I recently renewed my acquaintance with the Sigfrid type in a modernized guise, and in Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales" he is perpetually recurring.

Another type of the romantic hero is represented by the fairy tale of the Poor Boy who kills the Ogre and marries the beautiful Princess. Boots, he used to be called in the English fairy-tale, and in the Norwegian he is called *Ashiepattle*. Dickens is very fond of this *Ashiepattle* style of hero, and has used him with success in "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and many other romances. Daudet has him in "Le Nabab," but, though he gets his Princess, he has to content himself without half the kingdom. In fact, the modern novelists, since the death of Dumas *père*, are no longer so lavish of kingdoms, and sometimes, from sheer malice, pursue *Ashiepattle* and his Princess beyond the honey-moon, and broadly hint that they did not "live happily ever afterward." But that is so reprehensible that I wish it could be forbidden by an act of Congress, or that a tax might be levied (it is such an easy thing to get a tax levied and so hard to get one removed) on every novel that does not end happily.

In the American novel, the *Ashiepattle* hero is very popular under the guise of the self-made man. A type of hero which is happily rare in American fiction is what Rousseau calls "the grand and virtuous criminal," whom Bulwer domesticated in English literature in "Eugene Aram." The Problematic Character, which Goethe sketched and Spielhagen elaborately studied, is essentially the same type, and has yet an enormous vogue in the German novel.

It will be observed that the heroes I have so far described have one thing in common. They are all heroic. They loom a head above all the people. The latest development of the novel breaks with this tradition. It really abolishes the hero. It has, to be sure, a central character about whom the

events group themselves; but this central character founds his claim upon the reader's interest, not upon any exceptional brilliancy or attraction, but upon his typical capacity, as representing a large class of his fellow-men. This is the great and radical change which the so-called realistic school of fiction has inaugurated, and it is fraught with momentous consequences. The novel, as soon as it sets itself so serious an aim, is no longer an irresponsible play of fancy, however brilliant, but acquires an historical importance in relation to the age to which it belongs. The Germans are never weary of emphasizing what they call *die kulturgeschichtliche Bedeutung des Romans*; and it represents to me the final test by which a novelist is to be judged. Thackeray, for instance, is, to my mind, a far greater novelist than Dickens, because he has, to a large extent, chronicled the manners, speech, and sentiments of England during his own day. The future historian who should undertake to reconstruct the Victorian England from the romances of Dickens might with equal profit study "Alice Behind the Looking-Glass."

Any observant reader will have noticed, as a further evidence of the evolution of fiction, that the hero of the modern novel is no longer a gentleman of leisure, whose sole business in life is to make love and run into debt. The merchant, the editor, the farmer, and even the reporter, and the clerk, and the farm-hand, are now attracting the attention of the novelist, and they are being portrayed not only in their leisure hours, but at their labor. The American people has probably less leisure than any other nation under the sun, and its novelists, if they aim at realism, must acquire the art of converting the National industries into literary material. Mr. Howells has made an admirable beginning in this direction in "The Rise of Silas Lapham." There is not another American novelist who has portrayed so faithfully two such types of our National life as Silas Lapham and Bartley Hubbard. Mr. James does not know the country well enough to achieve anything so vital in the way of American portraiture, and each new book which he puts forth shows a further alienation from his nationality. Nevertheless, these two novelists, each within his own sphere and limitations, represent the latest evolution of realistic fiction. Their unheroic heroes are, as a rule, social types; and if (as I devoutly hope) long lives and unimpaired vigor be granted them, they may leave behind them a National portrait-gallery which will repay the study of the future historian. — *Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in the North American Review for May.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Any one who will send in five new subscribers for THE AUTHOR, with five dollars, may have THE WRITER for one year free.

Friends of THE AUTHOR are requested to send to the publisher the names of persons who would be likely to be interested in the magazine.

Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to contribute short articles on practical topics of interest to literary workers; to send to the editor information about authors and their work, for publication in the department of "News and Notes"; and to contribute either questions or answers to the department of "Queries," which is altogether in the hands of readers of the magazine.

It is hard for editors to please everybody. One conscientious member of the craft writes, in a personal letter: "I sometimes think that an editor who reads all manuscripts conscientiously,

with the consequent delay of the manuscript in his possession, creates more dissatisfaction in the minds of his contributors than the editor who sends back manuscript without examination. It takes a skilful editor to know which manuscripts to skip.

The newspapers do not print all the bad English. A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, in complimenting that paper for its criticism of the phrase, "Rev. Jones," says: "I have noticed this newspaper barbarity twice in the *Chautauquan*, whose editor, a doctor of divinity, ought not, one would think, to allow it. Still worse, it is in the *May Homiletic Review*, in an article from the land of universities. A similar barbarism, though less common, is perpetrated by Donn Piatt (or some one else), who speaks of 'Hon. Donnelly,' in *Belford's Magazine*."

In one of his recent letters William J. Bok makes the dangerous assertion that "violet ink is now becoming distinctly the author's ink," and mentions Whittier, Howells, Julian Hawthorne, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Custer, Augusta Evans Wilson, and "Grace Greenwood" as writers who prefer to use it. It is to be hoped that aspiring authors will not rush to buy violet ink by the quart all at once. Though some authors may like it, editors do not, and a manuscript delicately written in pale violet gets scant courtesy from them. Good black ink and white or brown paper do not tire the eyes, and authors who wish to please editors will use nothing else, — unless it may be the typewriter.

BOOK-BORROWERS.

I was pleased with the solid truth put into J. W. Dean's article, entitled "The Book-Borrower," in the April number of THE AUTHOR. He ought to have said in conclusion that the greatest book-borrowers are those who consider books of the least consequence and give them least care. As a rule, in most cases they are book-destroyers. "It is only a book," — they say, — borrowed at that, and who cares. Such irresponsible fiends ought to be annihilated!

Mr. Dean's remarks concerning "books and

bonds" moves me to tell the readers of *THE AUTHOR* how I fix these conscienceless friends, and the more so because my rule for dealing with them, having worked well, is possibly of sufficient interest to be sent "around doing good."

It was my lot to be the child of a Western pioneer, and to live in out-of-the-way places, where there were few books in any household, and no public libraries. Books came slowly at first, and alas! they did not "come to stay." The book-borrower was abroad in the land in those days, as he is now. And after the foundation of one or two libraries had been destroyed by those who either mutilated past recognition, or never returned the books they took, I had the following healthy sentence printed on slips in fair, bold-faced type, and pasted on the inside cover of every book I bought:—

N. B.—~~These Books~~ These Books are not for sale. They are not to lend. I bought them for my family—NOT my friends.
E. G. D. HOLDEN.

By a rigid adherence to this rule, I have accumulated a library of several thousand volumes, filling the largest room in my house. They represent quite a bit of hard-earned money; and while I will not sell or lend, everybody, and his wife, understands that he is welcome at my "workshop" whenever desirous of looking up matter not to be found elsewhere. If any absent-minded visitor dares a proposition to carry one of my treasures away, I point with pride to the legend on the inside of the front cover: "There is my answer."

If they do not like it, that is no affair of mine, for no one has a right to the earth with a fence round it, unless he is willing to split the rails! I am no "old curmudgeon." I have given away hundreds of books, and am not done with that sort o' thing yet, but I never sell, and I never lend!
E. G. D. Holden.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

QUERIES.

[Readers of *THE AUTHOR* are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 23.—Will some one give me the size and price of some good rhyming dictionary, and tell me

where I can buy it? I see Walker's recommended, but I am unable to obtain it here. I should like one, if obtainable, separate from a regular cumbersome pronouncing dictionary.
H. H. W.

St. Louis, Mo.

No. 24.—Will some reader of *THE AUTHOR* please describe the method of oiling tissue paper for manifolding on the type-writer?
W. G. T.

WILLIAMSPORT, Penn.

No. 25.—Will some of the readers of *THE AUTHOR* give me a list of papers which make a practice of paying for the poetry they accept?

J. W. M.

CHARITON, Iowa.

No. 26.—Where can one get the best information regarding the laws that govern authors in writing poetry?

E. T.

KENNETT, Penn.

No. 27.—Is there any work on *The Art of Style*: and, more especially, oratorical style?

R. D.

COUNCIL GROVE, Kan.

No. 28.—What is the best single-volume work on the use of exceptional words in our language,—such words as "that—which," "never—ever," "shall—will," and the like? I name the words simply that you may know what I am after. "Latham's Hand-book of the English Language" comes nearest to what I want, and then I am not very near. It should be more exhaustive and thorough, and without the almost useless etymology of that book.

S. W. N.

BALTIMORE, Md.

No. 29.—Is there any German edition of the "Mother Goose Melodies"? Have any of the "Melodies" ever been translated?

E. S. R.

AURORA, Ind.

No. 30.—Convincing statements in *THE WRITER* and other periodicals of the speedy and substantial recognition awaiting the good short-story writer have encouraged me to turn from facts to fiction. In the past six months I have written four short stories. Each embodied a purpose, and was the result of much thought and study. The shortest was accepted by the leading young people's magazine of the country. For this I received five dollars. Another found its way into one of the highest standard literary syndicates. It made five columns of ordinary newspaper type. My remuneration for the same was the princely sum of fifteen dollars! The other two stories, after being "returned with thanks" by a magazine and a syndicate, respect-

ively, were published by a leading journal at regular correspondence rate, six dollars a column. The four stories brought me less than fifty dollars. Does not the fact that they were accepted by high literary authorities substantiate their merit? If so, were they paid according to their deserts?

L. R. M.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 21.—There is probably no book more helpful to writers of verse than "The Science of English Verse," by Sidney Lanier; the work of a true poet, and in no sense a rhyming dictionary. C. P. S.

BALTIMORE, Md.

No. 22.—The Baker and Taylor Co., New York, publish an edition of Todd's "Index Rerum," revised and enlarged by Rev. J. M. Hubbard. It is a quarto volume, half leather, and most booksellers will order it for anybody for \$1.85 or \$1.90.

T. W. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 22.—There are two Indexes published which are improvements on Todd's, viz.: Burr's and Patterson's. The latter is the best. It calls for the lettering of shelves and numbering of books and periodicals as matters of expediency. This classification covers all classes of literature. Now suppose you wish to make a reference to "Social Science." The lower five inches of the book present an alphabetical index in two columns. With your thumb you turn to "S," and there find subdivision side-clippings as follows: Sa, Sc, Se, Sh, Si, Sk, Sn, So, Sp, Sq, St, Su, Sw, Sy. Turning to "Sc," we find the two pages before us divided by the alphabet into six parts. We could write "Science" anywhere, but the modifier, "Social," comes under R S T in the middle of the second page, and it facilitates reference to write it there. So we write "Social Science" $\frac{1K4}{40c.f.}$. These references mean, Section of Library, I; Shelf, K; Book, pamphlet, etc., 4; page 40; paragraph c to paragraph f. The rest of a ten-inch page is ruled for such references. The book is published by C. Venton Patterson & Co., Rochester, N. Y., for \$7.50.

R. D.

COUNCIL GROVE, Kan.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Arnold.—Few people ever think of Sir Edwin Arnold as the editor of one of the most powerful newspapers on the globe,—the *London Daily Tele-*

graph,—but every cultivated man knows him by his books, particularly the "Light of Asia." "And yet," Sir Edwin says, "the hardest work of my life has been done on a daily newspaper. I have written more than 8,000 editorials." Sir Edwin Arnold is generally spoken of among newspaper people in London as the editor of the *Telegraph*, but he is in no sense the editor as we understand the term in America. The *Telegraph* office is the last place in the world to look for Sir Edwin, though his messenger comes there nearly every day with copy, and takes away letters addressed to him. He works at home and in his club. His friends say he is a model of systematic labor. He can always be depended upon for a certain amount of copy within a certain time. His articles are never signed under any circumstances, but the regular readers of the paper know them well enough. Twenty years ago, when Sir Edwin's poetic and very bombastic editorials were introduced as an innovation in British journalism, it was the fashion to laugh at them. But they have aided materially in making the circulation and the reputation of the paper with which Sir Edwin is identified, and they have raised him from the post of the editorial writer to nominal editor-in-chief. — *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Bancroft.—I saw a most interesting letter recently from the venerable George Bancroft, in which the historian gave some hints to literary workers that are worth printing. The letter was written to a young author who had asked Mr. Bancroft the secret of his long life. In the course of this letter the historian says: "Writing at night, and sometimes into the early hours of the morning, is very injurious. I have tried it, and become convinced. My practice is to work slowly, but to accomplish something every day. I very seldom average more than three hundred words a day, and a few letters, and this is generally done before nine o'clock in the morning. Ten o'clock every evening finds me in bed, and six o'clock each morning I am at my desk. No man whose profession or duties demand considerable mental work should allow himself less than seven hours' sleep, and if he occasionally takes eight or nine, the overdose will have no serious effect. There are persons, I know, who will tell you that they can, and have, performed what seemed to them their best work by gas or lamp light. Why do they say so? Simply because they have never tasted the sweets of the early morning hours. No one can understand the inspiration which the first hours of the morning bring to his literary work until he has been under its influence. What out-door exercise do I recom-

mend? Healthy exercise of all kinds. With me the saddle is a source of the most thorough delight, and to my daily indulgence of a long-distance gallop I attribute much of the good health which now allows me to perform my work with a clear brain and a steady hand."—*William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter.*

Dodge.—Gail Hamilton, whose real name is Miss Mary A. Dodge, prepares her manuscript for the press on odd scraps of paper, with a stub pen. One of her recent articles, which I saw before it went to the printer, was entirely written on the inside blank pages of old envelopes, which she had cut open and saved. Friends who send her letters of which one sheet is left clean furnish her with a large amount of her writing material. Miss Dodge's handwriting is a bold, round, masculine type, and no one would suspect that it was produced by a woman.—*Letter in Salt Lake Tribune.*

Howells.—William Dean Howells is getting to be a familiar figure in New York streets nowadays, —not in those busy ones which he calls "glaring" and "gay,"—but in the quiet, unfrequented thoroughfares that lie about the sides of Harlem and in those tangled roads which have crystallized into streets over in the old Ninth Ward. Here in the quiet of the spring afternoons he strolls with his daughter, a tall Boston-looking girl, his constant companion. His face has grown a trifle too stout to suit the critical appreciation of those who have formed an ideal from his novels, and the moustache, which droops over a sensitive mouth, is more than half gray. He wears eye-glasses that jingle in his hand when he talks and betray just the least nervousness. Away off in the quiet that lies about Stuyvesant Park he has found a home,—away from the flashing rumble of elevated roads,—and here he writes his novels, and communes with the "women folks" of his family and their visitors.—*New York World.*

Lathrop.—"I find the quiet of the country absolutely necessary to my literary work," said George Parsons Lathrop recently. "I live at New London, and run into New York only occasionally. I sail for Europe on May 15, and am finishing a novel before I go. It is to differ from anything I have ever done, and deals with some interesting phases of operations on the Produce Exchange. The real groundwork of the book is, however, a satire on capital punishment. I have copyrighted the title for it, which will be announced in good time. Speaking of protecting books by copyright reminds me of many interesting curiosities of the law. For instance, a man might make some money by copy-

righting the titles of books he had no intention of writing. There is no limit to the number of copyrights to be granted to any one person. All that is necessary is to send down to the librarian of Congress a title with a fee of fifty cents or one dollar, and that gives the person so sending the right to that title for all time. I recently had an experience in that connection. Several years ago I thought about a title for a book I had stored away in my fancy, but I did not think of copyrighting it, because I was not yet ready to write the book. Only a week ago, I found to my surprise that a friend of mine had copyrighted my title so nearly that mine would be an infringement upon his if I sent it down. He will, therefore, go on writing his book and get the benefit of my title, which, by the way, is a very important thing in the production of a novel. I think that the law ought to be changed so that a person would be obliged to finish the book within a certain specified time or lose the copyright to his title."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Stoddard.—An old man who comes slowly down the steps of the Century Club, holding on tight to the railings, and making sure of a foothold, is Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet. He wears big blue-glass goggles over his eyes, and his face is thin, and gives evidence of much suffering. He is just recovered from a painful operation performed on his eyes, and, while he can hardly see a yard in front of him, is as cheerful and courtly as a knight of old. For thirty years he has been a familiar figure in the literary and club life of New York. In his young days he was a dandy, with all that the word implies. He is not tall, but his figure is well knit, and although Father Time has laid his hand heavily on him, his muscles are still as stout as whipcords. In his young days, as all the world knows, he was a blacksmith, and turning from the anvil to the muses was as easy for him as for the chrysalis to develop into the butterfly. He is one of the best-known members of the famous Century Club, and usually spends his evenings there. Although almost entirely incapacitated for work during the past few months, he has managed to do a great deal of writing with the aid of a secretary, and his little poems are just as charming when dictated as when penned in his own round, bold hand. When in good health he is daily seen in Newspaper Row and mingles freely with the younger literary men who are rapidly elbowing their way to the front. In his home in Sixteenth street he is as gracious as a king among his subjects, and his wife is as lovely a woman and as agreeable a companion as there is in the length and breadth of Gotham town. There is no private

house in New York, perhaps, that contains so many books and magazines. They are stored in the hallways, in the parlors, in the library, in the extension, in the bedroom, and even in the attic, and are on all sorts of subjects, and have come from all sorts of authors. A great many of them contain the autographs of their writers, and are doubly valuable on that account. "I am beginning to feel like myself again," Mr. Stoddard says, "and as soon as I can discard these blue spectacles and get out into the open air for a walk I shall be as good as ever." He is cheerful in suffering, and he looks with a kindly heart on the thousands of poetic effusions that are sent to him from all over the country. He has had the unenviable reputation of having said some hard things against the younger school of poets, and has made a great many enemies on that account, but in the main the best literary men in this New York say that he is a very fair and there is no better judge of a piece of verse than he. — *Philadelphia Times*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The New England Woman's Club will observe the seventieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, which occurs May 27.

Charles H. Hoyt, author of "The Rag Baby," "A Parlor Match," and other farces, is preparing for *Lippincott's Magazine* an article upon the artistic merits of farce comedy.

The *Photographic Times*, of New York, for April 5 tells of a prize worth \$200 offered by the executive committee of the Photographers' Association of America for three plain photographs illustrating Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Madame Ragozin, the distinguished Orientalist, has a ranche at San Antonio, Texas, where she passes a great part of her time. She is a member of nearly a dozen learned societies of America and Europe. She is a Russian by birth.

Joaquin Miller was appointed by Governor Waterman, of California, a member of the State Board of Forestry, but he declined to accept the commission. He is living at Oakland, Calif.

The *Art Amateur* completed its tenth year with the May number, which is one of exceptional interest. The colored plates are a superb study of "Tulips," by Victor Dagon, and a charming fern decoration in green and gold for a tea service, which china painters will find easy to execute. The *Art Amateur* is published by Montague Marks, 23 Union square, New York City.

D. C. Heath & Co. will soon publish the "Public School Music Course," by Charles E. Whiting, formerly teacher of music in the Boston public schools.

A second collection of poems by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, is soon to be brought out. The volume will be called "The Cup of Youth."

Porter & Coates have published "Psychology as a Natural Science, Applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena," by C. G. Raue, M. D.; and "Readings in Church History," by Rev. James S. Stone, D. D., rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia.

There are now six newspapers published in Iceland.

Sarah C. Woolsey, whom readers know better as Susan Coolidge, will publish in the autumn, through Roberts Brothers, a new volume of poems entitled "A Few More Verses."

An illustrated monthly magazine devoted to literature and music is announced as about to be started in Savannah, with the title of *The Old Homestead*.

Edgar Fawcett's next novel will be called "Solarion."

In the Memorial Day number of the *Independent* will be printed a page poem, by Henry Willard Austin, entitled "Fredericksburg, '62."

Eugene M. Camp, of Philadelphia, hopes to issue in September the first number of his new juvenile weekly, *Santa Claus*.

The Judge Publishing Company has nearly finished its eight-story building at Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street, New York.

Master Richard O. Howard, of Colorado Springs, Colo., is the youngest editor in the United States. His paper is a weekly called the *Star*, and he began it as a monthly, in Chicago, when he was only ten years old. He will be twelve years old July 26, 1889. He says: "I could set type when I was seven years old. I do my own soliciting, keep my own books, set most of my reading type, and run off my papers. I collect my own accounts, pay my own bills, and buy my own clothes. I claim the *Star* to be the smallest paper in America, and that I am the youngest editor who prints a regular weekly newspaper and does his own work. I am not running it for fun or in the interest of charity, but for the money there is in it, and I manage to pay my own way. I am in the fourth grade of the high school."

Louise Imogen Guiney, herself an experienced pedestrian, has a lively article about "Walking" in the *May Wide Awake*.

Ginn & Company have published a valuable "Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis," by Professor John F. Genung, of Amherst College.

A little Episcopal chapel, built in memory of Paul H. Hayne, has just been dedicated in Georgia. It stands within sight of the cottage wherein the poet spent his last years.

The Commonwealth, published at Denver, Colo., has issued its third number, which does not look so amateurish as the two numbers that have preceded it.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, will issue shortly "The Jew in English Fiction," by Rabbi David Philipson, D. D. The author considers the question, whether it is legitimate to use the Jewish character in works of fiction, and if so, to what extent.

The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* prints this "literary note": "Freight on books from the East to San Francisco is \$4.20 per 100 pounds."

Thomas Nast is drawing cartoons for *America* (Chicago) and for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for June will have two articles on "Agnosticism," by W. H. Malloch and Professor Huxley. Other articles will be: "The Production of Beet-Root Sugar," by A. H. Almy; "Is Christian Science a Craze?" by J. F. Bailey, editor of the *Christian Science Journal*; and "Glaciers on the Pacific Coast," by Professor G. Frederick Wright.

H. Rider Haggard is contemplating a story with Queen Esther for a heroine. His proposed journey in Asia Minor and Persia will furnish the local atmosphere.

Rev. F. E. Clark, president of the Christian Endeavor Society, has a new book in the press of D. Lothrop Company, entitled "The Mossback Correspondence."

A. S. Barnes & Co. will soon bring out their long-promised "The Three Germanies," in two volumes, by Theodore S. Fay, who has been thirteen years in writing this elaborate history.

The May number of *Book News* (John Wanamaker, Philadelphia) leads off with an article by Edward E. Hale on "Good Nature," in which he gives instances of the kindness and forbearance of some of our most noted authors toward their weaker brethren. The detached portrait of Count Tolstói, which accompanies the number, is good.

There are said to be in the Library of the Vatican 23,580 MSS., a large proportion of which are Greek and Oriental. Another treasury of valuable MSS. is that on Mount Athos. The total number of MSS. in the twenty libraries on this mountain is 5,579.

"Life in Montana" is the title of a forthcoming work by N. P. Langford. It will be issued by Cupples & Hurd in two volumes, and is described as picturesque.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is to edit the children's department of a syndicate of English and American papers, for which, it is said, she will be paid \$7,500 a year.

Colonel Charles H. Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*, gave a dinner to 400 of the employees of the paper May 1, on the second anniversary of the occupation of the new *Globe* building.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. published May 15: "The Story of Patsey," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "A Girl Graduate," by Celia P. Woolley; "The Cup of Youth and Other Poems," by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Sleeping Car and Other Farces," by W. D. Howells; and "Vanity Fair," in two volumes, in their new illustrated library edition of Thackeray's works.

Gail Hamilton has written three papers on what she has entitled "The Murder of Philip Spencer," — the tragic execution at the yard-arm for mutiny of the son of Secretary Spencer. These papers will appear in *The Cosmopolitan*.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's second novel is almost ready for the publisher's hands.

A friend who knows "Charles Egbert Craddock" well says: "The peculiarity most strongly marked in her is her quickness of observation. I never met anybody with such power in this line. She absolutely sees everything."

Some one has compiled a list of authors from whom quotations are made by Sir John Lubbock in his second series of "The Pleasures of Life," and the list contains sixty names. For a small volume of 200 pages this is thought to be not a bad record.

The fact that the editor of *Harper's Magazine* lately published a poem by James Whitcomb Riley that he had had in stock for eight years prompts Eugene Field to inquire "Whether any American magazine has ever discovered a poet? and whether any American magazine has ever taken up a worthy poet until his reputation was established and the public clamored for that poet's work?"

The American Garden is now published at 10 Spruce street, New York City.

The March number of *Book News*, Philadelphia, has an interesting sketch of Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, together with a portrait.

Mrs. Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," will be issued in June by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., as the first volume in a paper series to be published at the uniform price of fifty cents a volume.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press Professor Carl Justi's "Diego Velasquez and His Times," translated by Professor A. H. Keane, and profusely illustrated; Pierre Paris' "Manual of Ancient Sculpture," edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison; "Half-Hours with Humorous Authors," by Charles Morris; "Eight Hundred Miles in an Ambulance," by Laura Winthrop Johnson; and "Francis Bacon" (Part II.), by John Nichol.

The May number of *Annals of Hygiene* (Philadelphia) contains a paper on "Gypsy Hygiene," by Edgar L. Wakeman, undoubtedly the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to the language, life, and customs of the Gypsy race.

George Kennan has returned to Washington. He will devote the summer to the preparation of his book on Siberia for the press.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. published May 4: "Emerson at Concord," a volume relating to the private life of the distinguished philosopher, by his son, Edward W. Emerson; "Picturesque Alaska," by Abby Johnson Woodman; "The Story of William and Lucy Smith," by George S. Merriam; a biography of the author of "Thorndale," a book which made an impression on both sides of the water about thirty years ago; a dictionary of noted names of fiction, by William A. Wheeler; and "The Story of an Enthusiast," a novel, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

A. C. Gunter's new novel is issued by The Home Publishing Co., of New York City. The title of the book is "That Frenchman," and the story is said to be as exciting as "Mr. Barnes, of New York."

Mrs. Margaret O. W. Oliphant, who has an article in the May *Forum* on "Success in Fiction," has been a prolific writer, especially of novels, since 1849. She has written also a "Life of Edward Irving," a "Life of Francis of Assisi," and she is the editor of the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," to which she herself has contributed the volumes on "Molière" and "Cervantes." She is the author, likewise, of "The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century."

The sixtieth birthday of George W. Childs was celebrated by printers throughout the country May 12. On each anniversary of Mr. Childs' birth every printer east of the Mississippi river gives the proceeds from the setting up of 1,000 ems of type to the Childs-Drexel fund. Those west of the Mississippi do the same on the anniversary of A. J. Drexel's birth. The fund will sometime in the future be used in the establishment of some lasting monument to the two benevolent gentlemen named, probably in the erection of a home for indigent and aged printers.

Three Americans, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Henry George, and Mr. Henry James, are among the contributors to the first number of *The New Review*, which Longmans, Green, & Co. will issue in London and in New York early in June. The review is started by Archibald Grove, a young Oxford man, and will rival the *Nineteenth Century* at a lower price.

A volume by the late Eleanor Putnam, the wife of Arlo Bates, having the title, "A Woodland Wooing," will be brought out soon by Roberts Brothers.

David G. Croly died in New York April 29.

James W. Queen & Co., of Philadelphia, announce that owing to the continued illness of Joseph J. Fox, the managing editor of *Science of Photography*, they have decided to discontinue its publication with the March number.

Col. George Eggleston's youngest boy was walking with his father one day when he espied a toy shop. "Papa," said he, "I wish you would get me a doll, for I have no adequate doll."

A striking proof of individuality in authorship occurred in the life of Maria Edgeworth. Her father once observed to her that she could never deceive him as to authorship, for he would at once detect her style. She put him to the test by means of her charming little work, entitled "The Modern Griselda." It appeared in 1805, with the name of the author and publisher purposely omitted. Her father threw the book down at the first glance, with a contemptuous "pooh." It was still kept in his way. At last he said: "This book haunts me; I must read it to lay the spirit." It soon awakened a deep interest. After reading a few chapters, he said: "Maria, my dear, I do wish you had written this clever little tale." Finally, he exclaimed: "Maria, you *did* write it!" He had recognized it because it was marked with the same quiet enthusiasm, the same chasteness of thought, the same purity of diction, and the same photographing of ordinary life that had characterized "Rivoletta" and other of her previous books.

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MORALITY IN AUTHORSHIP.

F. A. Reynolds asks in the January issue of THE WRITER: "Is authorship a moral responsibility?"

I should say that this is a question that could only be answered by asking another: Is the author a Christian, and does he believe in moral responsibility at all? If so, the question answers itself. He who poisons the mind and destroys the soul must feel that he is as much a murderer as he who poisons the flesh and destroys the body.

I am one of millions of commonplace human creatures who never published a book nor a line of poetry; but having read a great many books and a great many lines of poetry, I feel that I have the right, — not as one who writes or criticises books, but as one who buys and reads them, — to say something on this question.

In "A Few More Words about Miss Rives," Edgar Fawcett, after complimenting Miss Rives and paying his compliments to her adverse critics, says: "It is in my memory that more than once an American writer of repute has said to me, 'I should *like* to write fearlessly, and with no gingerly concealments about my fiction; I regret not being able to call a spade a spade; I feel the cry of "immorality" waiting for me, and hence I must repress an instinct to treat life as I see it and judge it, for the reason that if I do so, I will meet a frowning publisher and a still more frowning public.'"

I should say that these gentlemen need no longer fear either a frowning publisher or a frowning public, — at least, until readers become satiated with novels whose sole motive seems to be to prove that love is only a matter of the senses; that tenderness and sentiment, delicacy and reciprocal respect need no longer grace the love-story; that virginal chastity of soul is no longer a thing to be desired in a man's sweetheart; that the barrier which love and respect place between engaged lovers, — a barrier which no modest girl could pass in her ante-nuptial relations with her lover, and which no true lover and honorable man would want her to pass, any more than he would pass it himself, — is obsolescent, if not obsolete; that the *grande passion* is no longer a trinity of soul, heart, and brain, but merely the dominating influence of a male personality over a female, or the opposite.

The proverb has it that every dog has its day, and the proverb may hold good with the gods, too. If each god has its day, then, beyond doubt, Priapus and the Venus of the Sewers are having theirs in company now, and the authors of America need no longer fear to meet the men of France and the women of

England upon that unclean literary battle-field, where until now, I am proud to acknowledge, the foreigners have been left in undisputed possession.

The objection which one (as a reader of novels, not as a critic of them, be it understood) has to the school of English fiction,—chiefly female,—which seems to have the ascendancy just now is the uselessness of its questionable suggestions and situations. While it is reasonable to suppose that the majority of novel readers read to be amused, nevertheless it is well for them to be instructed at the same time; and no fair-minded critic,—professional or amateur,—will deny the author the right to speak as plainly of that which points out the dangers toward which it is within the possibilities of life that any young man or young woman might be trending, any more than he will deny the physician the right to speak of that which concerns our physical well-being. That all women are Iphigenias and Penelopes is no more true than that all men are Bayards and Sir Galahads, and it can do neither young men nor young women harm to realize this, and to be on their guard against themselves and each other. Anthony Trollope has written a story of two lovers,—the man young and handsome as to person, and honorable and well-meaning as to character; the girl young, beautiful, unworldly, pure-minded, ardent, and innocent. They fall in love, and bind themselves to each other by an engagement of marriage; they have every intention of living purely and loving faithfully, not only to their marriage-day, but until their life's end, and yet this lovely and innocent-minded girl is betrayed into that sin which neither the world nor a woman's lover can forgive. The man is only less wretched and remorseful than the woman, but he no longer wants to marry her. She has disappointed him, she has failed to realize his ideal, she wearies him, she disgusts him; yet she, with the fatality which seems to pursue the woman in such affairs, loves him the more. Even at this point of the tragedy,—without going on to the climax of the girl's wretched and pitiful death, the murder of the lover by the girl's mother, the mother's lifelong madness and imprisonment within the walls of an asy-

lum, all three later tragedies consequent upon the first one,—what better sermon could be preached? what better warning to women, young and innocent, to men, young and honorable, that even they might not be entirely beyond the temptings of their own natures? what better reminder that no lovers should ever dispense for a moment with the society of those two potent guardians of youth and innocence: outward respect for the object loved and inward respect for one's self? Here is a story of murder, madness, and unlawful love, yet it could do neither a young man nor a girl harm to read it, while the lesson it teaches might be of incalculable benefit to both.

Edgar Fawcett has himself written a story,—when published, and what the critics have thought and said about it, I don't know,—which is another admirable and approvable example of strong food. It is a story of adultery; of a woman who marries a man for love, while he marries her for her money: and yet out of these unpleasant and unpromising elements Mr. Fawcett has evolved a beautiful love-story. He has painted a woman in true and natural colors,—painted her with a young man's fresh and idealized fancy, it may be, yet she is such a woman as we know in real life. He has made her a true lover and a faithful wife to a husband who was untrue to his marriage vows even while uttering them; and he has shown that this wife's pure love, patience, and self-renunciation gained her a victory at last over her unworthy rival, and won her husband to her wholly and unreservedly. While Christians believe that Christ said, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," it is better to read of an unloved and neglected wife winning her husband to herself by her wifely forbearance and womanly virtues than to read of her flirting and free-loving with other men in retaliation, or calling upon the divorce courts to free her from the bonds which she has sworn to wear for better or for worse until her dying day.

Such things as these two stories picture not only might occur, but do occur, in the life we live; and these novels carry their moral and their reason to be with them; but that there should ever be in real life a parallel to

the erotic gymnastics of the remarkable lovers who have made their fictional début in the puerile and tacky trash of the last year is hardly within the bounds of possibility, much less of probability. And should such lovers appear upon the world's real stage, their friends would soon discover that the idiot asylum was their proper home.

That is the chief objection I have to the erotomania novels of the female fictionists of the day: their uselessness. Let the authors, male and female, write as strong a story, as unveiled a story, even as coarse a story, as they like, but let it be founded upon a parallel in real life, and let it have for motive a pure aim, and a desire to benefit weak humanity, rather than a desire to startle its readers, and an indifference as to whether it lowers and debases a young man's ideal of what women, especially young women, should be; for that novels are sermons preached to those who sometimes stand most in need of sermons, none can deny.

S. C. Lasselle.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE CHARM OF "FAUNTLEROY."

It seems impossible for many people to admire one style of literature without feeling it incumbent upon them to disparage some other. A writer in the May number of *THE AUTHOR*, under the title of "Children's Stories," quotes Julian Hawthorne as criticising "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and, having failed to appreciate the story herself, adds her own criticism to his. For most of us, who have laughed and wept over the humor and pathos of the tale, it is difficult to understand how one could read and not appreciate it; but to one with an appetite for only stories of "nymphs and fairies, and all things strange, and lovely, and wonderful," possibly the story would not be altogether satisfactory; for Fauntleroy was a very real little fellow, though there were circumstances in his life sufficiently strange, one would think, to satisfy even an enthusiastic lover of the marvellous. But there are no nymphs or fairies in the tale; only people with the warm blood of life in their veins.

Undoubtedly tales of naiads sporting in the pools; of dryads flitting through the dusky aisles of the forest; of lovely little fairies dancing on the moonlit sward,—in brief, of all this misty realm of the strange and the wonderful, which the imagination of the Greeks delighted to dwell in,—are still beautiful, and the field is a legitimate one for the story-teller to enter; but that does not prevent appreciation of a story like "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or recognition of the fact that the goodness and the gentleness in his kind little life are of more value as an example to other little children than all the fairy tales that were ever told.

Probably it would have been more satisfactory to the writer of the article referred to if some fairy with a wand had touched the proud, selfish earl of the story, and changed him in an instant into a kind, benevolent old gentleman, as the fairy godmother was in the habit of transforming the appearance of Cinderella. Being somewhat sceptical of the ability of fairies actually to accomplish such feats, I deem the method of the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" infinitely better. She brings about a change in the character of the earl, not in an instant, it is true, and not that complete change which the fairy with the wand would probably make,—but a change, nevertheless; and she does it by natural means. The implicit faith of Cedric in the goodness and generosity of his grandfather compels generous acts on the earl's part; and having tasted and found that kindness is sweet, he is more inclined to repeat such acts.

We all admired the beauty of the little Lord, the dress, the bangs, the sturdy little legs; but I cannot agree with the critic of the story, that this was what we admired most in him. It is not the eye alone that is addressed,—though that is addressed, as it is right that it should be,—but the heart is addressed as well. Cedric's affection and thoughtfulness for his mother, his compassion for the needy servant, his genuine friendship for Dick and Mr. Hobbs,—which he proves by his gifts, first, and afterward by remembering them in his English home,—his comradic spirit toward the Earl, his desire to be of help to him, to love him, and to be loved by him, his courage, and,

above all, the steadfastness with which he refused to be lured out of love for his "Dearest,"—these are all attributes of his which, more or less directly, address and touch the heart.

The future great poet of America must have within him a love for the real, the true, no less than for the strange and the wonderful; he must be great enough to have a poetic love for all things and all thoughts that can delight the soul or make better the life of his fellow-men.

J. R. Perry.

WINCHENDON, Mass.

MR. MOTLEY UPON WRITING HISTORY.

The recently published letters of Motley, the historian, show that he was essentially a gentleman. This has been singularly true of all the eminent figures in the group of American authors to which he belongs. It is shown in nothing more pleasantly than in their ready sympathy with younger literary aspirants, and in their kindly response to the requests of these aspirants for literary counsel. Many a man and woman cherish letters of this kind which they have received from Irving, and Emerson, and Longfellow, and Prescott, and Bancroft, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell. A gentleman who received such a letter from Mr. Motley a quarter of a century ago sends it to the Easy Chair with permission to print it: and he says of it, truly, "It is interesting both as the expression of a successful historian's views on the writing of history, and as showing Mr. Motley's great kindness of heart; for the presumptuous youth to whom the letter was addressed was a stranger, and had no claim whatever on his time and attention."

"VIENNA, April 4, 1864.

"DEAR SIR, — Your favor of 26th Feb. reached me but recently, and I have read with much interest the account which you give of yourself and of your desire to become a writer of history. I cannot doubt that one who at so early an age feels so strong an inclination to adopt this particular department of literature as a profession is destined, with perseverance and determination, to achieve success.

"I don't warn you against the danger of mistaking what might be a casual impulse for a fixed purpose, because I observe that you are disposed to censure yourself severely. I am the more inclined, therefore, to believe that your present resolution will be an abiding one.

"It is a pleasure to me to answer your questions in regard to the preparations proper for you to make, although I have really very little to communicate.

"You state your age to be twenty, so that you have a whole lifetime before you, for I earnestly recommend you not to begin to write any serious historical work before you have attained the age of thirty.

"As you are a graduate of a university, I assume that you are sufficiently familiar with Latin to read it without difficulty. I would advise you, however, to read the Latin historians, especially Livy and Tacitus, with whom you should make yourself familiar in the original. Without facility in Latin, it would be impossible to study thoroughly any branch of history, ancient or modern. You say that you are studying German, in which you are quite right. I consider the knowledge of that language, as well as of French and Italian, to be indispensable in the profession which you have chosen. It would depend upon the subject that you might ultimately select whether other modern languages might not become necessary; but those three are necessities of life. You say that you have 'read a good deal of general and special history, but in a desultory, and consequently useless, manner.' You add that your 'idea has been to get a good knowledge of general history, and then, deciding upon some particular subject, give that special attention.'

"I don't know that you could have marked out a better path for yourself. Your reading will cease to be desultory if you pursue the plan thus indicated by yourself. In reading general history, I would advise the study of such works as John von Müller's 'Universal History,' in three volumes; Carl von Rotteck's 'World History,' in nine volumes; Herder's 'Philosophy of Human History'; Pritchard's 'Natural History of Man'; Buckle's 'History of Civilization'; Guizot's 'History of Civilization.'

"As to special history, I should be inclined rather to direct your attention to that of the last three and a half centuries. The events and the characters of the period since the re-discovery of America may be studied with more minuteness and exactness than those of more distant epochs can be, and their bearing on our own time is more direct and apparent.

"I would advise you from time to time to try your hand at historical and biographical essays, resuming the philosophy of some particular period, or painting some prominent individualities. Such papers might be published in the reviews and magazines of the day, and would be good practice for you in study and in style.

"You ask me to suggest a subject for a historical work, but this is an impossibility. The subject *must* suggest itself to the author. Unless, after much pondering and hard study, you find yourself strongly drawn to some special epoch or train of events, you could hardly expect to be guided anywhere by an external impulse.

"You ask, further, if there is in European history any subject yet public property that might be made an appropriate and interesting theme? And I answer that all history is public property. All history may be rewritten, and it is impossible that with exhaustive research and deep reflection you should not be able to produce something new and valuable on almost any of them. For instance, I am myself about to engage in the history of the thirty years' war of Germany, on which whole libraries have been written; yet I hope to find out something new as to facts, and something fresh in portraiture and in moral worthy of public attention.

"It should never be forgotten, moreover, that we are Americans, and that European history for Americans has to be almost entirely rewritten. Hitherto it has been the task of historians to write the eulogy of kings and princes, and to make them the prominent objects in human history. This is not our task, and the monarchical creed is not ours either in literature or politics.

"With my best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"J. L. MOTLEY."

—George William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

LITERARY FAME.

Goldsmith, according to Boswell, said that he had come too late into the world; that Pope and other poets had carried off all the literary prizes, etc. Dr. Johnson confirmed the remark, and said it was difficult to get literary fame, and was every day becoming more and more difficult. This is probably the feeling of all writers who have reached the measure of their powers; they mistake the limits of their own tether for the end of the world. The possibilities that are not open to them they think do not exist. A man of genius and power makes the world his own, and when he is done with it, he fancies there is nothing left. Every one of us repeats the same experience on a different scale. As our careers draw to a close, we fancy we have exhausted the whole of life, and that there will be nothing left for those who are to come after us. But life is always new to the new man. Think of the great names in British literature

since Goldsmith and Johnson; think of Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle, Arnold, etc., each one of whom, probably, in exhausting his own possibilities fancied he had exhausted the possibilities of nature.

Probably literary fame is no more difficult of achievement at one time than at another,—just as easy to Thackeray as it was to Goldsmith; and this notwithstanding an achievement that would have given a measure of fame a century ago would attract far less attention to-day. Is it at all likely that if the *Spectator* essays were written to-day they would attract any considerable notice, or that *The Idler* and *Adventurer* would find any readers? But the writer of to-day has all this past to stand upon, he profits by all these accumulated achievements. A man is largely the creature of his times: he is strong by the strength of the age in which he lives. An invention that would have seemed marvellous a century ago might be a very tame affair to-day, and yet the same genius, the same power in achieving a noteworthy result to-day, would probably have no more obstacles to overcome, or mysteries to solve, than one hundred years ago. He has a great fund to work with; he sees further, because he stands higher. If the achievement is measured by the standard of to-day, it is to be remembered that the achiever is strong by the strength of to-day. The same in science. Now the quarry is so thoroughly opened, larger and more valuable results ought to be easier than ever before. Of course, the poet or literary man cannot avail himself of the results of the labor of others in the same way the man of science can and does, but he cannot escape the general lift of the age in which he lives; he shares in the momentum, moral and intellectual, of his contemporaries. In a certain sense, also, he inherits, as an available personal fund, what others have done before him. It is the common mind which has been refined and enlarged, and of this advantage he partakes. Literature is an investment of genius which pays dividends to all subsequent times.

If Nature were guilty of endless repetition in turning out men of exceptional powers, of course every new man would find his task already done in the world; but Nature forever varies the pattern, so that the new man has a new standpoint, and sees things in new combinations, and discovers new values, and he is never forestalled by those who have gone before him. Every new genius is an impossibility until he appears; we cannot forecast his type. He is a revelation, and through his eyes we shall see undreamed-of effects. It is doubtful

if contemporary writers of original power ever stand in each other's way. There is always room and demand for any number of original men. The lesser poets, of course, suffer in competition with the greater; the large stars draw our eyes away from the smaller; we should make more of Bayard Taylor, for instance, if he was our only poet; but is it probable that Longfellow, or Whittier, or Bryant, or Emerson ever intercepted any portion of the fame due and within reach of the other? Have Tennyson or Browning, in any sense, ever been rivals? Literary fame is not a limited quantity, which must lessen in proportion as it is divided up; but, like the sunlight, each man may have it all and not rob his neighbor. Inventors, and discoverers, and men of science may anticipate each other, but literary genius can never be anticipated; the value of the gift which it brings is in its uniqueness. I heard it remarked, the other day, of one of our promising young poets, that his work lacked flavor. It is this flavor which is indispensable, and which can never be forestalled by another. There is rivalry in the trades and the professions, but you poet, or you novelist, or you essayist, if your work has flavor or character of its own, your chance for fame is just as good as if there were no competitors in the field. It is not a vacant niche in the Temple of Fame which you are striving for, and which only one can fill: it is a niche in the hearts of men, where the room is boundless.

Goldsmith felt himself under the shadow of Pope's great fame, but, of course, he was a gainer from Pope's career. His performance was as unique as Pope's, and has probably been of more service to mankind. But Pope cleared and sharpened the mind of his age; dull wits found less acceptance after than before him, and in this benefit Goldsmith, like others, was a sharer. — *John Burroughs, in The Critic.*

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

The purveyors of periodical literature seem to be in a sort of transition state. The various classes of periodicals, — daily, weekly, and monthly, — are not what they formerly used to be; they have begun to invade one another's precincts. The recent syndicate industry is partly the cause of this; but editors appear to think that the public will not support a journal or a magazine unless it contains reading matter of all kinds, both transient news and articles of more lasting and serious interest. Daily and weekly papers now publish complete stories, and even novels, in each issue; and not

only is this the case in metropolitan journalism, but the small country newspapers subscribe for syndicate novels, or purchase the right to reprint novels which have already appeared in other forms, — or again, if no question of copyright be involved, they just print them, and say no more about it. A certain weekly journal published a story by Frank Stockton; when it was concluded, a New York evening paper reprinted it, "by special arrangement," in small instalments, making it extend over a month. The same tale is now running through a group of country weekly papers. After the latter are done with it, we may expect to see it make its appearance in book form.

Some time ago, Max O'Rell published in book form his impressions of America. It was advertised as having been written in collaboration with an American citizen, to the end of securing American copyright. However that may be, it has since been doing service in the journals of small country towns. Mr. Froude's novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," which is not protected by copyright, recently appeared in full in the "supplement" of a New York ten-cent weekly. In short, the daily and weekly press of the country, while retaining their own characteristic features, are aiming to give their readers other features that have heretofore been reserved for monthlies. In the matter of price, the former certainly have the advantage. But, on the other hand, it is open to question whether stories and novels in newspapers get read. Newspapers are not easy things to keep, they are not convenient to handle, and they get mislaid. The very fact that they cost but a few cents makes the buyer careless of them; nor is he accustomed to spend more than fifteen or twenty minutes in their perusal. He turns to the news first, the story he postpones till a leisure moment, and that moment generally comes only after the paper has disappeared. If the story be a serial, the loss of one number spoils the value of the remainder. Of course, if in the long run it shall be discovered that the fiction in newspapers is to a great extent dead matter, its use therein will be discontinued.

As for magazines, especially those of large circulation, they have to be made up some two months in advance of the date of issue. Nevertheless, a strong effort is made to present topics of as recent interest as possible. They sometimes contain articles almost miraculous in their timeliness. It may be due to a happy coincidence; it may be to prophetic foresight; there it is, at all events, and there is engendered on the reader's part a consequent expectation that the miracle will be repeated. If it is not repeated (as, in the nature of things, it

cannot always be), the reader finds the magazine dull and out of date; he looks at the pictures, skims over the complete articles, yawns over the serial papers, and doubts whether he has got his money's worth. It may be admitted, also, that some of the magazines are not so fortunate in their choice of serials as they might be. Probably no serial that is not also an interesting story is quite a safe investment. Narratives of fact, like Kennan's Siberian papers, or elaborate biographies, like that of Abraham Lincoln, soon weary the reader; his interest may survive a number or two, but not a dozen or twenty. At last the mere sight of the inveterate title irritates him, and the pages of the magazine which contain the endless disquisition remain uncut. A series of papers like those on the American Railway system succeed, because not only was each instalment complete in itself, but all that pertains to railways seems to have a constant fascination for mankind. It may be doubted whether the electrical series in the same magazine will be so popular; not because we are not interested in electricity, but because a serious course of study is essential to a comprehension of its most ordinary phenomena.

It would be difficult to decide, at this moment, whether the newspapers or the magazines have the best of the competition. The fine wood-cuts and process-pictures in the latter still weigh heavily in their favor, though the newspapers are doing a great deal in the way of illustration. But it seems quite possible that the competition may result in the discomfiture of both parties. Newspapers cannot be magazines, and magazines cannot be newspapers; but each can diminish the taste for, and usefulness of, the other. It is bad policy to lead the public to expect everything of anything, because nothing can give it. Division of labor is the wisest principle to go upon, and time spent in attempting to discharge functions that properly belong to another can only be time wasted. Our newspapers and our magazines are both the best in the world as it is; let us not kill the goose with the golden eggs by trying to amalgamate them into an impossible unity. — *Julian Hawthorne, in America.*

AGES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

It is often said that our really great authors are fast growing old, and that before many years the leading literary men of the century will have passed away. It is rather interesting to see how the facts bear out these statements. It is impossible not to set apart that small group of writers, when speaking

of our literary heroes, whose names are cherished as well-nigh sacred by all good New Englanders,—Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell. Dr. Holmes will be eighty in August. Whittier is eighty-one, and Lowell has reached his threescore years and ten.

Another group of authors is composed of men who are looked upon by the rising generation as veterans,—their reputations were made many years ago, and somehow have assumed a position of elderliness, which is often not justified simply by their years. Many are still most active, but none need write another line to insure their positions in the history of American literature. To this class belong, among others, Richard Henry Stoddard, who is sixty-four; George H. Boker, who is sixty-five; George Bancroft, who in next October will end his eighty-ninth year; George Ticknor Curtis, who is seventy-six; Joel T. Headley, who twenty-five years ago was one of the most popular of our writers, is seventy-six; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is sixty-five, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is seventy, Edmund Clarence Stedman is fifty-six, John Bigelow is seventy-one, Mrs. Stowe is seventy-seven, Donald G. Mitchell is sixty-seven, Francis Parkman is sixty-six, Charles Dudley Warner is sixty, George William Curtis is sixty-five, Moncure D. Conway is fifty-seven, and Edward Everett Hale is sixty-seven.

Taking authors whose books are constantly appearing and now in the heyday of their popularity, I fancy many people will be surprised by the ages which must be affixed to many of their names. How often one gets an almost ineradicable impression of an author's personality, age, and everything about him or her from their books,—impressions which are so often found to be sadly inaccurate. To be most ungallant at the beginning, let us record the ages of some ladies: Sarah Orne Jewett will be forty next September, Mrs. Humphrey Ward is thirty-eight, Lucy Larcom is sixty-three, Harriet Prescott Spofford is fifty-four, Edith M. Thomas is thirty-five, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) is fifty-nine, Amélie Rives Chanler will be twenty-six next August, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is thirty-nine, and she published her first story when only eighteen; Celia Thaxter is fifty-three, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) is fifty-seven, Miss Braddon is fifty-two, Blanche Willis Howard, who is now publishing an English magazine in Stuttgart, Germany, is forty-two; Rose Terry Cooke is sixty-two, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward will be forty-five in August, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is twenty-seven, Constance Fenimore Woolson is forty-one; nobody ever found out exactly the age

of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her age forty-four; Mrs. Margaretta Wade Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is thirty-one, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is fifty-one, and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is at least eight years older, though the records are not quite sure upon this delicate point.

To take some of the most popular of the male authors who are writing now: F. Marion Crawford will be thirty-five in August, and he wrote "Mr. Isaacs" when only twenty-seven; Robert Louis Stevenson is thirty-nine, W. D. Howells is fifty-two, E. W. Howe, whose "The Story of a Country Town" made so great a hit, is thirty-five; Bret Harte is forty-nine, Julian Hawthorne is forty-three, Richard Malcom Johnson is sixty-seven, and Rossiter Johnson is forty-nine, Arlo Bates is thirty-nine, Walter Besant is fifty-one, Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be fifty-three next November, and in his picture looks twenty-five; William Black is forty-eight, William H. Bishop is forty-two, General Lew Wallace is sixty-two, and he wrote "Ben Hur" when fifty-one; John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," is forty-seven; Joel Chandler Harris is forty-one, George W. Cable is forty-four, Edward Eggleston is fifty-one, and looks fifteen years older; H. H. Boyesen is forty, H. C. Bunner is about thirty-eight, but has always been down on any one who wants dates, and does not believe in giving "personal information"; James Anthony Froude has begun now to write novels at the age of seventy-one; Frank R. Stockton is fifty-five, William Hamilton Gibson is forty-eight, Thomas Nelson Page is thirty-six, James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852, and was scarcely ever heard of before he appeared at the authors' readings, two years ago; James Payn is fifty-nine, Brander Matthews is thirty-seven, J. T. Trowbridge is sixty-one, and Jules Verne is the same age, while Edgar Fawcett was forty-two on May 26 last. — *William F. Bok, in the New York Graphic.*

• A PLEA FOR THE DIALECT STORY.

In a recent number of *The North American Review*, Mr. Norton V. Johnson strongly condemns the dialects and dialect stories of this country. His remarks are very much prejudiced; he can see nothing at all to commend in dialects; and, altogether, he gives his side of the case with great frankness.

Do we want dialect stories in this country? Yes; most emphatically, yes. A dialect itself may be

a sign of ignorance, and may also show a lack of education, but there is no denying that there is a certain picturesqueness, a certain fascination, about it that makes it very taking. It is impossible to have the representatives of the different nations and classes in this country speak one universal language with the same accent and enunciation, and as long as the different dialects are spoken, just so long will dialect stories be written. Mr. Johnson states that dialect stories have *irritated* thousands of readers and hundreds of compositors. It is true that a class of readers find it a little difficult at first to get accustomed to the dialect, but a majority of the intelligent readers in this country have no difficulty at all in understanding it. Those who find dialect stories *irritating* have no right to attempt to read them. As for compositors, no doubt dialects are difficult to put into type; but a compositor's business is to follow the copy set before him, and make no complaints. One of the best examples of the dialect story is Thomas Nelson Page's "Meh Lady." What can be more simple, more touching, than the way the old negro tells of the death of "Marse Phil"? What can be more delicate, more eloquent than the charming manner in which he describes the love scenes? Would Mr. Johnson like to see "Meh Lady" put into cold, matter-of-fact, grammatical English? What would be the effect if it were done? The story would be utterly ruined. "Meh Lady" is one of the master-pieces of its class, and is also one of the most beautiful short stories that has ever been published. Before condemning the dialects of this country, one should read not only the stories of Thomas Nelson Page, but also those of George W. Cable. The dialect of the Creoles is most musical, pleasing to the ear, poetical, and altogether charming.

In the literature of this country, we always want the Yankee to speak like the Yankee, the Creole to speak like the Creole, and the negro to speak like the negro. — *William Earle Baldwin, in The North American Review for June.*

LITERARY WOMEN.

The history of no literary family is so remarkable as that of the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. They lived in a secluded hamlet in the north of England, and their first volume fell dead from the press, making a gap of over \$350 in their slender income. It was a volume of poems supposed to be the production of three brothers, Currer (Charlotte), Ellis (Emily), and Acton (Anne)

Bell. Charlotte afterward achieved popularity as the author of "The Professor," "Jane Eyre," etc. When she called upon her publishers they discovered that Currer Bell, instead of being a man, was a diminutive and demure country girl, clad in rural simplicity. They would not believe that she was the author of such keen studies of social life and character until she presented their business correspondence as a proof. Emily, who wrote "Wuthering Heights," though timid as a fawn in society, was a woman of rare nerve. On one occasion she was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad. She walked to the kitchen, took a hot iron from the stove, and cauterized the wound without flinching, the scar being visible upon her hand until the day of her death. She did not tell her sisters of the accident until weeks afterward. There was something almost tragical about the rapidity with which the three sisters followed each other to the grave.

Mrs. Lewes, whose maiden name was Marion C. Evans, wrote under the masculine guise of George Eliot. She deceived the general public, but not Charles Dickens. He wrote to Mr. Blackwood in praise of her genius, whereupon Mr. Blackwood wrote back that the great novelist should not say her, but his. Dickens was not to be deceived, and when "Adam Bede" appeared his suspicions were confirmed. While the style was full of masculine power in its penetration and the depths of its philosophy, the female characters were far more ably drawn than the male ones.

When Mr. Jerdan first saw "L. E. L." (Letitia Elizabeth Landon), he was almost as much astonished as the publishers of "Jane Eyre" were when they learned that Currer Bell was a woman, and not a man. "L. E. L." was brought into public notice by Mr. Jerdan while editor of the *London Literary Gazette*. He was struck with the delicately passionate sentiment of her poetry, and all he knew of her was that she was quite young, and wrote with graceful ease. In a little while her poetry began to be quoted, praised, and talked about. The author was living with some old maids, who had educated her, and one day he received an invitation to call on her. The ladies welcomed him heartily, and had a great deal to tell him about his gifted contributor. While seated at an open window he saw a little girl trundling a hoop along the gravel walks in the garden. He noticed that her figure was petite, her face expressive, but childlike, and her eyes very brilliant.

"Dear me," he said, as the little creature continued her sport, "I wonder when that little girl will stop? That play with the hoop, on

a hot day like this, must fatigue her very much."

"Little girl!" exclaimed one of the elderly ladies, bristling up. "Why, that is Miss Landon, the young poetess, of whom we are so proud, and whom you have appeared anxious to see!"

Mr. Jerdan had expected to see a young lady, but certainly not a diminutive creature, not yet sixteen years old.

Alice Carey fought her way to success against more than ordinary difficulties. Her step-mother thought that all study was a waste of time. She kept her at household drudgery during the day, and denied her candles at night. But her ambition was not to be crushed so easily; she read and wrote until midnight; a saucer of lard with a rag for a wick furnished her with light.

Miss Alcott's first book, "Hospital Sketches," which she always affirmed was the best of her works, fell dead from the press. But she was too plucky to be disheartened. She produced "Little Women," and it met with immense favor at once, and she followed it with the other pleasing books that brought her a royalty of about \$80,000. And yet the publisher to whom she first offered "Little Women" returned it to her with the fatherly admonition that she had better stick to school teaching, and give up authorship.

George Sand smoked in her old days. For months before her death she suffered intensely without uttering the least complaint. In her last sickness of eight days she covered her face during the deepest anguish, as the Romans used to do when they felt that their end was drawing near.

Some female writers of a generation ago, whose first books were a success, scarcely live in our memories now. Among them might be named Fanny Fern, whose "Fern Leaves" reached a sale of 95,000 copies; Fanny Forester, whose "Alderbrook" reached a sale of 40,000 copies; and Miss Cummings, author of the "Lampighter," of which 100,000 copies were sold.

The average longevity of literary ladies would indicate that activity of the brain has the effect of lengthening their lives, rather than shortening them. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel reached the ages of ninety-two and ninety-eight, respectively. Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth died at eighty-two. Miss Harriet Lee attained ninety-five, and Mrs. Marcet eighty-nine. Jane Porter died at seventy-four, Hannah More at eighty-eight, Miss Mitford at sixty-nine, and Mrs. Radcliffe at fifty-nine. The average longevity of the ten ladies named was eighty-two years. — Frank H. Stauffer, in the *Detroit Free Press*.

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WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Suggestions from any source for the improvement of THE AUTHOR are always welcome, and will always be given careful consideration.

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they will send to the publisher the address of any library where it is not on file, and will use their influence to have it duly entered on the library list.

THE COST OF PUBLISHING.

In one of his interesting letters about literary matters William J. Bok shows that Archibald Claverling Gunter made \$35,000 by failing to find a publisher for his first novel. "Mr. Barnes, of New York," was offered to publish after publisher in vain. No one would undertake the book. Then Mr. Gunter took the manuscript to a New York printer, and ordered an edition of 2,000 copies made at his own expense. The electrotype plates cost him \$325, and paper, presswork, and binding for two thousand copies about \$200 more, making the whole cost of the edition \$525. For those two thousand books Mr. Gunter received only \$400, but 178,000 copies more have since been sold, and his receipts for these have been at least \$35,600. Had the book been issued by a publisher on the usual ten per cent. basis, Mr. Gunter's royalty on 180,000 copies would have been only \$9,000. The 180,000 books did not cost him more than \$9,000 in all.

Almost any author could profit by such an object lesson. Mr. Gunter's second book, "Mr. Potter, of Texas," was not offered to publishers, but was published by himself. Of this, 140,000 copies have been sold, and Mr. Gunter has received for them at least \$28,000, instead of the \$7,000 royalty which a publisher would have paid him. For making the 140,000 books he has not paid more than \$7,000. Of his new book, "That Frenchman," he has ordered 60,000 copies, and when these are sold and paid for, his net profits, according to Mr. Bok's estimate, will be \$35,000 more than if his three books had been handled by a publisher in the regular way.

Of course, Mr. Gunter's success has been phenomenal, but it has set authors to thinking, and there are other writers who will follow his example. In the meantime, authors who cannot find a publisher for their books may console themselves with the thought that fortunes are within their grasp, so soon, at least, as they can

get together the paltry \$500 necessary to enable them to bring the first of their books before the public.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 31. — A few years ago a book was published bearing some such title as "Oddities and Quidities." Will some one give the correct title, author, and publisher?

A. M. G.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 32. — I am going to have a library book label printed for my own use, and should like an appropriate quotation as a heading. I should be glad to receive suggestions from readers of THE AUTHOR, of mottoes which they think suitable.

C. D. B.

GENEVA, N. Y.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 23. — "H. H. W." will find "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary" the best. Mine is a volume of seven hundred and twenty pages, including index, and was issued by Routledge & Sons, New York. It cost about \$1.25. "H. H. W." can surely get a copy in St. Louis, or, if not, can secure one from the publishers.

A. L. T.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 23. — The very best rhyming dictionary I ever saw is "A Vocabulary of English Rhymes," by Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, published by D. Appleton & Co., price \$2.50. It has seven hundred and sixty-seven pages, and is of small size, so that it can be carried in the pocket.

L. H. F.

St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Arnold. — *The Critic* recently announced that Sir Edwin Arnold expects to visit this country this year at the invitation of Harvard University. Any one who expects to see in Sir Edwin Arnold a man who suggests the wild romance of his poetry will be disappointed. He is quite small, with a very thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance. His beard is iron-gray and thin,

and he brushes it out from his chin. Andrew Carnegie, by the way, owns the original manuscript of "The Light of Asia," which was presented to him by Sir Edwin, a short time after the book was published. — *Boston Transcript*.

Austin. — Alfred Austin, the English poet, whose latest work, "Prince Lucifer," has been dedicated, by special permission, to Queen Victoria, was intended for the bar, and received his education at Stonyhurst and the London University. He was called to the bar, but has never practised law. He developed a taste for literature, decided to make it his profession, and is now editor of the *National Review*. His first success was on the appearance of "The Season," which immediately became the talk of London. A few years later he identified himself with the *Standard*, and is still a regular contributor to that paper. He works at his house in Ashford, but in his study are wires connecting directly with the *Standard* office. Although rather a small man, Mr. Austin is quite an athlete, and one of a crack tennis team. He is a familiar figure, too, in the Row, splendidly mounted and well dressed, as he is at all times and in all places. His eyes are remarkable, — dark, brilliant, restless, keen, — the eyes of the journalist and the man of the world rather than of the poet, although no one who has read even the little sonnet, "A Country Landscape," can doubt Mr. Austin's claim to the latter distinction. — *Brooklyn Times*.

Burroughs. — The reader of "Locusts and Wild Honey" or of "Wake Robin" does not need to be told that the father of the man, — in the Wordsworthian sense, — who wrote those inimitable sketches was country born and bred. And we do not need to be told that he carries with him in these later years "a chronic homesickness, a longing for the old home where I was born, yonder among the hills." At the age of twelve the work of the boy was too valuable to be given up in summer, and school-going was confined to the winter months. Mr. Burroughs' father had no perception of his son's literary instincts, and never, so far as the son is aware, read a page of his writing; but he taught him the invaluable lessons of honesty, truth-speaking, and industry. To the brief time spent in the country district school succeeded that common experience of teaching, from which the instructor often learns a good deal more than he succeeds in imparting to his pupils. Six months of teaching and "boarding 'round" put fifty dollars into the boy's pocket, and prepared the way for a winter of larger advantages at a local seminary. All this happened in the neighbor-

hood of Roxbury, New York, subsequent to April 3, 1837,—the date of his birth. Working on the farm, studying, and teaching filled up the years until 1863. Mr. Burroughs' first literary venture took the form of a magazine article, and appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1860. The editor who accepted the article, now the most distinguished man in American letters, once expressed to the writer the delight with which he read this contribution from an unknown hand, and the swift impression of future distinction which came to him with that reading. In 1863 the young author went to Washington, and for a number of years held a position in the Treasury Department. In 1872 he left the department to become receiver of a bank; and subsequently, for several years, he performed the work of a bank examiner. But official harness was not congenial to him, and of late he has devoted himself to health, pleasure, and profit by the culture of a few acres on the upper Hudson. There, with just enough work of the hand to keep him in touch with Nature, it is to be hoped he will find both inspiration and opportunity for material additions to the volumes he has made the fit companions of our best hours. Mr. Burroughs' first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person," now out of print, was published in 1867. The years in Washington bore fruit in "Winter Sunshine," and in several detached articles; while observations of travel abroad are mainly to be found in one of the latest and most delightful of his books, "Fresh Fields." — *The Book Buyer*.

Crawford. — F. Marion Crawford is one of the very few literary men upon whom public praise seems to have little or no effect. A friend tells me a curious story of his indifference to the small matter of how, and in what manner, his books shall be published. Not very long ago two periodicals were anxious to secure a new novel by Crawford, and their offers were laid before the author, who promptly closed with one of the publishers. As the arrangement was just about to be completed, the publisher said that, as a matter of form more than anything else, he should be allowed to read the story before it was finally accepted and paid for. This Crawford declined, saying that the publisher would have to leave that to him, and that if he insisted, the contract would not go through. As the man of business was very anxious to get the serial, he consented to buy it unread. In another instance, the publisher refused to this manner of "going it blind," and the novelist thus probably literally threw away a large sum, as the book ap-

peared first in book form, and had a smaller sale, doubtless, than it would have met had it appeared first in the pages of a popular magazine. — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Disraeli. — Of his once luxurious curling locks there remained in his old age a carefully nurtured residue, singularly black in hue. To the last he wore the single curl drooping over his forehead. He had abandoned all foppery of dress, though on fine spring days, as already noted, he liked to wear kid gloves. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, who regularly greets the summer in a white hat, a light tweed suit, and a blue necktie, Lord Beaconsfield was ever soberly attired, the cut of his clothes suggesting rather the efforts of Hughenden art than the triumphs of Bond street. He always wore a frock coat, and in the House of Commons had a curious little habit when he sat down of carefully arranging the skirt over his legs. Then he crossed his knees, folded his arms, and, with head hung down, sat for hours, apparently immobile, but, as was shown when occasion arose, watchful and wary. Of his good looks there was left a pair of eyes remarkably luminous for one of his age, and plump, small, well-shaped white hands, of which he was pardonably proud. — *Henry W. Lucy, in Temple Bar for May*.

Ebers. — But little is known in America of the personality of Georg Ebers, now undoubtedly Germany's foremost living novelist. Few would imagine that the beautiful stories published of late above this author's name were dictated by him often in hours of pain and torture. The novelist is a confirmed invalid, suffering constantly the most agonizing pain from an incurable malady. His home is in Tutzing, a comfortable house, in which the owner's tastes permeate everything. Books are in almost every room in the house, and in the chamber where the novelist passes his days he lies hemmed in with library shelves filled with books in all languages. His disposition is of the kindest, and he never loses his cheerfulness, even when he suffers most. He is idolized by his family and friends. Before his illness the author was a man whose personal appearance would attract attention anywhere. He has now, however, lost much in flesh, days of confinement leaving deep tracks on his features and frame. — *Boston Journal*.

Hardy. — Thomas Hardy, the novelist, belongs to one of the best county families of Dorsetshire. One of his ancestors founded the Dorchester Grammar School, and in the arms of another Lord Nelson died at the battle of Trafalgar. The characters in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and the

scenery are reproduced from the people and places to be found in the neighborhood of Max Gate, the house he has built for himself just outside Dorchester. Bathsheba Everdene's homestead is close at hand, and "Casterbridge" is Dorchester itself. Mr. Hardy is a justice of the peace of Dorchester. As a writer, he is thoroughly systematic. Once seated at his desk after breakfast, he does not rise till the day's pile of "copy" is completed. Although of a sociable turn, when he has serious work in hand he shuts himself in his room, and forbids any visitors to come near his dwelling. — *New York Tribune*.

Rexford. — Eben E. Rexford, the Shiocton poet, keeps an ideal bachelor's hall. Mr. Rexford, besides his literary pursuits, is a floriculturist of national reputation, and is under contract to write one column per month upon floriculture for a Philadelphia publication, for which he receives the modest salary of \$1,500 per year. A large conservatory opens off from his study, which is being enlarged to double its present size. It is filled with rare tropical plants and flowers. Mr. Rexford is about forty-two years of age, while his beard is beginning to show the title of the song which first made him famous, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He is a gentleman of affable manner and pleasing address. — *Weyauwega Chronicle*.

Townsend. — George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath," very rarely attempts to write anything himself, relying entirely upon stenographers. At one time I did a great deal of work for Mr. Townsend, and I found him the most rapid dictator that I ever came in contact with. He would dictate his two-column *Cincinnati Enquirer* letter at the rate of one hundred and seventy-five words per minute, and would scarcely stop a moment from the beginning of the letter to its completion. I have had a great deal of experience in taking dictations from literary people and journalists, but I have never come across any one who seemed to have such a vast fund of information, and who could reel it off as fast as Mr. Townsend. He would never ask me to read a single word of his letters or wish to see a transcript, but gave me instructions to go directly to the nearest Western Union office, and wire it to the papers. His mode of dictation was to seat the stenographer in the middle of his large library, then pacing up and down the room in a nervous, rapid gait, he would dictate his letter, the words flowing in a loud, clear, and distinct tone at the rate of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five words per minute. He never seemed lost for a word or an expression, nor would

he revise anything he dictated. Whenever Mr. Townsend writes a novel, he dictates the whole of the matter to a stenographer. I remember at one time coming down on a Fall River boat from Boston with Mr. Townsend, and he made the remark that he hardly knew how he could get along without the aid of stenographers; that they not only did away with a great deal of manual labor, but that his writings were very much better when dictated, as they flowed more clearly from his mind; that they were more natural, and did not appear labored or stilted. — "F. H.," in *Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes has been travelling in Egypt, and is now in Athens.

The "Autobiography" of Mary Howett is announced in England.

The poet Whittier continues to be overburdened with letters of all sorts from strangers. In a recent note to a friend he says: "I am an old man, weak and suffering, yet thousands of letters are poured in upon me which it is utterly impossible for me to answer."

The *Detroit Free Press* is using the phonograph in its office as an aid for reporters.

Since September last George Munro has published for Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith in The Seaside Library three novels of her translation, viz.: "The Owl House," by E. Marlitt; "A Judgment of God," by E. Werner; and "The Fairy of the Alps," by E. Werner. "Lieschen," by W. Heinburg, and "A Manual of Housekeeping," an original work, await publication at the same establishment. "Lace," a brilliant society novel of Berlin, by Dr. Paul Lindau, is to appear this month in The Town and Country Library of D. Appleton & Co. In all these translations Mrs. Smith has been assisted by her son, an accomplished young lawyer of Kansas City, who was for three years, however, Vice-Consul General for the United States at Berlin, and there utilized to the utmost his advantages for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German language.

According to the pension list belonging to the London Society of Authors, Tennyson has been pensioned forty-three years.

The sixth number of Cassell & Company's *American Workman* contains an article on "Amateur Bookbinding."

The text of the annual photogravure edition of the Paris Salon catalogue is to be "done into English," and to be published by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston.

The *Magazine of Art* for July will contain a portrait of George Henschel, the singer, after the painting by John S. Sargent.

D. Appleton & Co. have sold more than 25,000 copies of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have sold 37,000 cloth-bound copies of "John Ward, Preacher," which is now issued in paper covers; and their correspondents in London have sold 16,000 copies more, though two unauthorized cheap editions were published in England. Of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," they have sold 20,000 copies in cloth, and the book is now selling in paper covers at the rate of 1,000 copies a day. Of Professor Hardy's "But Yet a Woman" 30,000 copies have been sold. G. P. Putnam's Sons have sold 40,000 copies of Anna Katharine Green's "Behind Closed Doors." Of "Ben Hur" between 200,000 and 300,000 copies have been sold.

Book News (Philadelphia) for June has for frontispiece a portrait of Wilkie Collins. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr contributes an article on "Author and Critic." Other articles are "An English Tribute to Whittier," "The Dearest Book in the World," and "John Bright's Taste in Literature." The usual book reviews follow.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards is to sail for New York October 26 by the *Etruria*. Miss Bradbury will accompany her on her American tour.

Among the periodicals of the day none is more remarkable than the little monthly, the *Sunny Hour*, edited and published by Master Tello d'Apéry, a lad of twelve years of age. It is a paper of eight pages, containing original matter from the pens of Mrs. Frank Leslie, Olive Harper, Fanny Edgar Thomas, and many others, not the least prominent of whom is the young editor himself, who contributes all sorts of matter in addition to his regular editorial page.

The first number of *Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine*, for June, just issued at Newark, N. J., gives some interesting "Facts Concerning the Phonograph," describes the "Requirements of a Good Amanuensis," and has information and advice about typewriting, phonography, and kindred matters.

Mr. Lowell has written a new poem, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes." It will appear in the *Atlantic* some time this summer.

Francis Parkman, the historian, is in poor health. He is now residing at Jamaica Plain, near Boston.

Brander Matthews has built a cottage at Naragansett Pier, where he will hereafter spend his summers.

George Bancroft, the historian, is now at his summer home at Newport.

Part I. of "The Century Dictionary," A to Appetence, has just been published.

Lord Tennyson is cruising in the English channel. By the advice of his physician and on account of the hot weather, he will not visit the shores of Spain, as contemplated.

The June *North American* contains a good portrait of its late editor, Allen Thorndike Rice, and a brief encyclopædic biography of him by William H. Rideing.

Mrs. Idora Plowman is the author of the "Betsy Hamilton" sketches in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for issue very soon the first two volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's work on "The Winning of the West."

A volume of selections from the writings of W. D. Howells will be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., with the title "The Wit and Wisdom of Howells."

The *London World* says the mystery as to the authorship of "An Author's Love" is now cleared up, and it is admitted that Miss Balch is the author.

Harper & Brothers published in book form June 14 Captain Charles King's "Between the Lines: a Story of the War," with illustrations by Gilbert Gaul.

The Cosmopolitan, which has been printing some excellent reading matter lately, will have in the July number a paper by Julia Ward Howe, giving her reminiscences of anti-slavery days.

William Evarts Benjamin has suspended the *Book Lover* until September 15, when it will be issued in better shape.

Joel T. Headley, the historian of Washington, still lives in his old home at Newburg, N. Y. Although advanced in years, the author is still remarkably hale and hearty.

On his return from Europe in the autumn, Mr. Lowell expects to live at Elmwood, the family homestead in Cambridge, and his only daughter, Mrs. Burnett, will live with him, as she desires to be near her two sons, who are at Harvard.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have issued "Indoor Studies," by John Burroughs, the contents of which include essays on Thoreau, Science and Literature, Science and the Poets, Matthew Arnold's Criticism, Arnold's View of Emerson and Carlyle, True Realism, Literary Fame, etc.

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* is quoted as saying that Amélie Rives Chanler is "the most wonderful literary genius of this century."

William Black went into journalism in London when he was twenty-three, and wrote his first novel at twenty-six. The sale of his popular books now yields him a regular income of £10,000 a year.

Louis Cuneo, 1190 Magazine street, New Orleans, announces the *Stenographer's News*, a monthly magazine, which will make its appearance November 30.

Blanche Willis Howard wrote "One Summer" at the request of her sister, and the two used to steal away to an upper chamber to plan it. Her publisher suggested that she should rewrite portions of it, but she stoutly refused to do so. At one time she was regular correspondent for New York papers, from Stuttgart, and edited a magazine there.

Of W. D. Howells as a boy printer the *Ohio State Journal* says: "He was a hard worker and a first-class compositor. He is still remembered as one who rarely mingled in the sports and jests of the composing-room, had few companions, and always seemed to have his mind on a career much higher than a conventional compositor, whose only ambition was to get a big string and make way with his earnings."

The largest collection of literature in America is that housed at the Congressional Library in Washington. It numbers 615,781 volumes, and about 200,000 pamphlets. The Boston library stands next among the libraries of America, with 509,531 volumes.

The Riverside Paper Series of novels for summer reading, to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., will include some famous novels. "John Ward, Preacher," is the first volume to appear; and "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Where the Battle Was Fought," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "The Guardian Angel," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Queen of Sheba," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and "The Story of Avis," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, will be among those that will follow. The numbers will be issued fortnightly, at 50 cents each.

Once a Week now has a supplement of from sixteen to thirty-two pages, which contains one or two complete novels regularly.

John Fiske's "Beginnings of New England" is issued by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. The chapter titles of the work are: "The Roman Idea and the English Idea," "The Puritan Exodus," "The Planting of New England," "The New England Confederacy," "King Philip's War," and "The Tyranny of Andros."

Now a volume of early letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle is announced. It will also contain some unpublished epistles by Thomas.

Charles Dickens is coming back to America in the fall, and will bring a book with him to publish in New York.

Little, Brown, & Co. have sold 20,000 of their fine edition of Victor Hugo's romances, and intend to bring out in the autumn a popular edition. They have also sold 12,000 volumes of Dumas' D'Artagnan romances.

The mother of the lady whom Professor James Bryce is about to marry (Miss Marion Ashton, of Manchester) was an American woman, whose home before her marriage had been in Boston.

Lady Randolph Churchill contributes to the June number of *The New Review*, issued by Longmans, Green, & Co., notes on travel, called "A Month in Russia," and Henry James supplies an article entitled "After the Play."

"Hans Breitman" (Chas. G. Leland) has just recovered from a lingering illness in Florence, Italy. He is at work upon a series of handbooks of the minor arts and industries, of which the preliminary volume,—"Drawing and Designing, in a Series of Lessons,"—will be published shortly by Rand, McNally, & Co. "Wood Carving" will follow soon, and others will appear in rapid succession.

The request of the editor of the *American Notes and Queries* for the word to express execution by electricity brought out some strange compounds. "Electrophon" was suggested by Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale; "electricize," by James Hunter, editor of Worcester's Dictionary; "electroctony," by Professor Browne, of Johns Hopkins; "thanelectrize," by Professor W. J. Youmans; "electricide," by Professor Baskervill; "electrostrike," by Professor M. B. Anderson; "electromort," by Professor Bancroft, of Brown University; while Bill Nye hit upon the word "joltacuss" or "voltacuss."

Mrs. Brush, the author of that pleasant novel, "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," which was so popular some years ago, has a new story completed, called "Inside Our Gate." It will shortly be published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Mrs. Brush is the wife of a clergyman who was settled for several years at New Utrecht, L. I.

Dr. Johnson was thirty years old when he commenced work upon his dictionary.

Mary Agnes Fleming at the time of her death, a few years ago, was under a contract to write ten stories for \$75,000. They were to be produced at the rate of two a year, thus making her income \$15,000 per annum.

"The Wrong Box," a new story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, is published by the Scribners. The coöperation of Mr. Osbourne enables the Scribners to protect the book by copyright.

The time of the *Detroit Free Press* prize story competition has been extended from May 1 to July 1. The competition is for best serial stories: First prize, \$1,600; second prize, \$900; third prize, \$500.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will shortly issue "The Life of Washington," by John T. Morse, Jr., in the "American Statesmen Series."

"Fürst Bismarck und die Litteratur" is the title under which a German writer, Dr. Adolph Kohut, will consider the Chancellor in his relations to journalism and letters.

The ill-health of Mrs. Higginson has postponed Colonel Higginson's European trip.

Of "Stepping Heavenward," by Mrs. Prentiss, 90,000 copies have been sold in fifteen years.

F. Marion Crawford has reached the distinction of being awarded \$200 by the French Academy for the excellence of the French version in which he has produced two of his novels. M. Renan is to write the preface to a French translation of "With the Immortals." Mr. Crawford will shortly return to the United States.

Thomas Nelson Page has sailed for Europe to spend the summer. Mr. Page's wife died but a short time ago, and his last European journey, made but a few years ago, was his wedding trip.

George H. Calvert, who died at Newport a short time ago, was a scholar of refined tastes and wide culture. He had been familiar with Wordsworth, and a welcome guest at Rydal Mount, and his talk about the poet of Nature was especially interesting. Mr. Calvert was a great-grandson of Lord Baltimore.

In pursuance of the plan recently announced of presenting from time to time original articles on current topics of general interest, *Public Opinion*, of Washington, in its issue of June 8 printed four original papers under the head of "The Saloon in Politics," each presenting a different phase of the great question. General Clinton B. Fisk speaks for prohibition, Hon. Ernest H. Crosby for high license, Hon. Chauncey F. Black for anti-prohibition, and Mr. Albert Griffin for the anti-saloon movement.

Dress for May and June begins with an illustrated article on physical culture, which should be read by every woman.

More than 100,000 copies of Oliver B. Bunce's excellent little manual of behavior, "Don't," have been sold in this country, and as many more in England.

A book dealing with the "Poets of Essex County" (Mass.) will soon appear in Salem from the pen of Mr. Sidney Perley. The volume will contain brief biographies of 191 writers who were born or who lived and wrote within the borders of old Essex; also a number of selections from their writings. Among these poets are Whittier, Epes Sargent, Lucy Larcom, George Lunt, William Winter, Jones Very, Lydia L. A. Very, Charles T. Brooks, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Caroline A. Mason, John Pierpont, and General Albert Pike.

A volume of essays on George Meredith, as novelist and poet, is coming out in London. Mr. Le Gallienne is the author. A bibliography of Meredith's writings will be attached to the book.

Charles Edwin Markham, of San José, California, author of the fine poem entitled "A Lyric of the Dawn," in the May *Scribner's*, is, perhaps, the most striking and original mind in the group of poets now on the Pacific coast. His early life was full of trial and bitter grief, yet, even in boyhood, his thoughts were touched with ideal sentiments. His fine imaginative lyric in *Scribner's* proves that he still follows the vision. Our highest critical authority in poetry has said of his poems that "they are truly and exquisitely poetic." While Mr. Markham is not a confirmed sonneteer, still his work in this field is strong and original, as is witnessed by his "Cricket" and his "After Reading Shakspeare," both of which appeared in the *Century Magazine*. He is now engaged in preparing some poems for early publication, among which are "A Sermon to the Parson" and "A Song to Shelley."

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THE AUTHOR'S WAY TO WEALTH.

Some of us have probably read the story of the man who applied to a firm of subscription publishers for the right to canvass for a certain work. "What do you know about that book?" asked the magnate of the office. "Well," answered the would-be agent, "I wrote it, and I thought perhaps this way I might get a little money out of it." We remembered it, perhaps, when, in a late number of *THE WRITER* we read that discouragingly truthful article on "The Literary Market." We recalled it again over *THE AUTHOR'S* account of how Mr. Gunter made \$35,000 because he had to be his own publisher. Must the little Unknowns of literature be their own publishers, or agents, to get back the cost of clothing their brain children for the public eye? It looks that way, and here is another illustration on the same line.

An acquaintance of mine wrote some years ago a little book, the retail price of which

was, according to binding, seventy-five cents or one dollar a copy. On this she had the usual ten per cent. royalty; but the book went off slowly, and the returns were small. Finally it occurred to her to order one hundred copies, and see if she could not find purchasers among her acquaintances. As she was poor and pious, of course her friends bought. She extended her field of operations to neighboring towns; then to neighboring states. Presently she called for a new and larger edition, and this, after two years, is again nearly exhausted.

Now, on the old plan she made seven and one-half and ten cents a copy on each book sold; about enough by the year to keep her in shoestrings. By the new arrangement the books were furnished her at seventeen and twenty-three cents respectively, and retailing at the usual rates she had fifty-seven and seventy-seven cents on each copy, and can make a comfortable living. The moral is plain. It takes a certain assurance, of course; but the knowledge that "there's millions in it" ought to stiffen the weakest backbone; and if one can only persuade himself, — as the author in question has done, — that the public will really be helped by his book, that, indeed, though it may not know it, it is hungering and thirsting for it, — why the work is easy.

Another acquaintance acted as agent of his own novel by sending postals to all his friends offering the book at a small discount from the usual rates; but this was not so effective. One may tear up a postal card, as one may shut the door in an agent's face. But when author and agent are one, and before your face, the appeal is made at once to your curiosity and your courtesy. If you know him, how can you refuse, — since you know also the trials of the

trade, the toil over manuscripts and the heartless editors who don't return your stamps?

Emily F. Wheeler.

SOME PAINS OF AUTHORSHIP.

It is probably true, as has been often claimed, that the scholar is the most favored of mankind, and that literature is the most enjoyable of pursuits. The present writer, at least, accepts these propositions. Yet there are certain distinct drawbacks on authorship, discomforts rarely foreseen by the beginner, and seldom mentioned in print by the veteran practitioner. The first of these is doubtless shared with other occupations, but is probably felt more keenly by the author than by any one else,—the shortness of human life itself. Let the most laborious writer do his best, he dies with his work incomplete; and not this alone, but he lives with an increasing accumulation of the most attractive employment that must be foregone for sheer want of time. More and more themes press upon him, more and more illustrations occur, more and more studies open out interesting pathways; and while he perhaps does more and more, he seems to himself to do less and less. In youth I loved mathematics beyond all other studies; I now dwell close beside a great observatory, where busy mathematicians work day and night; yet I cannot, for want of time, even dabble in their equations and logarithms. Just beyond the observatory lies a botanic garden; behind my house dwell two living Cyclopedias of American History; a little way off, in the other direction, dwells the Autocrat of Entomology, with a picturesque laboratory of butterflies, living, dead, and fossil. An accomplished French scholar lives in my street; professors of Greek abound in the neighborhood; there is a library of 260,000 volumes within a mile. All these men and institutions fascinate me; it would be pleasant to spend a lifetime at the feet of each or in employing the material they offer; but it is simply impossible. It is necessary, as Emerson says, to "make their choice of this or that," and forego the rest. No literary man ever led a serener or more fortunate life than Professor Longfellow, yet we find him in his journals constantly lamenting that he can accomplish so little. "Even the greatest," he says, "cannot execute one-tenth part of what they conceive." ("Life," II., 47.)

But there are other discomforts which belong peculiarly to the literary profession. The habit of verbal expression has its own Nemesis; when a man once makes it his life-long business to shape his thoughts into words, the practice becomes his master. As

soon as the thought comes into his head it must be shaped and re-shaped, though he lie awake at night to do it. Even an insignificant letter, once received, must be answered; and the victim begins turning over and over in his mind the way to utter something which in itself is hardly worth saying. The painter must wait for his brush, the sculptor for his clay; but the literary workman has his words, which are his brush and clay, always in his mind, and can vex himself over them in the dark, on his pillow. When the words are shaped on paper at last, the relief will be inexpressible; it is the preliminary period before one gets to the paper that is hard: *L'esprit conçoit avec douleur; mais il enfante avec délices*. Heine says that it would be terrible to create a body and have it demand of us a soul, but that it is still worse to create a soul that craves a body. "The idea which we have thought is such a soul, and it allows us no peace until we have completed its existence."

Still another trouble grows out of this acquired habit of expression,—an undue sensitiveness when any defect of expression occurs. Just as hosts are apt to feel that their dinner-party was a failure from some slight *contretemps* which perhaps passed wholly unnoticed by others; just as a public speaker lies awake worrying over some unfortunate phrase which did not seriously mar his speech; so the author criticises his own work, when once finished, more rancorously than if he edited the *Saturday Review*. If it is a poem, a single lame rhyme; if a story, a single clumsy situation; if an essay, a single false argument, more than neutralizes to him all the charms his best admirers find in "that delightful production." It is not the result of a sensitive conscience alone; a typographical error may be yet worse, for then all the wrath may be heaped on some other head. Now, as, in spite of all exhausting efforts, every volume yet printed has had its weak point in this respect, it may be safely said that every new book costs its author a pang. The printer of Longfellow's "Dante" told me that the poet had looked forward with eager anticipation to its appearance, and when the first volume of the sumptuous book was laid upon the breakfast table, he opened at once upon—a misprint. It was many weeks, my informant said, before the poet could revert with any satisfaction to what he then regarded as his greatest work.

And it is, finally, this last point which constitutes the greatest trial in authorship,—the absolute impossibility of an author's determining what is his greatest work, or of his knowing when he has done a good thing, or, indeed, whether he has ever accom-

plished anything. He can no more judge of the quality of his work,—to use Coleridge's illustration,—than a bee knows the flavor of its own honey. None experienced this better than Coleridge himself, when, as we learn in the late Memoirs of Thomas Poole, he and Wordsworth devoted a laborious winter to composing, the one his "Remorse," the other his "Borderers," and regarded "The Ancient Mariner" as merely the trivial by-play and relief from those heavy and unread dramas. The author cannot trust his own judgment, for are not parents commonly fondest of their most ungainly offspring? He cannot trust his wife; he cannot rely on his friend. The contribution which one editor rejects with scorn, another editor accepts with plaudits. If he wins temporary applause, the author is tempted to distrust public opinion; if the breath of fame does not reach him, that distrust only increases. Let him fail never so utterly, he can still appeal, like Carlyle's Frenchman, to posterity and the immortal gods,—both these tribunals being very far away. So far as the delights of the immediate employment are concerned, I believe that no pursuit can rival literature; but it is proper to warn the young that even its most favored paths are not always strewn with roses.—*T. W. Higginson, in The Independent.*

HOW TO USE THE PEN.

Every time you are tempted to say an ungentle word, or write an unkind line, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop; look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then. Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp on my girdle, and hang his hide on my fence, I write a letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him? Gall and *aqua fortis* drip from my blistering pen. Then—I don't mail the letter, and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say, "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh, and say, "Pshaw!" and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am

ashamed that I ever wrote it, and I hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I have n't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day, as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tired, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—*Robert F. Burdette.*

MOTHERS IN FICTION.

A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room, where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been a stillness there for a little while, when the boy spoke: "I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction." "Why, there are, dear; there must be," the mother answered quickly; but when she tried to name one, she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I, too, immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. So obvious and so pregnant a theme had surely not been neglected by novelists. Maternal love! Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I, too, have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would so easily be found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best-known writers, their treatment of the subject appears both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they have one and all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation.

There are many figures in fiction movingly illustrative of paternal, filial, fraternal, and sisterly affection. Clive Newcomb's love for his old father is outdone by the Colonel's devotion to his son; Romola's dutiful affection for her father is beauti-

ful, and so is the mutual love of Mollie Gibson and her father, in "Wives and Daughters"; Harry and George Warrington, Seth and Adam Bede, are delightful portraits of mutual brotherly love; Scott, in Jeanie Deans, has immortalized a sister's devotion, and in Florence Dombey Dickens has given it a pathetic loveliness. We find mothers sketched in as subordinate characters here and there in novels. Mrs. Garth, in "Middlemarch," is a good specimen of motherhood, and so is Bell Robson, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers"; both of these, however, are not depicted as mothers only or chiefly, but also as wives, true and faithful. The Robson family is one of the most finely drawn groups in fiction; the passionate mutual devotion of the father and the daughter, whose ardent, undisciplined nature was derived from his, and the deep and steadfast love of Bell's finely balanced character, are portrayed with an admirable force. Rufus Lyon and Esther are another pair that cannot be overlooked. Dolly Winthrop, — dear soul! — contains all the sweet essence of motherhood in her ample person, although it is not in relation to any child of hers that this deep instinct displays itself. Dolly is a type of the genuine womanhood which includes motherhood, and with what wonderful simplicity she is set before us! Mrs. Yoebright, in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native," is a sketch firmly and strongly drawn, as all that able writer's are, and the filial sentiment in the unfortunate Clym responds to the maternal feelings in his mother's intense soul. I know of no author who has shown a finer appreciation of maternal character than Miss Yonge, who has written too much for her own reputation, and whose work has been so self-restricted within a certain rather narrow sphere of observation that it has not appealed to a wide audience. Yet her earlier and best novels contain much fine and admirably true portraiture of character, and the influence of the mother in family life has never been better depicted. In the "Heir of Redclyffe" the most natural and charming figure is that of Mrs. Edmondston, who so gently manages for his good her kind-hearted, hasty-tempered husband, and lends to each member of the household, in turn, the counsels of her mild wisdom. In the "Daisy Chain," though Mrs. May dies and departs from the scene after the first chapter or two, she remains vividly present as a memory and an influence throughout the whole of the two volumes. Dr. May, always his wife's lover, is as real and charming a man, and as good a father of a much too numerous family, as can be found anywhere. — *Atlantic Monthly for June.*

HOW AUTHORS WRITE. — II.

Below are presented the remainder of the letters from the leading authors and writers of the country, describing their methods of work and giving their ideas regarding composition: —

Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy: "I am more ready to admit 'the superiority of the typewriter in the transference of words to paper,' than in the transference of thoughts, — that is, 'in actual composition.' No typewriter could compass the interlineations, erasures, and general dislocations of some of my pages, nor could I manage one very well in a boat on the river, in the woods, — the thousand places, in short, where a pencil can go. As for dictation 'in actual composition,' — possibly, when long acquaintance with the muse shall have bred in us the easy tolerance of long companionship, a third party will not be *de trop*. At present, however, we are such fools as to love to be alone."

Amelia E. Barr: "I make the first draft of my story with a pencil. I never have dictated. The final copies are made with the Remington No. 2 typewriter. I have used it for two years and find it the very greatest help, as I can make two fair copies at once, one for Dodd, Mead, & Co., the other for my English publishers, James Clarke & Co."

Sarah Orne Jewett: "I have done every line of writing for my books and magazine stories with my own hand; of late years I have used quills from time to time, but usually depend upon Esterbrook's 'J' pens."

Margaret J. Preston: "For half a dozen years past I have done my literary work wholly by dictation, — not altogether from choice, but because I have been suffering greatly from over-taxed sight, and am, therefore, obliged to spare my eyes. I dictate to an amanuensis, — finding it too trying to use the typewriter myself. At first I found this process not agreeable; but constant practice has accustomed me to it, until now I dictate with as much ease almost as if I used the pen in my own hand."

Will Carleton: "I learned phonography before entering college, found it of use to me during my course, and use it considerably now. In composition I use longhand, but in taking notes I employ the magic stenographic characters, especially if quickness is essential."

Edward S. Ellis: "I have used the typewriter for ten years for all purposes of composition. I use my typewriter as I formerly used a pen, making my

first and only copy, which is then carefully revised and prepared for the press. A writer becomes so accustomed to the movement of the machine that his thoughts flow as readily as with the pen, while the speed and legibility secured are beyond comparison with the work even of the most skilful penman."

John G. Whittier: "Thus far I have used the pen, without recourse to typewriter or stenographer. Of late I have not written much beyond brief letters."

M. M. Ballou: "I use the pen altogether in preparing my manuscript for the press. It requires a special gift to dictate to another person. That mode of composition is, I think, the best for commercial correspondence. I once knew an author who set up his own matter at the type-case, without writing it out at all, and he was a prolific contributor to the literary press."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood: "I have generally made use of the pen, as my method of composition is slow and exceedingly painstaking, a day's work receiving many polishings before it goes into final manuscript. Several years ago I tried the typewriter, and liked it very much for correspondence and for copying manuscript after it had been cast into shape. One needs, however, to be in constant practice to use a typewriter well."

George Makepeace Towle: "I always use a stub pen in composing, as well as for letter-writing."

H. H. Boyesen: "I never use a typewriter, or any other mechanical contrivance, as, after repeated trials, I find that its click disturbs my thought. I cannot get accustomed to it."

Rose Terry Cooke: "I have always written with a gold pen, on lined paper, the paper held on an ordinary 'printer's clip,' and placed on my lap. I attribute the fact that I have never had writer's paralysis during forty years of literary work to this natural position of my arm and hand. I am too old to learn typewriting; and I am sure, if I could, that my thoughts would not be as perfectly *en rapport* with the keys as they are with my old-fashioned pen."

W. H. H. Murray: "Nearly all I have written for the public for the last fifteen years has been dictated to a typewriter. I did for a time dictate portions of my work to a stenographer, but found that the speed easily attainable by an expert on a typewriter was fully equal to the demand made upon it by my habit of dictation. I dictate, as a rule, from thirty to fifty words per minute when composing."

Mary J. Holmes: "I am old-fashioned enough to still cling to the steel pen, although quite sure that I should like the typewriter better were I accustomed to it."

Charles Dudley Warner: "I have never tried the typewriter or dictation to a stenographer. I use a pen, and I rather think that inspiration,—if there is any,—comes out of the two fingers and the thumb. While I do not write as rapidly as some, I never copy, and rarely rewrite."

Edgar Saltus: "I fail to see in what way my manner of writing can be of interest to any one, but since you do me the honor to make the inquiry, I may say that the critics accuse me of writing with a lexicon, but that in reality I write with my nerves."

Charles A. Fosdick ("Harry Castlemon"): "I have used a typewriter for six years. I use it in actual composition, and my ordinary speed is three or four pages an hour; but don't understand me to say that I turn off that amount of copy. I can't do it. I never send away a manuscript until it suits me in every particular, and consequently it has to stand a good deal of revising. If I get eight, or at the most twelve, pages out of a day's work, or a book of three hundred pages out of six or seven hundred, I think myself lucky. There is one respect in which the typewriter of to-day is deficient: It does not do away with the long siege of study and reading an author has to go through before he gets himself in shape to begin a series of books. George Eliot read a whole library to get the information she wanted before beginning work upon 'Daniel Deronda,' and people spoke of it as something marvellous, and began to think that perhaps writing was not the only work an author has to do. The only 'method' I have is to get my ideas well in hand, and go to work. I can usually see the end from the beginning, but I see it dimly; and if I laid out a regular 'plot,' I should be almost sure to lose or run away from it. One idea suggests another, and sometimes thoughts come so rapidly that I have to jot them down as they occur, in order to make sure of getting them in in their proper places. On other days, literary labor is worse than digging out roots with a grubbing hoe; and then there is nothing for it, for me, but to put the cover on the typewriter, and take up the fishing-rod or rifle. A day on the lake or in the woods makes an agreeable break in the round of drudgery and toil that is never separable from a writer's existence, gives the wearied brain a respite, and sends one back to his desk with a longer lease of life."

Francis Parkman: "I commonly write rough drafts with a lead pencil, and they are then copied by another hand."

Theodore Roosevelt: "As I write slowly and interline very often, I have so far used the pen; but I think I shall soon come to the typewriter."

Augusta Evans Wilson: "I write my novels with pen and ink, and then carefully copy the MSS. for press. Because of feeble health, my last book, — 'At the Mercy of Tiberius,' — was written with pencil, and the MS. was copied by a typewriter, while I dictated. In view of economy of time and labor, I should cordially commend the use of a typewriting machine."

R. H. Stoddard: "Owing to my blindness past, and in a lesser degree present, I am compelled to use the hand of another. Given eyesight, and the use of my own right hand, I prefer for myself manuscript to type."

B. P. Shillaber: "The typewriter is comparatively new, and, from my complete isolation, I have never once seen one; but from a vague idea formed from what I have heard, I should think it might be an excellent thing for those engaged in elaborate correspondence or composition, but the poetry of the pen must all be forgotten, crushed out between the cogs. I like my pen too well to surrender it to any invention."

Brander Matthews: "I do all my writing with a stylographic pen. But I have all articles of importance, all stories, all plays, copied by the typewriter, and revise carefully this typewritten copy, finding great advantage in thus seeing my MS. in print. I may say that I find the typewritten copy a most useful half-way house between MS. and printer's proof."

Adeline D. T. Whitney: "In making my rough draft of literary work, I have, until of late, always used pencils; keeping plenty of them pointed, so as to throw down one and take up another as fast as blunted; but since I adopted the stylographic pen, I find it the greatest possible help to me, and really think it facilitates thought, by affording such uninterrupted means of committing it to paper. I do not like to typewrite the first composition; I like to lounge and be quiet over my work, rather than 'go at it with hammer and tongs.' But I have used a Remington for many years in copying for the press. It has been a positive enjoyment to *play off* a morning's work in the afternoon of the same day; although I do by no means always keep copied up to the last line in that way."

Edith M. Thomas: "I have never dictated to a stenographer or made use of typewriting; hence, have no opinion formulated upon the subject."

Thomas Hardy: "In reply to your inquiry as to my method of transferring thoughts to paper, I beg to state that I write them in longhand. I have occasionally dictated; but not to a shorthand writer."

Julia C. R. Dorr: "I write with a pen always."

John Burroughs: "What little writing I do is done with a steel pen. I have never used anything else, and it is too late in the day for me to change my habit in this respect."

George Parsons Lathrop: "In literary composition and in letter-writing, I always use the pen, and have never employed the method of dictation. I frequently have my compositions copied by typewriters."

Hezekiah Butterworth: "I write my MSS. first with a pencil on block paper or reporter's paper, correct them, and then send them to the typewriter. It costs me about \$2 to have a MS. of 3,000 words put into typewriting. I usually receive \$10 or more per thousand words for my stories and articles; from \$10 to \$15. I am too much pressed for time to rewrite, and my penmanship has become very poor by rapid writing. The typewriter thus relieves me of mechanical work, and the printer of very bad MS."

John Lillie: "My habit has been for years to use nothing but black lead pencil and soft paper; always providing about a dozen sharpened pencils before I begin to write. Printers like pencil writing as well as ink; a pencil is far easier to write with, and less liable, I think, to give you writers' cramp. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mr. O'Donnell, M. P., both journalists and prolific writers, do all their work by typewriter. Many journalists use it, and most dramatists, but very few authors, I think, apart from these. In my experience of ten years as assistant editor of two leading magazines, I found very few typewritten MSS. passed through my hands; not more than two or three per cent. In general, I think a writer who deals chiefly with sober facts is greatly helped by stenography and the typewriter; an imaginative writer finds little advantage in either. I have read MSS. from most of the leading novelists of the present day, and, with one exception, I think, they were all written by the author's own hand. At the same time, I know several English novelists who employ shorthand writers to do their correspondence and other work, *apart from story-writing.*"

Charles Barnard: "I use a stylographic pen. Have tried both dictation and typewriter, but both were wholly unsatisfactory. I do not find either equal to the ancient tool. Dictation tends to diffuseness, and makes the work too colloquial, — at least, with me."

Henrietta E. V. Stannard ("John Strange Winter"): "I use a short, plain, silver pen-holder fitted with a gold 'J' pen, the best blue lined paper, and Stephen's blue-black ink. I have done this for years, and turn out beautiful MS., generally without a mistake from beginning to end, and very easy for the printers to copy. I have been so afraid of letting myself get slipshod that I am now, after fifteen years' work, for the first time writing a story in which I allow myself to use such abbreviations as 'thoro'ly,' '&,' 'altho,' etc."

Rev. Robert Collyer: "I do my own writing, such as it is, with my own hand, and have never used a typewriter or any other contrivance to save labor. I did dictate two sermons many years ago, but the plan did not seem to work. My wife, who is my most faithful guardian, says there is something missing, — she could not tell what, nor could I; but the result was that I fell back on my old method, and am contented to follow it still."

Mary Ainge de Vere ("Madeline Bridges"): I use a coarse, common steel pen and open inkstand. I work with great rapidity, and rarely erase or interline, — my first copy usually goes to print. In the matter of dictation I feel a curious sense of restraint. I could never accomplish my best work in that way. When I am writing anything pathetic I always *cry over* it, and what should I do with an unsympathetic stenographer at a moment of that kind?"

Professor Josiah Royce: "Chiefly because I have never been able to afford to buy any of the very best typewriters, and partly because I begrudge the time needed to become expert in the use of one, I still employ in writing my very awkward hand and a fountain pen. As to the effect of the more modern methods upon style, I very much question whether dictation, even to a stenographer, would generally work well for purely literary purposes. A man can indeed cultivate a fair *ex tempore* style (if I may be pardoned the expression), even although he be no sort of an orator. But *ex tempore* discourse requires the stimulus given by an audience that takes more than a perfunctory interest. Hence dictation seems to me rather a method for business correspondence than a truly literary device."

W. E. Norris: "Until lately I have almost always copied out my own MSS. for the printers; but I have now begun to have them typewritten for me, which is certainly a saving of time and trouble at a small expense. I do not use the typewriter myself."

The individual methods in composition of the recognized literary leaders of this country (and many from abroad) have been interestingly presented. Acknowledgment is general that the typewriter is the instrument to use if speed and ease of work is sought; yet many of the best writers believe that rapidity of composition is not to be desired, and that pleasing and graceful expressions seldom resolve without much careful thought. Yet it seems to be overlooked that the typewriter will produce manuscript fast or slow at the option of the operator, giving to it the added attraction of being at once "in print." More than one-fourth of those who write in longhand strongly recommend that manuscript when completed be in typewriting, thus largely increasing the chance of acceptance should the author be unknown, and, in any event, rendering the work of the reader and compositor far less laborious. — *S. B. Phillips, in the Phonographic World.*

A TALK WITH MR. HOWELLS.

W. D. Howells has recently gone to his summer home near Boston. Just before he started I had the rare good fortune to meet him socially, and he entertained me for something like two hours with a talk largely of a personal nature. During the conversation I ventured to inquire of Mr. Howells how he was enjoying life in the metropolis.

"Oh, very much," was his ready response. "I regard New York as an especially attractive city in which to reside, even more so than London or Paris. Yes, I like New York, my work is here, and here I am content to live and toil. I go away with my family very soon to one of the suburban towns near Boston to pass the summer, but we shall be back again in the autumn."

"Can literature be made a profession to-day, the same as any other?"

"I don't see why it cannot be. With me it is a profession, wholly so, and, in fact, it has always been, at least ever since I seriously took up the work of writing. However, I suppose I'm the only person in this country to-day who makes literature strictly a profession. Still, in the case of one who has the necessary adaptation to the work, with the same energy and zeal expended as in any other pur-

suit, I do not see why authorship may not be made a profession or business the same as anything else. It is simply a question of fitness and persistency, and that alone."

"At the present time, what is the outlook for poetry in this country?"

"Of course, this may be regarded as a period when the drift of taste is almost entirely in the direction of the novel or short story. Yet I would by no means seek to discourage any one from attempting verse as the medium of expression, though, regarded from a pecuniary standpoint, the returns are very slight. We have in this country some writers of verse,—I refer to the younger poets,—who are certainly doing most excellent work, and certainly they ought to receive more encouragement from the public."

"I recall very pleasantly, Mr. Howells," I remarked, "a little poem of yours which I came across in some paper many years ago. It bore no name, but ran as follows:—

'Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept.'"

"Yes," he returned, with a smile, "I remember it. It was the work of my early years, away back in the days when my great ambition was to become a poet. That, and several other poems of mine, came to the notice of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he gave them a place in the pages of the magazine. Thinking of those verses now, especially of the one you refer to, it seems almost incredible that I wrote them. It seems to me it would be next to impossible for me to write them now. My gift, rude as it is, lies in quite another direction. Some time ago a lady friend of mine importuned me to write a poem for her for a given purpose, and, after a good deal of labor, I succeeded in my efforts, but it really amounted to a struggle."

"Did story-writing come easy to you at first?"

"Dear me, no. I remember very distinctly the first story I attempted to write, the only one, in fact, before the one entitled "Their Wedding Journey," though the latter is hardly in the nature of a story, being more properly a series of sketches. It was long ago, when I lived in Ohio. At the time I was assisting my father in editing a paper. I got along very well with my story until I wanted to draw it to a close, and in my efforts to do so I got into a most horrible condition of affairs."

"I suppose it is comparatively easy for you to write a story nowadays?"

"Oh! very far from it. Why, returning to a story after I have left it for only a few hours, I find it exceedingly difficult to resume work. So many new ideas will have come to me during the

interim that it is impossible to know for some time in what way to use the material. With me, at the best, composition is slow and laborious, and yet there is something about it that renders it very fascinating. But few of us are constituted as Anthony Trollope was, who could perform a given amount of work each day during the entire year, and keep it up year after year. Trollope was a man not merely of wonderful system, but of great physical endurance. In my own case, I am far from strong, and am obliged to limit my work to the condition of my health and the state of my mind. As a general thing, three and four hours a day is all the time I feel able to give to my work; the rest of my time I devote to outdoor exercise of a moderate character, aside from a few hours set apart for reading and social enjoyment."

"Do you consider it advantageous for a literary worker to reside East, that is, in or near the great centres?"

"Most assuredly I do. A writer so situated can take his work in person from one editor to another, in cases where it has been declined. Then, too, a writer residing in, or close by, the great centres, like Boston or New York, for instance, has an opportunity to be thrown more into social contact with other writers. This fact has its great advantages."

"Do you mean to have me understand that editors like to have writers submit their contributions in person?"

"Why, editors don't like to have manuscripts submitted any way, but as they are dependent on contributions in order to keep the magazines in existence, I see no reason why they should object in the least to this method of receiving contributions more than in the other case."

"Is there any reason for the theory advanced by some persons, to the effect that magazine editors do not read all contributions sent them?"

"As a rule, all articles are carefully examined, no matter from what source they emanate. Of course, there are certain exceptions, as, for instance, the subject of a given article may not strike an editor favorably, or he may have material on hand bearing upon the subject. Again, after reading a few lines of an article, an editor very often can decide respecting its availability. The style of the article may be against it, and the practical editor rarely ever makes a mistake in judgment. But editors are always on the outlook for new material as well as new writers, and are only too glad to get hold of something which is fresh and original, even if it chances to come,—as it so often does,—from a person who is wholly unknown."

"What about the school of realism, of which you are, so to speak, in this country the apostle?"

"Oh, I do not know that I am altogether entitled to that distinction. There are others working in the same line; for example, there are Miss Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Lathrop, and several others whom I could mention. In a certain sense, Aldrich is a realist, and, to some extent, Cable is."

"Yes, Mr. Howells, but you were the one to take the initiatory step."

"Possibly that is true, because I could not help regarding realism as the true method in fiction."

"But the poetry element is not so marked in the realistic as in the romantic."

"But, you see, I think it is even more marked. The very simplicity of realism is poetry in its highest form. In realism there is the disposition to adhere to truth, and what is higher than truth? Now, I confess to an admiration for Ouida, and enjoy her novels, not so much, of course, for what she says as for the manner in which she says it. Tolstoi and all that school of Russian realists are wonderful; there is nothing like their work in all fiction. A certain eminent scholar and writer of our country, referring to Walter Scott's novels not long since, took occasion to state that it was very delightful in these modern days, when Tolstoi and others were being so much read and discussed, to turn back to the great Scotchman for intellectual refreshment. I think the gentleman in question lost sight of the fact that hardly any one to-day could return to Scott and his followers for entertainment and find satisfaction. The truth is, the people of the present day require quite another kind of reading from that which afforded pleasure fifty and less years ago. The short story has taken a great hold upon the popular mind, both abroad and in this country. When successfully handled, it is simply wonderful what a power it has with the reader. But it does not seem to me that I could write a short story, and I prefer to leave the field to others who are better able to work the ground."

— *Walter Brooks, in the Brooklyn Citizen.*

THE MECHANICS OF VERSE.

It is our purpose neither to indorse nor to apologize for incorrect or slovenly rhyme. We think that the reading public has been educated up to the point now where it insists imperatively upon perfect mechanics in verse; the growth of music has undoubtedly done much to bring about this condition. Still, there are many who claim that the poet should be allowed a certain freedom in order

that his best thought shall not be hampered by too severe rules of poetic expression. That which is called poetic license has been indulged to a preposterous extent by those who are still known as "our great poets." Here are several specimens of Alexander Pope's verse:—

"Then in the scale of life and sense 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as *man*."

"Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with *thought*."

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature is to copy *them*."

"For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish by excess of *blood*."

"Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of *vice*,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, *destroys*."

Pope scanned all his lines with a tape measure, but when it came to rhyming, he never stopped at niceties. John Dryden has left us a number of remarkable rhymes,—to wit, wish and bliss, grout and shut, forth and worth, inclose and brows, cord and bird, oak and struck, blood and strow'd, rock and smoke, weight and flight, dressed and fist, steel and well, etc., *ad infinitum*.

So careful a writer as Joseph Addison did not hesitate to avail himself of the poetic license in these specimens of his verse:—

"And sometimes cast an eye upon the *east*,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden *west*."

"One sees her thighs transformed; another *views*
Her arms shoot out and branching into *boughs*."

"When in the sultry glebe I *faint*,
Or on the thirsty mountain *pant*."

As we recollect, Sir Walter Scott's poetry is full of rhyme that is not perfect, and the greatest of modern English poets (invariably careful and correct) does not hesitate to rhyme "hundred" with "thundered," and "wondered" and "blundered"; the grandeur of the theme, the nobility of the thought, and the magnificence of the movement are such that to stop or to carp at that bad rhyme would be a profanation.

Still, it is wise for and it behooves our present-day poets to pay special heed to the mechanics of their verse; mechanics are a part, and *properly* a considerable part, of the treatment of a theme. There is no new thought,—at least, we are continually told so,—therefore, success in verse depends wholly upon the treatment of an old theme or an old idea; and, this being the case, the mechanics of verse,—the *form* of treatment,—must be diligently studied, applied, and conserved.—*Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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If you do not receive your magazine regularly and promptly, let the publisher know.

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The department of "Queries" in THE AUTHOR is in the hands of the readers of the magazine. They are invited to ask questions relating to literary matters, and to answer questions asked by others, when they can.

The interesting series of letters entitled "How Authors Write" is concluded in the *Phonographic World* for July, and condensed extracts from the most important letters are reprinted in this month's AUTHOR. The series has been both entertaining and instructive, and no one can have read the letters without gaining many valuable suggestions.

A special arrangement has been made by which *Current Literature* (price, three dollars) and THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR (price, of either magazine, one dollar) will be sent for one year to any new subscriber for three dollars, in advance. All three magazines will be sent for one year to new subscribers for four dollars. Subscriptions must be addressed to the publisher of THE WRITER. Early advantage should be taken of this opportunity.

EDITORIAL DELAYS.

One would be led to think, from reading the inquiries and complaints from authors regarding the wicked editor and his delay in acknowledging the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts, that delays are a new feature in the literary world. In turning over the pages of *Godey's Lady's Book* for the year 1849, how-

ever, I came across the following editorial note to correspondents:—

"We have been obliged to defer the examination of a large number of articles. Next month we shall report on all we can accept. Many of the rejected articles have merit to entitle them to a place in the *Book*, if we had room; but as we have not, we trust each author, after waiting *six months* without seeing a notice, will conclude his or her article is not wanted, and if a copy has been kept (as each writer should), such article might be sent to some publication not so greatly favored with *good contributors* as is the *Lady's Book*."

C. L. Stonaker.

PUEBLO, Colo.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 33.— Can anybody tell me who published a book called, I believe, "Miss Mallows in Search of a Publisher," and where a copy, new or second hand, can be obtained?

J. W.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

No. 34.— Will readers of THE AUTHOR kindly name some of the best books on English grammar and kindred subjects adapted to the use of a young newspaper writer who would cultivate the ability to write clear and vigorous English?

J. B. L.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Bellamy.— Edward Bellamy is a native and resident of Chicopee Falls, a quiet village near Springfield, Mass. He is thirty-nine years of age, though his face, which is strong and earnest, hardly looks it. He has an attractive personality, is cordial in his manners, and talks easily and well. He was married seven or eight years ago, and has two interesting children. After studying at Union College, where he took a part of the regular course, he pursued his studies for a year in Germany, and on his return studied law, and was admitted to the bar. The bent of his tastes was shown by his entering, in 1871, the year he came of age, on journalistic work in New York, where he was on the staff of *The Evening Post*. In the following year he became editorial writer and book-reviewer on the *Springfield Union*, remaining on its staff till 1876, when he

gave up journalism for more distinctively literary work. He took a trip to the Sandwich Islands that year, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and returning across the continent. Mr. Bellamy's first book was "A Nantucket Idyl," a summer novel, which had considerable popularity when it first appeared and is still in demand. Not long after the publication of this book his quaint story, entitled "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," was brought out as a serial in the *Springfield Union*. "Miss Ludington's Sister" was another story which exhibited his imaginative powers in a striking way. In an entirely different vein is his "Romance of Shay's Rebellion," which he wrote for the *Berkshire Courier*. Besides these books, he contributed some thirty or forty stories to the magazines, *The Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Appleton's Journal*, and others. "Looking Backward," which was published a year ago last winter, is said to differ from his earlier stories, which depict human motives in a seemingly cynical way, by reason of the sentiment of brotherhood which animates it, and which reflects the true spirit of the man as well as of the author. It is an interesting illustration of the modesty of Edward Bellamy, that even after his original publishers had issued a paper edition of his famous book, they had never met him, while most of the persons who had written to him about it were obliged to address him through them. — *Alexander Young, in The Critic.*

Collins.— Wilkie Collins, the man of many plots, is growing old. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick, and his figure is bent even beyond his years. He has a fine head, brilliant eyes, and a face expressive of both strength and kindliness. He is a rich man and has attained wealth with the pen, which he still plies daily, and nearly the whole day at that, working from sheer love of his art, since the necessity for work has long since passed. He lives north of Hyde Park in Gloucester place, and entertains a few literary people occasionally in his immense house, but usually spends his evenings at his club. His method of life is luxurious, and he counts his servants by the half dozen, from the typical English housekeeper, who runs his bachelor establishment on oiled and noiseless wheels, down to the nattiest and airiest of "Buttons." Mr. Collins is a charming host, and a still more charming guest. He is in constant demand for dinners and literary evenings, but it is not often that he can be wooed from the whist table in a corner of the club card-room, where his striking head has become as familiar to the habitués as the fresco on the wall behind it. — *Current Literature.*

Diaz.—Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz was born in Plymouth, Mass. In her early youth she was a zealous abolitionist. Later she became a teacher, and began writing for magazines. "The William Henry Letters," one of her first efforts, appeared first in *Our Young Folks*. Mrs. Diaz is a remarkably bright, energetic woman. She is the president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Her home is in Belmont. — *Book News*.

Gilder.—R. W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, and his family have gone to Marion, where they have a cottage of their own, and where Mrs. Cleveland will pass the summer. She and the Gilders are great friends. The *Century* is a co-operative concern, and consequently Mr. Gilder is benefiting by its prosperity. At the end of each year a certain share of the profits is divided among the employees, and Mr. Gilder, as chief of these, gets the largest sum. It is said that last year his share amounted to \$30,000. As a result of this, he has left the queer old house made out of a stable in which he has lived for so many years, and moved into a handsome new one down near Washington square. He is a melancholy, dark-eyed man, with a wan face, and gray hair worn much longer than is common,—the typical poet in appearance, and in reality one of the shrewdest of business men, whose management of the *Century* has been most successful. His wife was a very pretty woman, the daughter of the man who wrote "The Culpit Fay," but has parted with most of her beauty in favor of her big family of babies. The Gilders are also at home on Sunday night, and collect a good many wealthy people about them, including their big, masculine-looking sister, Jeannette Gilder, who founded *The Critic* and made it a success. She lives in the country with a lot of little orphan nieces and nephews she has adopted, to whom she is both father and mother. — *New York Letter, in Chicago News*.

Howe.—When a young girl Maud Howe took to writing as naturally as a duckling takes to water. She began to scribble poems and stories without the remotest idea that there was any more definite end to this amusing occupation than the filling of spare hours and blank sheets of paper. It was not until she had passed her first score of years, and had written a novel and many verses, that the idea of writing for anything but her own amusement occurred to her. Miss Howe's first published story appeared in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, and for this maiden effort she received a check for \$15,—a sum that she spent immediately for a cast

of the Venus of Milo, which is still among her most precious possessions. After the appearance of this tale,—a dream-story, by the way,—Miss Howe began to write for the newspapers. "A Newport Aquarelle," a sketch of Newport society, Miss Howe's first book, was published anonymously six or seven years ago, and had an immediate success, the first five thousand copies selling within five weeks after it appeared. The "San Rosario Ranch" followed,—a more serious novel, the scene of which is laid in California. This was published under the author's name, as was also "Atalanta in the South," a story of New Orleans life, which Miss Howe wrote for the purpose of bringing the South nearer to the heart of the North. Among her miscellaneous publications are a sketch, in "Famous Women," of her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated last May; a short story called "The Strike," in the *Century* for October, 1888; a dramatic sketch entitled "Golden Meshes," written for George Riddle, the reader; and a novelette, "Mammon," which appeared in *Lippincott's* last summer. Early in 1887 Miss Howe was married to John Elliott, an English artist, and they have made their home in Chicago. Meanwhile she has kept up her literary work. During the past six months she has been engaged in preparing and delivering ten lectures on Contemporaneous Literature, and in writing a love-story for serial publication in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Elliott passes the summer months at her mother's house near Newport, and this is the season that she finds most congenial for her writing. "The summer," she says, "is my best working time, and the morning hours always produce the best work. My working habits may be best described by saying that I seize every minute of the day in which I am not obliged to do something else, and turn always with delight to my reading and writing. In the long summer days, passed in the quiet of a secluded home five miles from Newport, my work has few interruptions. A drive through the quiet country roads or to the town of Newport, and a dip in the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, are the chief diversions I enjoy." — *The Book-Buyer*.

Scott.—I was looking not long ago at the manuscript of "Kenilworth" in the British Museum, and examined the end with particular care, thinking that the wonderful scene of Amy Robsart's death must surely have cost Scott some labor. They were the cleanest pages in the volume. I do not think there was a sentence altered or added in the whole chapter. And what is still more wonderful,

he could dictate with the same rapidity. Three of his novels, and they are among his best, — "A Legend of Montrose," "Ivanhoe," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," — were in great part dictated, the last entirely so, owing to ill health; but his amanuenses declared that they could hardly keep pace with him. During the progress of "The Bride of Lammermoor" his pain was sometimes such that, strong man as he was, he fairly screamed aloud, but with the next breath he would continue the sentence as though nothing had happened. On one occasion his agony was so great that he was begged to give over till it had passed. "Nay," was the answer. "Only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am dead." — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Southworth. — The roll of years is beginning to tell on Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the famous story-writer. She is now seventy-two years of age, and, although still bright and active, requires constant attention, owing to defective eyesight. In her locomotion around the house, she also shows her years. Most of her time is at present spent upon a new novel, which she believes the public will pronounce her best production. As she grows older, the desire seems to grow with the authoress to write a novel that shall stand out from all her many other works as of unusual strength and literary force. Her handwriting is still firm, and she receives friends with her old-time hospitality, although she no longer visits them in return. The authoress lives in Yonkers, at the house of her son, who has a lucrative medical practice. Her regular yearly income is \$10,000, and with this and the royalties on her many books she is able to live comfortably. — *New York Graphic*.

Stead. — W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a small, fidgety man, who would not attract much attention in a crowd. He is one of the few English editors who are feared. His office is in a dingy little alley off the Strand, and up a winding stair to a big room, in which there is a desk littered with papers. The man who startled the world by his exposures of "The Maiden Tribute" works in his shirt sleeves. He talks rapidly, and writes with ease. He boasts that he reads every newspaper published in London, and that no manuscript is returned unread from his office. Most people are surprised that Mr. Stead is so well informed on all public matters, and few persons, even in London, know how he comes by his news. In a big three-story house not far from his office he

keeps a force of women and girls busy reading newspapers. They get papers from every quarter of the globe. By a unique system of scrap-books, every printed paragraph about men and women in public life is clipped, properly classified, and put away for reference. Whenever a new man appears in politics, religion, art, or finance, he is added to the list, and every vote he casts on any question, every speech he makes, or anything that may be printed about him, is classified, and held ready for use. The big house is filled with clippings, and to Stead is more valuable than the British Museum. The material is of great value, and is insured for a large amount. In this building is also an interesting collection of written-out interviews. Mr. Stead has had with public men and women, — interviews given the great editor, not for publication, but for his own personal information. They are with all sorts of people, on all sorts of topics, for Stead is the only English journalist who dares approach Gladstone and other great leaders. — *London Letter*.

Stedman. — Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, was born October 8, 1833, in Hartford, Conn. He was sixteen when he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself by his Greek and Latin compositions, and his poem, "Westminster Abbey" (printed in the *Yale Literary Magazine*), gained for him a first prize. He left college at the age of nineteen, and became editor of the *Norwich Tribune*. In 1853 he married Miss Laura Hyde Woodworth, and the following year became editor of the *Winsted (Conn.) Herald*. In 1856 he moved to New York City, where he contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to the front as war-correspondent to the *New York World*, his crisp, incisive style, keen powers of observation, and fine imaginative faculty making his communications models of what such articles should be. In 1865 he settled down in New York as a broker in Wall street, in which business he is still engaged, his literary work being all done after office hours and during his vacations. In 1859 he published "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic." In 1874, with T. B. Aldrich, he edited "Cameos," selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor; also, with an introduction, the poems of Austin Dobson. About 1875, Mr. Stedman began to devote himself to critical writing, and contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* a series of sketches of the poets and poetry of Great Britain from the accession of Queen Victoria to the present time. These were rewritten, and published as

"Victorian Poets." Ten years later he brought out in a similar manner "Poets of America." In 1877 was published "Hawthorne and other Poems"; this tribute to the great novelist being the finest yet paid to his memory. In 1884 a "Household Edition" of Mr. Stedman's poems was brought out, and his whole works in three volumes in 1885. He is now engaged with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson on "A Library of American Literature," to be completed in ten volumes, of which six are now published. He has been engaged at intervals during many years on a complete metrical translation of the Greek idyllic poets. — *Book News*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney has signed a contract giving her new novel to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in which periodical it will begin in the fall. Few people know, by the way, that Mrs. Whitney is a sister of George Francis Train.

A reporter of the *New York Herald* has been interviewing some of the New York publishers, and says he is convinced that "at no distant day a pool will be formed which will embrace every reprinting firm in the country, the object of which will be to control the foreign book trade of the United States. One of the first results would undoubtedly be an increase in the price of reprints." A trust like this would not last long.

The Bible Society has issued in all nearly 50,000,000 Bibles.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," is living at Ridgewood, N. J. She is an interesting woman of fifty-seven, retaining her beauty of face and sparkle of conversation. She began writing poetry at the age of fifteen. Besides an occasional poem, Mrs. Allen does but little literary work nowadays.

"Log Cabins, and How to Build and Furnish Them," by William S. Wicks, is issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, with many plans and other illustrations.

General Lloyd Brice, to whom Mr. Rice bequeathed a controlling interest in the *North American Review*, has returned from Europe. He says: "If I assume the editorial management of the *Review*, I shall conduct it as nearly as possible on the same lines that characterized Mr. Rice's management." General Brice says he wrote the first draft of his novel, "Alter Ego," during the roll calls of Congress, keeping the manuscript in his desk.

A lugubrious little book, entitled "Epitaphs," has been issued by J. S. Clark & Co., of Louisville, Ky. It contains quotations suitable for gravestones.

Wilkie Collins has had a second stroke of paralysis, and his literary work is probably at an end. His new novel, "Blind Love," is now appearing serially in the *New York World*. A cable despatch says that instructions regarding the final chapters have been given by Mr. Collins to an amanuensis.

Charlotte M. Yonge is writing her one hundred and first book.

Wilkie Collins, it is said, never once failed to keep a contract with a publisher, and never delayed copy beyond the time stated in the contract.

The Pall Mall Gazette says Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler and husband are at present staying in London, and that from London they will go to the Isle of Wight to visit Mr. Chanler's sisters, and a few weeks later they will visit friends who live beside the Thames, after which they will travel until the autumn. Mrs. Chanler is writing a book about children employed in mills.

A biography of John Ruskin, by W. G. Collingwood, is nearly ready for publication in London, and a complete bibliography of Ruskin's writings is in preparation at the hands of Thomas J. Wise, an officer of the Shelley Society. A bibliography of Ruskin was published in this country about ten years ago.

Dr. John M. Crawford, of Cincinnati, the translator of the "Kalevala," has been appointed Consul-General to St. Petersburg. He desired this appointment that he might pursue under favorable conditions his studies of the Finnish language and history. It is promised that from his hands will some day come a history of the Fins and translations of the "Kalevipevg," an epic poem, and the "Kanteletas," a book of ballads and folk songs, neither of which has yet been translated. Dr. Crawford is about forty-two years old. He taught school to pay his expenses through college, and after graduation was professor of mathematics in Chickering Institute, Cincinnati. While there he studied medicine, graduating finally from three different schools of the profession, — the allopathic, homœopathic, and eclectic. After his graduation he was chosen professor of physiology and microscopy in Pulte Medical College. Afterward he was elected to the chair of physical diagnosis and the office of registrar of the college, all of which positions he has since held. His associates at the Pulte College gave him a dinner, July 5.

The Artist Printer is the title of a new typographical journal "for the progressive," published in St. Louis, at one dollar a year.

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* selects for publication each year about seventeen manuscript stories, and rejects annually between fifteen and sixteen thousand. The magazine is published at a yearly cost of \$260,000 for original literary matter, and the work of artists and engravers. This sum does not include the expenses of printing or publishing the magazine.

An American writer was recently invited to contribute a paper to a leading British review. A printed slip was inclosed informing the desired victim that the compensation allowed would be three shillings a page!

With the October number *The Cosmopolitan* magazine is to be increased by eight pages. Its management has established branch offices in Chicago and Denver, and will soon print a series of special articles about the West and Southwest. *The Cosmopolitan* is to adopt the complete-novel-in-every-issue scheme.

Ginn & Co. will shortly publish for class-room use "Pages Choiesies des Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon," edited by Alphonse N. Van Daell, and Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires," edited by F. C. Sumichrast, of Harvard.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish, July 20, "An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare," by Hiram Corson, professor of English Literature at Cornell University.

Margaret Andrews Allen writes sensibly in the July *Babyhood*, on "How Shall We Read to Our Children?"

The government is to push forward the publication of the "Rebellion Records." The work as projected includes one hundred and nine books, of which seventy-one are either published or prepared.

Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, now in his eighty-fifth year, is compiling a record of memorable shipwrecks of the last half century, which he proposes to publish.

The Boston correspondent of the *Critic* writes that Dr. Holmes is at Beverly Farms, which has been his sea-shore home of late years. His daughter-in-law is with him, her husband, the Judge, — the "Autocrat's" only surviving son, — having just sailed for Europe for his summer vacation. The venerable author seems to be in very good health, and to bid fair to round his eightieth birthday, which occurs August 29, with flying colors.

An American writer was recently invited to contribute a paper to a leading British review. A printed slip was inclosed informing the desired victim that the compensation allowed would be three shillings a page!

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, announce as ready for publication a "Drillmaster in German" and "Letters for Self-Instruction in the German Language," both by Solomon Deutsch; "The Art of Selling," by F. B. Goddard; and the "Genealogy of the Farnham Family," by J. M. W. Farnham.

A huge edition of General Grant's "Memoirs" will be put on the presses for fall and winter trade. Up to date 325,000 sets of the book have been printed and sold, making 650,000 volumes. The Grant family receives seventy-five per cent. of the profits, and therefore at the closest calculation the income to them thus far from the work must be close on to \$900,000.

T. B. Aldrich has sailed for Europe. He says: "I intend to settle down quietly with my wife and two children in lodgings in London and finish writing a poem that I began a year or two ago. I do not wish my address known, so I shall be free from letters and telegrams, — for a time, at least. The poem will be a narrative of 1,200 lines of the time of Queen Elizabeth. I hope to finish it within a month, and then I shall go to Paris and see the Exposition. In two months I shall return."

Maurice Thompson writes, in the *North American Review*: "Neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, with their names rung up and down and back and forth, day in and day out, for years, in every city, town, hamlet, and neighborhood of our country, has ever been able to compare editions with Zola, Daudet, or many other alien novelists; and yet America is the book-reading nation of the world! In England a novelist of the standing of Mr. Howells can take the manuscript of his latest novel to his publisher and receive in exchange for it a check for from ten hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Even Anthony Trollope received as much as fifteen thousand dollars for a novel. It is safe to say that there is not in America a publisher (not a magazine or journal owner), who would pay Mr. Howells the half of such a sum. In a word, we present the curious condition of a nation reading more books than any other nation in the world, and at the same time paying to its own writers of high merit the smallest incomes offered to such authors within the limits of civilization."

Little, Brown, & Co. are to publish in the autumn a popular edition of Dr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Their fine edition of this book was sold out in advance of publication.

A new series of small volumes is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to be called "Literary Gems." Among early issues will be Poe's "Gold Bug," Dr. Brown's "Rab and his Friends," Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."

The Putnams will issue in their Knickerbocker Nuggets Series as much of Goethe's autobiography as relates to his boyhood and youth.

Willard Fracker & Co., New York, will soon publish in book form the *Chicago Tribune* prize novel, entitled "By a Hair's Breadth," by Edith Sessions Tupper. The author is at work upon a novel, entitled "By Whose Hand?" which will appear early in September over the imprint of the same house.

The *Toledo Blade* announces that it will begin publishing soon a story, entitled "The Demagogue," by the late D. R. Locke ("Nasby").

The Browning Society of London have reached a "poem" by their idol which they can't explain, and they have had to ask him to interpret it for them.

A prize of \$500 is offered for the best essay on the title of the miracles of our Lord to credence. One of the conditions is that it shall answer the argument against miracles presented in the book "Elsmere Elsewhere." A prize of \$100 is offered for the best essay on "Prayer." One of the conditions is that the latter essay prove that supplication is not merely a vehicle for aspiration; that objective as well as subjective benefits are realized from prayer. The circular is signed by F. S. Abiff, as secretary of the committee of award, 131 Tremont street, Boston.

Concerning the use of tobacco, a French writer has thus gathered the opinions of various of his literary countrymen: M. Dumas found that tobacco, after a while, made him giddy, the giddiness disappearing six months after he had ceased smoking. He says: "Tobacco, in my opinion, together with alcohol, is the most formidable enemy of intelligence." Augier and Feuillet, Dumas declares, have almost died of smoking. Taine smokes cigarettes, and says it is a bad habit. Zola says he left off smoking some years ago on the advice of a physician, and adds: "Perfection is so dull a thing that I often regret having cured myself of smoking."

L. J. Vance, who last year succeeded Mr. Collins as managing editor of the *Epoch* (a position previously held by Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Dole), has just resigned, and will spend the summer abroad.

The Theatre for June 29 contains an excellent portrait of the late John Gilbert.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. are preparing a new edition of their catalogue, including the new names transferred from the list of Ticknor & Co. The new catalogue will embrace six hundred additional volumes; it will also include many new portraits.

Tom P. Morgan, a young Kansas writer, has just sold his first long story to a New York syndicate.

John Tenniel, "Punch's" famous cartoon artist, will be seventy next year. He joined the staff in 1851, succeeding Richard Doyle, who resigned on a question of conscience, and since that year few issues of the paper have appeared without contributions from his pencil. Mr. Tenniel has worked under four editors, — Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and now Mr. Burnand.

Sun and Shade for June contains eight fine photo-gravures, the first one being taken from the painting by P. Grolleron, "The Skirmishers." Besides other reproductions of recent paintings, it also contains a fine portrait of Carl Schurz and a view of Johnstown, Pa., after the flood.

Mrs. Margaret Deland is at Kennebunkport at work on a novel to be known as "Sidney." "John Ward, Preacher," is in its forty-seventh thousand now.

D. Lothrop Company will soon publish "Sweetbriar," a story of girl life and society, by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

Longmans, Green, & Co.'s *New Review* for July will contain a paper on the Eiffel Tower, by M. Eiffel; one on the Shah of Persia, by Lord Castletown; one on "The Eight Hours' Bill," by Charles Bradlaugh; and one on Matthew Arnold, by Lord Coleridge.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of four volumes devoted to American history. In size and scope they will be similar to the volumes in the Epochs of History Series. The first of the series will treat of the epoch of discovery and of colonization, the second of the French and Indian War and the Revolution, the third of the discussion and adoption of the Federal constitution, after the Revolution, and the fourth of the conflict over slavery, from the rise of the slave power to the end of reconstruction. Writers of eminence are said to have undertaken these works.

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PLOT-MAKING.

In these days, when much is written and read, one of the chief difficulties the average writer has to contend with lies in the avoidance of self-repetition. He may unconsciously infringe upon the thoughts and methods of others and be forgiven, if his own way of treating his subject is striking, dramatic, and truthful. There is always more or less of mental similitude where thousands of minds are all intellectually groping in the same general direction. Like begets like; yet the fact that there is nothing new under the sun does not render the perpetual rehash of the same eternal truths less attractive. Like fashion's ever-changing garb, the infinite variety with which thought and language enable us to clothe them colors them with an outward newness that can never weary, though the form beneath is ever much the same.

But for a writer continually to recopy himself, however adroitly, soon begets the idea that he has no originality, or has outwitted himself, and he soon falls into disfavor.

The wide demand for short stories of late renders plot-making more arduous, out of the very multiplicity of the published results on every hand. The small pay which all but a few leading periodicals offer also causes the writer who depends upon his pen to send forth his literary fledglings in such rapid succession that he soon has to ask himself: "What can I say that I have not already said, or that some one else has not said in just that way before?"

Even an abnormal inventive faculty soon wearies,—if entirely and exclusively depended upon,—under the stringency of this demand. Thought is ready to clothe itself with language, yet the plot, the skeleton whereon to drape it, is difficult to articulate without violating the rights of many previous skeletons that have too recently danced out their brief hour before the public. Therefore, to what methods shall the wearied brain turn to relieve itself of the constantly augmenting exactions which previous efforts growingly require?

The news and incident columns of the great secular newspapers are a fruitful source to fall back upon. The truth that seems stranger than fiction seldom lacks a brief and graphic demonstration there. One of these incidents will often suggest a climax to which a train of minor probabilities can be made to adhere, and soon we may have the skeleton of a story,—which without that hint would have been unthought of,—photographed upon the mind. How easy, then, to jot down the links, and preserve all against the time of need without further trouble.

Again, we read a striking story, or a description, or a tale of adventure. Without illegiti-

mately plagiarizing, an idea is sometimes suggested out of some situation therein presented that gives a clue to another train of incidents, from which we may evolve a plot,—not at all analogous,—which would have slipped by us unconsciously without the prompting thus harmlessly given and received.

The old tales and romances of past ages are a fruitful field wherein the ingenuity of the modern story-teller might,—within certain limits,—reap a fair reward. Bearing in mind that, in every age, the same old story is being retold under new conditions to new ears and understandings, one can find perennial inspiration in sources as old perhaps as the feelings and emotions aroused thereby,—that is, as old as the history of man himself.

These and kindred methods may seem to some like a kind of intellectual wire-walking, with a gulf of imitation yawning perilously beneath; but in maintaining a proper balance the instinct of the true artist is apparent. It is, then, no ghoulish robbery of the mighty dead, but rather the re-creating in newer colors of that which, but for our efforts, would never be resurrected. Shakespeare himself is the one great demonstrator that will forever justify their application upon the undeviating line I have tried to indicate.

After all, is not the writer who sits down and “thinks up out of his own head” every detail of a good story quite as apt, unconsciously, to infringe upon some long-forgotten author as he who appropriates the buried germ and builds upon it in his own way? However, to aid one’s self in this way,—legitimately and successfully,—is not given to every would-be artificer. Edged tools are dangerous. But, if we have the natural tact and apprehension,—“the divine discernment,”—to master the art, its very delicacy becomes a protection and a stay.

William Perry Brown.

GLENVILLE, W. Va.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE PLOT.

It was said of the romantic Muse in Germany,—of the Pegasus, or winged horse of Uhland,—that, like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possessed all possible virtues and but one fault,—that it was dead. It is in this decisive way that

Mr. Howells and others deal with the plot in stories and dramas; they decline to argue the matter, but simply assert that the plot is dead. If any one doubts the assertion, they would, perhaps, still decline to argue the matter, and simply extend the assertion to any critic who differed from them, pointing out that he must be dead, also. It may be so, since there may, no doubt, be room for such a possibility. “Tyrawley and I,” said Walpole’s old statesman, “have been dead these two years; but we don’t let anybody know it.” In the matter of literary criticism, however, the fact is just the other way. The critics who cling to the plot are not aware of their own demise; but Mr. Howells has found it out. To find it out is justly to silence them; for, as Charles Lamb says in his poem exemplifying “the lapidary style,” which the late Mr. Mellish never could abide:—

“It matters very little what Mellish said,
Because he is dead.”

But if we grant for a moment, as a matter of argument, that whatever yet speaks may be regarded, for controversial purposes, as being alive, it may be well enough pointed out, that, if plot is dead and only characters survive, then there is a curious divergence in this age between the course of literature and the course of science. If anything marks the science of the age, it is that plot is everything. Museums were formerly collections of detached specimens, only classified for convenience under a few half-arbitrary divisions. One may still see such collections surviving, for instance, in that melancholy hall through which people pass, as rapidly as possible, to reach the modern theatre known as the Boston Museum. But in all natural history museums of any pretensions, the individual specimen is subordinated to the whole. The great Agassiz collection at Harvard is expressly named “The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.” In the Peabody Museum at Yale,—in which, as Charles Darwin told me, quoting Huxley, there is more to be learned than from all the museums of Europe,—you are not shown the skeleton of a horse, and left with that knowledge, but you are shown every step in the development of the horse from the time when, in pre-historic periods, he was no larger than a fox and had five toes. In science, plot is not only not ignored, but it is almost everything; only it is not called plot, it is called evolution.

And conversely, what is called evolution in science is called plot in fiction. Grant that character is first in importance, as it doubtless is, yet plot is the development of character. It is not enough to paint Arthur Dimmesdale, standing with his

hand on his heart and despair in his eyes; to paint the hand anatomically correct, the eyes deep in emotion; but we need to know what brought him there; what produced the strange combination, a Puritan saint with a conscience wrung into distortion. Lear is not Lear, Hamlet not Hamlet, without a glimpse at the conditions that have made them what they are. With the worst villains of the play, we need, as Margaret Fuller profoundly said, to "hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness." Now, these conditions, these excuses, constitute the plot.

It is easy enough to dismiss plot from the scene, if it means only a conundrum like that in "The Dead Secret," or a series of riddles like the French detective novels. In these the story is all, there is no character worth unravelling; and when we have once got at the secret, the book is thrown away. But where the plot is a profound study of the development of character, it can never be thrown away; and unless we have it, the character is not really studied. What we do at any given moment is largely the accumulated result of all previous action; and that action again comes largely from the action of those around us. "We are all members one of another." Just as we are all learning this in political economy, are we to drop it out of view in fiction? The thought or impulse that springs into my mind or heart this instant has been largely moulded by a hundred men and women, living or dead; if the novelist or the dramatist wishes to portray me, he must include them, also. Otherwise the picture is as hopelessly detached and isolated as the figure in this sketch a young artist has just brought me from the seaside,—a little boy standing at the centre of a solitary rock fishing in the ocean; the whole vast sea around him, but not a living thing near him,—not even a fish.

We all find ourselves, as we come into mature society and take our part in life, surrounded by a net-work of event and incident, one-tenth public and nine-tenths private. If we have warm hearts and observant minds, we are pretty sure to be entangled in this net-work. By middle life, every person who has seen much of the world is acquainted with secrets that would convulse the little circle around him, if told; and might easily eclipse all the novels, if the very complication of the matter did not forbid utterance. As no painter, it is said, ever dared paint the sunset as bright as it often is, so the most thrilling novelist understates the mystery and entanglement in the actual world around him. If he is cautious, he may well say, as the Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked

when meditating his autobiography: "I should like to speak the truth; but if I do, I shall be torn in pieces." If our realists would say frankly: "We should like to draw plots such as we have actually known, but we dare not do it; let us, therefore, abolish the plot," their position would be far more intelligible. Miss Alcott's heroine, in writing her first stories, finds with surprise that all the things she has taken straight from real life are received with incredulity; and only those drawn wholly from her internal consciousness are believed at all. Life goes so much beyond fiction that those who are brought up mainly on fiction are more apt to encounter something in life which eclipses it than something which seems tame in comparison. And, on the other hand, when we put real events into the form of fiction, they seem overwrought and improbable.

Much of this applies, of course, to character as well as to plot. The seeming contradictions in the character of Hamlet, over which the critics have wrangled for a century or two, are not really so great or improbable as those to be found in many youths who pass for common-place; and that man's experience is limited who has not encountered, in his time, women of more "infinite variety" than Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Character in real life is a far more absorbing study than character in fiction; but when it comes to plot, fiction is nowhere in comparison. Toss a skein of thread into the sea, and within twenty-four hours the waves and the floating seaweed will have tangled it into a knot more perplexing than the utmost efforts of your hands can weave; and so the complex plots of life are wound by the currents of life itself, not by the romancers. If life thus provides them, they are a part of life, and must not be omitted when there is a pretense at its delineation. I once heard an eloquent preacher (W. H. Channing) express the opinion that we should spend a considerable part of eternity in unravelling the strange history of one another's lives. It might be easy, perhaps, to devise more profitable ways of spending eternity; but there is no doubt that the pursuit he proposes, if we undertook it, would occupy a good many ages of that period. It would be necessary, however, to stipulate that none of it should be given to us in the form of autobiography, since we have altogether too much of that offered to us in this life. To make our friends really interesting, we must be allowed to explore their secrets in spite of them, and, perhaps, against their direct opposition.

Of course, we all view this drama of life around us through a medium varying with our tempera-

ments. Heine says that he once went to see the thrilling tragedy of "*La Tour de Nesle*," in Paris, and sat behind a lady who wore a large hat of rose-red gauze. The hat obstructed his whole view of the stage; he saw the play only through it, and all the horror of the tragedy was transformed by the most cheerful roselight. Some of us are happy to have this rose-tinted veil in our temperaments; but the plot and the tragedy are there. "The innocent," says Goethe, speaking of life, "enjoy the story." They should be permitted to enjoy it, which they cannot do unless they have it. Grant that character is the important thing; but character will soon dwindle, and its delineation grow less and less interesting, if we detach it from life. We are all but coral-insects or sea-anemones forming a part of one great joint life, and we die and dry up if we are torn from the reef where we belong.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in The Independent.*

THE MODERN NOVEL.

The summer school at Deerfield held recently a formal discussion on "The Novel," and in the course of the proceedings this letter from Henry James was read:—

I am afraid I can do little more than thank you for your courteous invitation to be present at the sittings of your delightfully-sounding school of romance, which ought to inherit happiness and honor from such a name. I am so very far away from you that I am afraid I can't participate very intelligibly in your discussions, but can only give them the furtherance of a dimly discriminating sympathy. I am not sure that I apprehend very well your apparent premise, "the materialism of our present tendencies," and I suspect that this would require some clearing up before I should be able (if even then) to contribute any suggestive or helpful word. To tell the truth, I can't help thinking that we already talk too much about the novel, about and around it, in proportion to the quantity of it having any importance that we produce. What I should say to the nymphs and swains who propose to converse about it under the great trees at Deerfield is: "Oh, do something from your point of view; an ounce of example is worth a ton of generalizations; do something with the great art and the great form; do something with life. Any point of view is interesting that is a direct impression of life. You each have an impression colored by your individual conditions; make that into a picture, a picture framed by your own personal wisdom, your glimpse of the American world. The

field is vast for freedom, for study, for observation, for satire, for truth." I don't think I really do know what you mean by "materializing tendencies" any more than I should by "spiritualizing" or "etherealizing." There are no tendencies worth anything but to see the actual or the imaginative, which is just as visible, and to paint it. I have only two little words for the matter remotely approaching to rule or doctrine; one is life and the other freedom. Tell the ladies and gentlemen, the ingenious inquirers, to consider life directly and closely, and not to be put off with mean and puerile falsities, and to be conscientious about it. It is infinitely large, various, and comprehensive. Every sort of mind will find what it looks for in it, whereby the novel becomes truly multifarious and illustrative. That is what I mean by liberty; give it its head, and let it range. If it is in a bad way, and the English novel is, I think, nothing but absolute freedom can refresh it and restore its self-respect. Excuse these raw brevities, and please convey to your companions, my dear sir, the cordial good wishes of yours and theirs, HENRY JAMES.

LITERATURE FOR WOMEN.

There is one noteworthy change in the spirit of our literature that I have not seen commented upon. This is the almost entire disappearance of the distinctively woman's novel. I refer to such books as "*The Wide, Wide World*" and "*The Lamplighter*," to the novels of Miss Sewell, Miss Yonge, Grace Aguilar, Miss Warner, Miss Pickering, and Mrs. Grey. The last two of these writers, who once were very popular, are now absolutely forgotten. The domestic, semi-pious character of these books, which to men seemed trivial and empty, were the intense delight of the feminine mind thirty or forty years ago. Nothing of this kind has come from the press within recent years. Women still constitute the majority of novel-readers, but this special catering to their domestic tastes has ceased. None of the great recent successes, for instance, are specially feminine in character. "*Ben Hur*" is a robust novel, which derives much of its success from the brilliant description of a chariot race. "*Robert Elsmere*," "*John Ward*," "*Dean Maitland*," the novels of Marion Crawford, of Hardy, of Black, appeal as much to the masculine mind as to the feminine. Haggard's novels are distinctively for men, and Howells' stories, although lacking in robustness a little, do not find better appreciation with one sex than with the other.

And then look at the remarkable change of base on the part of the magazine conductors. Forty years ago the leading magazine was *Godey's Lady's Book*. This periodical was filled with fashion pictures, and stories supposed to be adapted by virtue of their domestic imbecility to the taste of the women of the period. *The Ladies' National Magazine* was similar in character. *Graham's Magazine*, although supposed to be edited for masculine readers, differed but little from *Godey's* in the nature of its selections, but omitted fashion-plates. When *Harper's Monthly* came upon the field, it addressed itself to all classes of readers, but in its short stories it had an eye to the supposed taste of women readers, and it was thought necessary to further gratify this class by a fashion department at the end. To-day our magazines, if anything, make their selections more noticeably for men than for women. The *Century* has made War papers its principal feature. Russian travel takes a large place; and all other papers are addressed to cultivated tastes without regard to sex. The same is true of *Scribner's Magazine*, which makes articles on the railways, on electricity, and on other wholly practical subjects its main features. The short stories in these magazines are no doubt more generally read by women than by men, but they are not selected with this fact in view, but solely as to certain literary qualities that know no sex. In *Harper's* there still lingers, perhaps, a little of the old tradition in its short stories, in which a domestic flavor is preferred.

What is the cause of this change? Has feminine taste undergone a revolution, or have men taken a dominant place among readers? Is it a step toward the final abolition of sexual differences which we so often hear prophesied? I am unable to answer the questions that I ask, and must content myself, therefore, by pointing out an evolution which I think has not been heeded. — O. B. Bunce, in *The Critic*.

DISADVANTAGES OF WOMEN WRITERS.

When we contrast the advantages enjoyed by the average literary man in the pursuance of his mental work with the cares, and interruptions, and petty obstacles of every kind that surround the average woman who essays to put her thoughts on paper, the wonder is not that she does it so well, but that she can do it at all, while in his case we have a right to expect better work than we often get.

The minister hies him placidly to his study for the preparation of the Sunday's sermon. With the closing of the door he leaves behind him all domes-

tic annoyances, and shuts out the hundred and one different noises that resound through the ordinary household. Nothing short of an alarm of fire in his own house disturbs his serenity and sense of security. The bell on the street door may jingle and dingle a dozen times, but he feels no nervous tremor lest his quiet be invaded, for is it not "wife's" task to keep away all visitors and other disagreeable things that would interfere with the heavenly flights to which his mind is supposed to be directed? Below stairs, the baby may be having a fit, Tom and Dick engaged in a fisticuff, the dog yelping because Harry is pulling its tail, and Flossy's piping voice above the din asking a flood of childish questions; but, deep in the unravelment of a sentence in the original Hebrew, or hunting up an abstruse analogy, the absorbed student hears and knows nothing of it all. Have we not a right to expect a beautiful, well-considered discourse from a man thus favored? A pathway thus made easy and strewn with helps surely ought to enable its fortunate possessor to give to the world thoughts profound and scholarly.

Turn now to the wife, and witness the contrast. Perhaps she is required to prepare a paper for the next church missionary meeting. It must contain a world of information, pages of statistics, scores of reasons for this, and countless possible objections to that, and all to be condensed into a ten-minutes' reading. Who smooths the pathway for her? Who keeps the children quiet that she may think in peace? Who answers the bell and entertains inopportune visitors for her? One word suffices for a reply: *Nobody*.

She sits down in the noisy sitting-room, takes up her pencil and any scrap of paper that is handy, using her knee for a table, and, amid a jargon of sounds that would drive every idea from a masculine brain, begins her essay. A score of times during the construction of a sentence she is forced to stop to tie Flossy's apron, wipe Johnny's nose, to beg Dick to quit teasing the baby, to answer questions, to suggest a new play, to tell Kitty where to look for her doll, to change her seat because Tom wants her chair for a horse, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*, and ad insanity-um. Outside interruptions come in the shape of a lady caller, a neighbor's child to borrow the pattern of a baby's cloak, varied by raps at the back door from that chronic bore in pantaloons, the boy who wants to sell matches or a nickel's worth of sassafras.

Now, what constitutes the difference between these two, that all the advantages, the ease, the freedom from distractions, should all be on one

side? The difference lies simply in the fact that she is the mother of the family, while he is only the father!

The sermon and the missionary paper are both forthcoming at their appointed times, but what hearer gives a thought to the manner and place in which each has been prepared? It is not unlikely that her effort is the brighter of the two. Such things have happened. However that may be, it goes to prove that, if equally untrammelled, and when surrounded by conditions as favorable as those accorded to man, women would eclipse the masculine writers of the day. The cynic may say the world does not demand such sacrifices from woman,—that her duty to her household is paramount to her duty to the literary world. Has he forgotten that the greatest political novel of modern times,—the work that shaped the destiny of a people,—was not the work of a litterateur who in the seclusion of his study thought out and elaborated the great moral picture by which the conscience of the nation was aroused? Has he forgotten that the author's study was her kitchen, her writing-desk the table on which she washed dishes and moulded out the family baking, her foot swinging the rocker of the cradle to the movement of her facile pen? We hear of no domestic obstacles in the way of the head of that family in the prosecution of his literary labors. He probably had a quiet room, to which he retired while writing his lectures and sermons; and yet the world knows him only as the husband of the gifted woman whose book did more for the freedom of the black man than all the combined masculine pamphlets, sermons, and lectures ever given to the public.

Nearly one-half the literary matter appearing in our magazines and journals to-day is written by women,—many of them mothers of families, who have no hours they can absolutely call their own, no quiet spot to which they can go for study and thought, no room to which the children cannot have access, no assurance that, if they turn their backs a moment to replenish the fire or get Johnny a drink of water, they will not have to hunt for their paper or pencil, which have not been tugged away in the meantime by mischievous little hands.

Some of the brightest, most sparkling things which appear in the newspapers, and which the masculine reader devours as greedily, and enjoys with as much gusto, as he does the editor's leaders, are written by women who mix their literary work with their cookery, jotting their ideas on empty paper bags that have brought eggs and sugar from the grocery, while the waiters are waiting for the

apple sauce to stew or the pudding to bake.

The unbiased mind will admit that the piquancy and readableness of her treatment of common topics, as well as the high moral themes that engage woman's pen, furnish a *raison d'être* for her continuance in even wider fields of literature; and it is no Utopian eye that sees her, in a favorable environment, in the future taking the lead in literary work.—*Virginia Sharpe Patterson, in Belford's Magazine for July.*

HOW PLAYS ARE WRITTEN.

Plays are *not* written—they are *rewritten*.

In this lies the advantage of the creative, as distinct from the critical, literature of the stage. The dramatic author writes at leisure—and regrets in haste. The dramatic critic writes in haste, and regrets at leisure,—a leisure so lengthy that his repentance rarely appears.

Twenty years of association with professional workers have afforded me a fair opportunity of observing the processes that distinguish the earnest labor of the successful dramatist from the easy effort of the more confident and self-assertive amateur who fails.

It takes five years to write a good play. Ridiculous! I agree with you. A good play has often been *written* in five days. But mark this: Honest study of dramatic art; months of evolution and revolution of plot; constant subjective association with the characters of the play, during which each has lived, spoken, and acted with intense reality: all this must precede, and prepare the mind for the comparatively trivial work of the hand.

The longer the dramatist walks, eats, sleeps, and lives with his characters, the more readily they will spring from his pen and live in his work.

Think what a good play implies:—

Knowledge of human nature, experience of life and art in general, and the stage in particular.

Philosophic insight, mechanical instinct, poetic fancy, sensitive sympathies, passionate fervor, and vivid imagination, thoroughness in preparation, industry in elaboration, conscience in revision, courage in excision, and, dominating all this, that breadth of mind which breeds humility, and that depth of heart whose understanding love goes out in charity to all mankind.

How rarely we ever see a play!

It is generally supposed that the stage is devoted to the *production of plays*. How laughable!

Another general supposition gone astray. The stage presents about one hundred pieces to one play.

A piece is no more like a play than a manikin is like a man.

A play is a creation resulting from that succession of processes by which nature converts conception into organization, and, through the pangs of labor, accomplishes a birth; a piece is a *contrivance* concocted by the more or less clever conjunction of amusing, but, generally, irrelevant, parts.

Plays, like lives, are evolved; pieces, like toys, are manufactured.

A play is the natural growth of a rational theme into dramatic form—developing situations that are the consistent consequence of the contact of certain legitimate types of characters, with manifestly possible turns of circumstance; a piece is the artificial “putting together” of individuals and incidents, without reference to reason or probability.

The aim of a piece is to titillate and astonish the general ignorance of the mass; the purpose of a play is to illustrate human life in such a manner as to charm, touch, enlighten, and enlarge human hearts.

Pieces amuse idle brains; plays delight active ones.

Pieces divert the puerile mind; plays enrich the manly mind.

No play can possess the fundamental requisites of unity, coherence, and consistency unless it has some one distinct and *focal purpose*. This focal purpose, about which all the other elements of the play must adjust themselves, with due regard for their respective importance, may be either the presentation of some great event taken from life or literature, or the illustration of some typical personality, whose characteristics are of supreme importance, or the demonstration of some philosophic idea, the truth of which it is the aim of every action to expose.

Given a great event, the work of the dramatist is then to select such types of character, and such subordinate incident as may most firmly hold the attention of the audience, and most naturally lead up to the crowning situation, presenting the event that was the primal cause of his endeavor.

When a personality becomes the prompting impulse of a play, the author's chief concern is then to invent a story that will supply incidents consistent with his characters, and affording the best opportunity of developing and displaying the typical traits of the individuality that gives focal interest to his work.

A play the conception of which is due to an idea demands of its author a succession of inci-

dents, which are the natural consequence of the relations of its characters, and which, by their unfolding, emphasize, with cumulative force, the rationality and ethical value of the theme, which is the germinating motive of his creation.

The *play of incident* makes its chief demand upon the mind of the *mechanic*.

The *play of character* calls forth the faculty of the *philosopher*.

The *play of ideas* implies, in more or less degree, the sublimating imagination of the poet, and the illuminating intuition of a seer.

The *master playwright* combines the constructive faculty of the mechanic and the analytical mind of a philosopher with the æsthetic instinct of a poet and the ethical ardor of an apostle.

As Browning so nobly recommends, let us “see all, trust God, nor be afraid.”

Let us go, unbiassed and unabashed, from the sanctuary of the saint to the den of the sinner.

Let us seek, with equal mastery of self, prison, or palace, the house of religion, or the hall of folly. Let us enter, in the searching spirit of philosophy, every place, high or low, where wrong is unmasked or right revealed, testing all, despising nought, that we may acquire that knowledge of human nature essential to interpret *man* to men.

Let us plot and replot, write and rewrite, design, undo and redo, with tireless patience and dauntless will, that we may develop that command of the resources of our art essential to capture the heads of the few and the hearts of the many; for then, and not until such a study of man is combined with such a labor of mind, will there exist a worthy corps of American playwrights. — *Steele Mackaye, in the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE ART OF SUGGESTION.

The art of expression has very annoying limitations, especially in literature, and there are currents of suggestion (bubbling along just underneath the surface of prose and verse) which afford a fine aroma peculiarly gratifying to the book-worm, but which are streams of despair to the sensitive writer. Doubtless, Poe was right when he asserted that no thought can be beyond the power of expression in words; for a thought does not exist before it takes speakable form. There is a sense of things, however, preceding the thought of things, and this unformed, nebulous forerunner of thought often fails to condense and take on substance and shape. We have no communicable method of associating ideals one with another, save that of spoken or

written language, while material forms may be exhibited side by side. Here arises the chief difficulty in expressing those abstract impressions which refuse to take on speakable form. For instance, love has a name, and the name instantly satisfies the ordinary desire for expression; but what word, what phrase will convey the crudest idea of what may float into my consciousness as I lie looking up into the night-sky of summer, or off over the rolling summer sea? I know, as well as the best, that clear thinking must go before clear writing; but is not inadequacy of language the greatest hindrance to clear thinking?

It is the supreme quality of genius that controls the singular force of suggestion, and by it sets flowing those undercurrents which water and enrich the gardens of poesy, and bubble forth in airy founts of most tantalizing and most charming influence. The lurking meanings that leap from between the words and hover about certain happy phrases in the works of the master bards find their way into our minds by some obscure and indirect line of approach. I have always felt this sort of suggestiveness to be the chief beauty and the main value of Emerson's verse. Keats possessed this power of indirect expression in a high degree. So old Chaucer has the knack of saturating his verses with the philter of genius which fills the crevices between the words with luminous, wavering shades of meaning, observable, but not expressible by the words themselves.

Poe was a master of the art we are considering. In his prose, as well as in his verse, he used it to perfection, carrying it to an extreme never reached by any one before or since his day. The "Raven" and "Ulalume," the "Fall of the House of Usher" and "Berenice," are brimming with unspeakable suggestions. The secret of the fact that Poe's poetry is overestimated by the young and far underestimated by the older critics may lie in this abnormal suggestiveness. An illusion, such as literary suggestiveness must always be, will fade out and disappear under prolonged scrutiny if it be too tenuous,—too artificial,—too far-fetched. Sincerity was not a prominent element of Poe's art, and by this he loses when compared with such poets as Keats and Emerson, who brought to their work the absolute earnestness and enthusiasm of zealots.

Realism, as we have it to-day in prose and verse, is wholly devoid of genuine suggestive force. Leaving out Tennyson and Swinburne, there is no poet writing in English at this time whose verse is comparable with Poe's, Keats', Emerson's, or

Shelley's in suggestiveness or in the fertility of its undermeaning. I purposely leave Browning out of the account, because I have not yet finished a study of his works begun some years ago; but if I were ready to speak, I should probably place him above even Tennyson at this one point. — *Maurice Thompson, in America.*

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR.

Mr. John Forster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," devoted but little space to the consideration of my father's work as an editor of magazines,— "less," he owned, "than might perhaps have been wished"; but this view of the biographer's subject is certainly of far more interest and importance than many other aspects which he has discussed at length. Beyond my father's early and brief connection with *Bentley's Miscellany*, a very great part of the work of the twenty busy years from 1850 to 1870 was devoted, first to *Household Words*, and then to *All the Year Round*, and nothing better illustrated his indomitable energy, and the boundless capacity for taking pains which distinguished him, than the strenuous manner in which the editorial duties of those journals were discharged. Everything that could maintain the high standard which he had set up was done. Nothing was considered too small, no detail too petty, for his own personal attention. The utmost pains were given to the consideration of every manuscript that came into the office, no matter whether its owner bore a name honored in literature or was only a raw recruit in the great army of writers. An amount of time and labor was devoted to the polishing and finishing of other people's work in proof which would surprise many occupants of editorial chairs, and which, there is no doubt, very considerably astonished some of the contributors whose work required the greatest quantity of excision and "writing up." During my own experience as sub-editor of *All the Year Round*, during the last two years of my father's life, I hardly remember a week in which, after making up the number in London, he did not devote the two or three succeeding hours to going with the utmost care over the proof of each article selected; and even when, in his absences from town on reading tours, he had to be content to leave some of the proofs to me, his instructions, as to the manner in which they were to be dealt with, were so precise and definite that any work which was done upon them might still almost be said to be his own.

A description of one particular set of proofs which he gave in a letter to Mr. Foster may fairly

stand for the description of many others. "I have had a story," he wrote in 1856, "to hack and hew into some form for *Household Words* this morning, which has taken me four hours of close attention. And I am perfectly addled by its want of continuity after all, and the dreadful spectacle I have made of the proofs, — which look like an inky fishing-net." I became very familiar with those "inky fishing-nets" in later years; and it is possible that, when the fishing-net method was employed on work of my own, I hardly appreciated the assiduity and painstaking care of the editor so well as when some other contributor proved the *corpus vile*.

Apart from the fact that it was impossible for my father to be anything but thorough, or to engage in any work, — or, for the matter of that, in any play either, — to which he did not devote his whole heart and soul; and apart from the other fact that he took a very serious view of the responsibilities of an editor toward his public: all this extraordinary care was the effect of a policy and a principle which were, and always have been, kept steadily in view in connection with the two magazines. To enlist promising recruits; to help forward rising merit; to further the development of latent ability; and, above all, to give every possible assistance to young writers who showed steadfast perseverance, and any of his own capacity for taking pains in small things as well as in great: these objects were always foremost in my father's editorial mind. Nothing gave him keener pleasure than to find anything good from a new writer; nothing was of more interest to him than the progress of any one who was able to date an important success in the battle-field of literature from a first appearance under his banner. Thus, it was always a source of infinite satisfaction to him, — to take one example only, — that the first poems of Adelaide Procter appeared in *Household Words* when their real authorship was unknown to him; and the interest he took in the unknown "Miss Berwick" affords an excellent example of the care and thought he was in the habit of giving to casual contributors, of whom he knew nothing except through the manuscripts which they offered for his editorial judgment.

It is not to be denied that all this unwearying personal care and labor occasionally had their drawbacks for contributors and editor alike. If any mistake was ever made, it was sure to be on the side of kindness, and it is certain that subsequent disappointment was not infrequently the outcome of an encouragement which was sometimes

even too generous, of an appreciation which was sometimes expressed with even an excess of liberality. That a good deal of excellent work was devoted to material which was not worthy of it is also indisputable, and disappointment arose too often on the editorial side, also, from the non-fulfilment of possibly exaggerated expectations. Furthermore, writers being only human, after all, there were occasional displays of ingratitude and perversity which might well have disgusted an editor less resolute and less conscientious. But, on the whole, the system worked well, — very well, — as the great success of the magazines attests on the one hand, and as many writers of repute still living, who went through the "fishing-net" mill in their early days, would be, I am quite sure, very willing to admit, on the other. — *Charles Dickens, Jr., in The English Illustrated Magazine for August.*

A NEW POEM BY MR. BRYANT.

I think I have the privilege of offering here a poem by William Cullen Bryant which his American readers have never seen. It does not, at any rate, appear in any edition of his poems which I have looked over. He wrote it, or offered it, nearly sixty years ago to Mr. Alaric A. Watts, the poet, of London, who published it in his "Literary Souvenir Annual" for the year 1831. The poem must have been written by Mr. Bryant when (if not before) he was thirty-six years of age: —

SONG.

I.

Oh, no, it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and the sky above;
And though in many a midnight dream
You've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that you could be
More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful,
Which I must teach me to forget
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities that linger yet;
A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes, and sunny hours;
While I, too well I know, will be
Not even a midnight dream to thee!

This does not sound like a fancy piece purely, though it may be. At the time it was written Mr. Bryant had already left Massachusetts to enter upon his larger career in New York. — *Joel Benton, in the New York Herald.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*• THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

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Contributions are invited from readers of THE AUTHOR.

If there is anything wrong about the printed address on the wrapper of your magazine, let the publisher know.

Send to the editor of THE AUTHOR items of information about writers and their work, for the "Literary News and Notes."

With a view to securing uniformity in the titles applied to writers of shorthand, and also to operators of writing machines, the Chicago Stenographers' Association has resolved to use, and to recommend for general use, the word "stenographer," as the best title for a writer of shorthand; also, as verbs, "to stenograph," "stenographing," "stenographed"; and the word "typewritist," as the best title for an operator of a writing machine; also, as verbs, "to type-

write," "typewriting," and "typewritten." Other stenographic associations have been asked to take similar action. The general adoption of these terms would prevent confusion, and the list is perhaps as good as any that has been suggested.

Although THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER are two distinct magazines, they are so closely connected that nothing printed in one is repeated in the other. The departments of "News and Notes," particularly, are consecutive, and in order to keep fully informed about literary happenings it is necessary to read both magazines.

A special arrangement has been made by which *Current Literature* (price, three dollars) and either THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR (price, of either magazine, one dollar) will be sent for one year to any new subscriber, for three dollars, in advance. For four dollars all three magazines will be sent for one year to new subscribers. Subscriptions must be addressed to the publisher of THE WRITER. Early advantage should be taken of this opportunity.

LABOR-SAVING WORD SIGNS.

In the April number of THE WRITER J. H. Kob gives a few simple rules for abbreviating common words in order to facilitate ease in jotting down ideas before they are lost.

Every writer has probably felt the necessity of some such plan. In fact, there is nothing much more disagreeable than the consciousness that a valuable thought has left for parts unknown, because thought is so much fleetier than our slow, cumbersome method of unphonetic spelling. In this respect experience has taught me the great value of shorthand characters.

I do not suggest that one should bother himself with a complete study of phonography, with all its rules and exceptions to rules. For purposes of general abbreviations there is a better way than that. Nearly every work on shorthand has a series of word-signs, embracing nearly all the common words, which require but little study in order to memorize them. As time-savers they are invaluable. One merit

they possess over matter written entirely in shorthand is, that when they are "cold" they can be easily read on account of their connection with words written in longhand. A cheap little work,—"Graham's Synopsis of Phonography,"—gives a list of these word signs, of which there are, I think, about eight hundred in all.

Of course, they are not as easy to memorize as they would be if one had a general knowledge of the principles of shorthand; but whoever is anxious to fasten mental impressions on paper as fast as they occur will find this plan well worthy of trial.

Geo. H. Hadley.

HOPE VALLEY, R. I.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 35.—I desire to acquaint myself with one or more foreign languages,—French, Spanish, or Italian,—without the assistance of a teacher. Learning to speak with the aid of books alone, I apprehend to be extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible; but I believe it is possible to obtain a knowledge of a language sufficient for purposes of reading and translation unaided by a teacher. Can any of your subscribers or readers, speaking from experience, advise me? How shall I go about it, and which of the three languages is easiest to learn in the manner indicated? What books are recommended? Is the "Meisterschaft System" all that its publishers claim for it?

H. L.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 31.—Perhaps "A. M. G." means "Quad's Odds," by M. Quad, of the *Detroit Free Press*. Information regarding the book can be obtained by addressing the publishers of that paper at Detroit, Mich.

A. E. W.

WICHITA, Kan.

No. 32.—Let me offer this: "Books are cold but sure friends."

E. W. B.

OIL CITY, Penn.

No. 32.—If "C. D. B." is a book-lender, the following, which I remember reading in a friend's book, will be appropriate. It is to be printed after the name of the owner, and number of book:—

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be—
To read, to study, not to lend;
But to return to me:
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store;
But books, I find, when often lent,
Return to me no more.

A. E. W.

WICHITA, Kan.

No. 34.—Helpful books for a writer wishing to cultivate a vigorous style are "Lessons in English," by Abbott & Seeley, and "How to Write Clearly," by Edwin Abbott. Roberts Bros., of Boston, publish both.

A. M. T.

BOSTON, Mass.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Caird.—John Alison, Mrs. Mona Caird's father, was a Scotchman of sturdy originality of mind, who, even as a lad, revolted against his strict religious training, and later threw off all dogma, becoming an uncompromising free-thinker. Mrs. Caird's parents met and were married in Australia, but it was in the town of Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, that she was born. The husband of the famous lady, like his father, Sir James Caird, is interested in agricultural matters. He is a member of the counsel of the Royal Agricultural Society, and is well fitted for the post by the practical experience he has gained farming his two thousand acres of land. Mr. Caird is a genial, level-headed Scotchman, given to the conduct of everyday affairs. Mrs. Caird's study is upstairs, and has a large French window opening to the south. The prevailing tone of the decorations is robin's egg blue. On two sides the walls are lined with low book-cases. By the broad south window stands a big plain writing table, and at the opposite end of the room is an antique cabinet used as a manuscript cupboard. A typewriter, a letter press, and other concomitants of authorship stand about on convenient tables and shelves. There are no bits of bric-à-brac to catch dust, indeed, no extraneous objects. The room gives an effect of light and freedom, in short, of an ideal workroom. It was here that Mrs. Caird and I sat and chatted, and at the end of my visit we started on a pilgrimage over the house. As we approached the parlor, my hostess laughingly warned me: "My new drawing-room is frightening every one; I am told there's not a vestige of the quiet and ladylike about it. It is bold,

riotous, uncompromising yellow! like a daffodil. The alarm it excites is very amusing." This room has given the title to a short story that Mrs. Caird has recently published, "The Yellow Drawing-room." I can only hope that the yellow drawing-room makes as charming a background for her story as it does for the writer herself, with her lithe figure and dark hair and eyes. — *Galignani*.

Habberton. — I met John Habberton, who will always be known as the author of "Helen's Babies," on Broadway yesterday. He was born in Brooklyn, and lived on the Heights until along in the seventies. "Helen's Babies" has reached a circulation of over 250,000 copies, has had eleven English editions, and has been translated into French, German, and Italian. When the book was first offered for publication one house rejected it because it was too small a book, another because it was too childish for adults to read, and still another because its moral tendency would be bad. It was published in Boston in 1876. Mr. Habberton learned to set type in the establishment of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and subsequently entered the counting room. He enlisted as a private in 1862, rose to the position of first lieutenant, and served to the close of the war; was in the employment of Harper & Brothers from 1865 to 1872, and literary editor of the *Christian Union* from 1874 to 1877. Then he took a position on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, where he still is. Mr. Habberton is the author of a number of books and short stories, and also of a play called "Deacon Crankett," which was brought out at the Brooklyn Theatre, with Mr. Ben McGinley in the title rôle. — *Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

Lathrop. — Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is spending the summer at New London, and so is the other poetess, Edith Thomas. The latter is very delicate and fragile looking. She and her sister live very quietly, and appear to be enjoying their summer rest, for Edith Thomas is a very hard worker, despite all her fragile looks, being one of the staff employed in compiling the Century Company's big dictionaries and encyclopædias. Mrs. Lathrop is as vigorous a little woman as one would care to see, and, like her brother Julian, inherits a vigorous constitution from her illustrious father. She is short and plump, with gray eyes and a great shock of red-brown hair, and she and her husband spend their summer like two jolly children off on a picnic together, putting in most of their time out on the beach four miles away from their home, where they have a big bath-house of their own, to which they carry their books and papers, their

luncheon and bathing suits. There they spend the whole day, frolicking in the water, lying on the sand under a white umbrella, napping or reading, or else scribbling with a stylographic pen in the shadow of the bath-house, while a stray stone keeps the wind from flying away with their papers. — *New York World*.

O'Reilly. — John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet of the Plymouth celebration, was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. He is, therefore, forty-five years old, but he looks much younger. A positive passion for athletics has given him a model physique. He is of medium height, and realizes to perfection the phrase "a well-built man." He is straight and sturdy of limb, with a lithe, compact body. His finely-proportioned head sits solidly on a full and sinewy neck, that springs gracefully from shoulders and chest that have been broadened by twenty-five years of boxing, wrestling, fencing, riding, and canoeing. And yet the intellectual element is strongly predominant in his face. His large and luminous eyes give assurance of mental power, and the massive forehead confirms the assurance. He smiles as naturally as a school-boy, and it is a treat to hear him laugh. Mr. O'Reilly began life as a journalist on the *Drogheda Argus* while yet in his teens. At the age of eighteen he enlisted as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars, otherwise known as the "Prince of Wales' Own." While there he became an apostle of revolutionary doctrines, was arrested for high treason, and in June, 1866, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. He was confined in various English prisons until October, 1867, when he, with several other political convicts, was transported to finish his sentence in the penal colonies of West Australia. After enduring prison life there for about a year, he made his escape in an open boat, was picked up at sea by the American whaling bark *Gaselle*, and finally reached Philadelphia in November, 1869. In July, 1870, he became editor of the *Boston Pilot*, of which he is at present editor and co-proprietor. His fame as a poet is now secure, and so is his reputation as a writer of pure prose. His published books include "Songs of the Southern Seas," published in 1873; "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," in 1878; "Moondyne," a novel, in 1879; "Statues in the Block and Other Poems," in 1881; "In Bohemia," in 1886; "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," "Stories and Sketches," in 1888. — "*Athenian*," in the *New York Press*.

Spofford. — In the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1859, there was a short story which aroused a great deal of interest and curiosity in the literary

world. It was a sparkling story of Paris life, and the title was "In a Cellar." The author, hitherto unknown to fame, although she had been a contributor to the weekly story papers of that day, was Harriet Prescott, a young woman of twenty-four, living in Newburyport, Mass. "In a Cellar" made the author's reputation, and from that day to this, her name has been a familiar one in the best periodicals, and her stories and poems have delighted multitudes of readers. She began to write under peculiar circumstances. Her father, Joseph N. Prescott, left his home in Calais, Maine, where the girl was born, and went to the Pacific Coast to seek his fortune with thousands of other "fortyniners." While there, he was seized with lingering paralysis, and became a confirmed invalid. He had been a lumber merchant and a lawyer in Maine, and both he and his wife, Sarah Bridges, came of excellent New England stock. The girl, Harriet, when fourteen, left her Calais home, and went to live with an aunt in Newburyport, for the sake of the educational advantages which the town offered. She entered the Putnam Free School, and won a prize which a few gentlemen had offered for an essay on Hamlet,—an essay that attracted the attention of Mr. Higginson, who thenceforward did much to help and encourage her in her literary career. She finished her education at Pinkerton Academy, in Derry, N. H., whither her mother, with her other children, had moved from Calais. When her father was brought home an invalid, instinct told this eldest daughter that she could make her pen useful. Thus she began to write tales, and to send them to the story papers. These early stories have never been acknowledged or collected. They gave the young author, however, valuable practice, and enabled her to form a style of remarkable flexibility and richness. In 1865, Miss Prescott was married to Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Newburyport, and in course of time they made their home on Deer Island, in the Merrimack River, on the highway between Newburyport and Amesbury. Mr. Spofford died a few months ago. Mrs. Spofford's books are "Sir Rohan's Ghost" (1859); "The Amber Gods, and Other Stories" (1863); "Azarian" (1864); "New England Legends" (1871); "The Thief in the Night" (1872); "Art Decoration Applied to Furniture" (1881); "Marquis of Carabas" (1882); poems (1882); "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's" (1883); "The Servant Girl Question" (1884); and "Ballads about Authors" (1888). — *Book Buyer*.

Tolstoi.—Count Tolstoi's wife is the daughter of a Moscow physician. It is said of her that she

directs, controls, manages everything at the households at Moscow and at Yasnaya Poliana. She assumes the whole responsibility of caring for the family, which numbers thirteen children, superintends their education, and teaches them English and music. Her business ability is also shown by the fact that she has sole charge of the sale, circulation, and distribution of her husband's books. Nor is she wanting in sympathy for the count's intellectual labors. She is both amanuensis, reviser, and translator. Tolstoi's writing is illegible to most readers, and his wife rewrites his manuscripts again and again until they suit his fastidious taste. In this way she copied "War and Peace" from end to end six times, and his last work, "Life," she rewrote sixteen times, besides translating it into French. — *Chicago Times*.

Tupper.—Martin Farquhar Tupper, the once famous author of "Proverbial Philosophy," is still alive. He lives in a handsome country house in England. He bears a striking resemblance to Longfellow in his old age. Miss Tupper tells how her father came to write his "Proverbial Philosophy," as follows: "It is quite romantic. Papa fell in love with his cousin Isabelle, and then he thought he would, when he married her, translate his notions in the manner of Solomon's Proverbs, and he did so in the articles, first on marriage, then love, friendship, and so on. But, of course, you know my father has written a great deal against Ritualism, and he is a strong supporter of the Constitution." — *New York Tribune*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Wilkie Collins is gradually recovering the use of his brain, and is getting the use of his limbs. His physician says, however, that "Blind Love," now in course of serial publication, is his last novel. He corrected the typewriter's manuscript of the closing chapters while sitting propped up in bed. There is a curious thing about the title of the story. Mr. Collins at first intended to call it "My Lord Harry," but in conversation with some friends he was reminded that "by the Lord Harry" is a common form of mild oath in England. He at once changed the title to "Blind Love." Reference in the newspapers to Wilkie Collins' daughter has given rise to some misapprehension. Mr. Collins, never married. The lady referred to is his adopted daughter, and she married the novelist's solicitor, Mr. Bartley. Both before and since her marriage this young lady has assisted Mr. Collins as amanuensis and secretary. Since his illness she has passed most of her time at his bedside.

J. F. Farmer, the compiler of "Americanisms—Old and New," is making a slang dictionary, which will form three volumes, handsomely printed on foolscap quarto, and will be issued, in a limited edition of 500 copies, to subscribers only.

A volume of short stories and one of dramatic essays will be issued by Brander Matthews next fall.

Dr. Nansen's account of his recent expedition across Greenland will be published by Longmans, Green, & Co. early in the spring, and among the current stories about it is one that he receives \$12,500 for the work.

Robert J. Burdette is to edit the humorous department in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Emile Zola says: "Style is born, like the color of the eyes, and newspaper work, rapid, fanciful, exacting, makes the mind supple and the pen ready. The habit of scratching off articles on the corner of the table in hot haste neither spoils the style nor perverts the idea."

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, has returned from her eight-months' tour abroad, and is now at her Rockport (N. Y.) home.

The Christmas numbers of *Harper's* and *Scribner's* cost \$7,000 each, the average being \$100 for every full-page engraving.

Jefferson Davis, having become dissatisfied with his profits upon his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," has had a dispute with the publishers of the work, D. Appleton & Co., as to the amount due him. The firm has made a proposition to refer the question to arbitrators, and Mr. Davis has accepted the offer. The publishers say that the sale of the book is confined almost exclusively to the South.

The first published portrait of Harriet Prescott Spofford is printed in the August *Book Buyer*. The September number will contain a sketch and portrait of Laurence Hutton.

The August number of *Book News*, Philadelphia, has a portrait and sketch of Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sun and Shade, the novel picture periodical without letter-press begun in New York a year ago, now has a circulation of 4,000 copies monthly. Its publishers announce that they mean to make it hereafter an artistic periodical of the highest class, and that they will reproduce the leading pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the best works of American artists. The subscription price will be increased to four dollars a year, but the magazine to-day is well worth twice the money.

Little, Brown, & Co. have in preparation "A Book About Florida," by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward." It is to be issued in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with four colored plates, and fifty etchings, and vignettes from designs by Louis K. Harlow.

In *Macmillan's* for August there is an anonymous story,—"A Modern Novelist,"—which should be read by the young woman who longs to marry some young man of literary or artistic temperament. In the same magazine Mrs. Oliphant begins a new novel—"Kirsteen."

Harry Harland ("Sydney Luska"), the New York novelist, has gone to England with his wife, and will probably be gone a year. He contemplates a tramp through Wales.

Paul L. Ford has prepared and will soon issue limited editions of "American Bibliography," a check list of biographies, catalogues, reference lists, and lists of authorities of American books and subjects; also, "Franklin Bibliography," a list of books written by, or relating to, Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Ford is his own publisher, at No. 97 Clark street, Brooklyn.

George W. Childs' "Recollections," parts of which have appeared in *Lippincott's*, will soon be published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Ginn & Company will publish about October 1 a "History of the Roman People," by Professor W. F. Allen.

Emily A. Thackray writes of "Camps and Tramps for Women" in the August *Outing*, which is an interesting out-door number.

A portrait of Mrs. Mary C. Hungerford, editor of the "Home Work" department in the *Home Maker*, forms the frontispiece in the August issue of that periodical.

Miss Jean Ingelow has written some recollections of her childhood, which she thinks of publishing in this country. She has also lately finished a novelette.

The English Society of Authors is doing an excellent deed in preparing for the benefit of its members an analysis of the cost of publishing books.

Belford's Magazine for August has a new blue cover, which makes it much more attractive.

It appears that George Francis Train is not Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's brother, but the son of a cousin of Mrs. Whitney's father.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has again taken Barrow Farm, Beperharow, near Godalming, where she developed and finally wrote a large part of "Robert Elsmere." Her new house on Greyswood Hill, near Halesmere, will command a view of about forty miles over the most beautiful part of Surrey.

A new illustrated magazine has been started in England, giving one hundred pages of complete tales, by such well-known authors as James Payn, G. R. Sims, Hawley Smart, James Greenwood, Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., George Manville Fenn, Philip May, and Howard Paul. Moreover, three months' free insurance is guaranteed to the purchaser of every copy, and all for the small sum of "one penny."

Thomas Brower Peacock's "Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes" have reached a third edition, and have been translated into German. Of the author, Eugene L. Didier writes: "To Thomas Brower Peacock, and not to the half-savage Walt Whitman, America must look for her representative poet."

In "The Pace that Kills," the new novel by Edgar Saltus, a servant wearing a green suit is said to be "green of livery"; a lake is "bulwarked by undulant hills"; a dog-cart is "fronted by a groom"; a man is "utterly ramescent"; "lancinating pangs" are of frequent occurrence; a "dance was in progress, affectioned by few"; a star was "circumflexed by the moon"; Roland is represented as "assenting remotely"; a girl's "mind was pleased by the thought he had descended from a larger sphere"; he had "married her uniquely"; and she "rememorated the offences of the past."

In the August number of *The Sunny Hour*, the New York paper edited by twelve-year-old Tello J. d'Apéry, are two poems written for the paper by the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"), a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, another by Mary Mapes Dodge, a prose article by Mrs. Frank Leslie, as well as other interesting matter from well-known writers.

The *St. Louis Republic* offered a prize for the best list of ten books for young people's reading. Three hundred and twenty lists were submitted, and the committee awarded to Miss Katherine R. Blair, of Bunker Hill, Ill., the prize for the following list: Miss Alcott's "Little Women," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "David Copperfield," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Scottish Chiefs," Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," "Arabian Nights," and Kingsley's "Water Babies."

With the August number *The Forum* completes its seventh volume.

Anna Katharine Green has now completed two novels shortly to be published. Her husband, Mr. Charles Rohlf, has also written a novel.

Names selected from Cooper's works, Indian and local names, will be given to 180 state islands in Lake George.

The *Woman's Century*, edited by Mrs. D. G. Croly ("Jenny June"), will be published fortnightly, and the first number will appear in September.

The midsummer number of *The Theatre* is adorned with a number of artistic engravings, among others a portrait of Wilkie Collins.

A second edition, revised and enlarged, of King's "Classical and Foreign Annotations" will be published early in August by Thomas Whittaker, of New York. The first edition was exhausted three months after its appearance.

Maurice Thompson's only volume of poems, "Songs of Fair Weather," was printed from type, and is likely soon to become a rare book.

Ernest Jarrold, author of the "Mickey Finn" sketches, is preparing to publish his work in book form. Mark Twain will write the preface, and Mr. Dana will also give the book a commendatory send-off. Mr. Jarrold is about thirty years old, short, and ruddy-faced.

M. Hungerford ("The Duchess") writes to the Lippincotts: "I never saw or heard of the trashy story you sent me, called 'Valerie,' until I received it to-day. Surely it is a scandalous thing that people can be allowed to thus use another's name. I have written to the publishers at Chicago."

The third number of the *Magazine of Poetry*, published by Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N. Y., fully sustains the dignity of this new and original quarterly review. Its 124 handsome pages include sketches and portraits of Katharine Tynan, May Riley Smith, Samuel Waddington, John Vance Cheney, Edgar Fawcett, Jessie F. O'Donnell, George MacDonald, George Meredith, and other poets, besides sketches of Mary Mapes Dodge, Will Wallace Harney, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Horatio Nelson Powers, and others. Choice selections of verse by these writers are printed in connection with the biographical matter, and there are also single poems, prize quotations, current poems, and other attractive features. Mr. Moulton's magazine is both novel and interesting, and it deserves the success that it seems already to have attained.

The *Illustrated London News* (American edition) for August 10 has for a large supplement a portrait in tints of the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

Lord Tennyson has celebrated his eightieth birthday. He was born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. His health is now much improved.

Edward Everett Hale is to write the life of James Freeman Clarke.

Root & Tinker, of New York, issued Tuesday, July 30, the initial number of the *Daily Dry Goods Reporter*, the first and only daily trade newspaper in the world.

There are now eight different American editions of Haggard's "Cleopatra," and the author receives royalties on only one.

Rev. Horatio Bonar, the well-known Scotch hymn writer, died July 31, in Edinburgh, aged 71 years.

A magazine to advance the interests of Mormonism, and to represent the Young Ladies' Associations of Utah, will be started in Salt Lake City in October. The editor will be Susa Young Gates ("Homespun"), of Provo, who, by the way, had an interesting article, defending Mormonism, in the *New York Sun* for August 11.

The issue of the *Publishers' Weekly* for July 20 is the "educational number." It catalogues the current text-books of the day, and is in every way a valuable number to those interested.

A work of great usefulness is the "Directory of the American Book, Newspaper, and Stationery Trade," which has just been completed by C. N. Caspar, of Milwaukee. It is an octavo volume of 1,500 pages, and contains 40,000 addresses.

The *Pacific Review* is a new monthly periodical issued at Los Angeles, Calif. F. E. Holloway is the editor. The first number has an article, "Authors and Writers of Southern California," by Charles Frederick Holder.

The *Western Journalist* has appeared in Chicago, with Frank A. Burrelle as publisher. It is devoted to the interests of publishers, journalists, and authors, and will have sixteen pages monthly.

The historical treatise on Columbus for which a prize has been offered by a Spanish Commission must be delivered to the secretary of the Royal Academy of History, at Madrid, before January 1, 1892. Works written in Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, or Italian may enter the competition. The two prizes amount respectively to \$5,700 and \$2,895, each of the two successful authors receiving besides 500 copies of his work.

Harper & Brothers have in press a new volume of poems by Will Carleton, author of "Betsy and I Are Out," etc.

Miss Grace Ellery Channing, the granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, is known in California as a clever writer. She has done some poetical and dramatic work which has been much praised.

Dr. A. C. Doyle, the author of the historical novel "Micah Clarke," is an English physician and a nephew of Richard Doyle, better known as "Dickie" Doyle, of *Punch*, who illustrated works by Thackeray. Dr. Doyle is about thirty years old, and has written magazine stories for some time. He has some repute at home as a cricketer.

The prize offered by *America* (Chicago) for an essay on the "Evil Effects of Unrestricted Immigration" was won by Ricard Dailey Lang, of Baltimore, Md. The paper appears in *America* of August 1.

Roberts Brothers have recently received a letter from Jean Ingelow denying that she is ill and unable to work. On the contrary, she states that she has just completed a four-part story, written a poem for the Christmas number of *Longman's*, and is now preparing a volume of prose and verse to appear the beginning of the new year.

Henry F. Kennan, author of "Trajan," "The Aliens," and other novels, has lately purchased a farm near Mamaroneck, Westchester county, N. Y., and, it is said, expects to spend there the remainder of his days.

Richard E. Burton, whose poems in *Harper's* and the *Century* have attracted so much attention, is a young man on the editorial staff of the *Churchman*.

The authorship of "Thoth" and "A Dreamer of Dreams" was attributed by the *Lindsay* (Ont.) *Watchman* of July 25 to a seventeen-year old boy in Lindsay, named Leslie Pogue. Regarding this claim, the *Toronto Mail* says: "We learn on good authority that young Pogue is only fifteen years of age, and that up to the beginning of the present year he was a student at the Lindsay Collegiate Institute. If it be true that he is the author of 'Thoth,' he must have written the book when he was only thirteen years of age. We are informed by Messrs. Appleton & Co., moreover, that they have just received a letter from the Edinburgh publishers asking that all American press notices of the two books should be sent to them for the author, who is evidently, therefore, a resident of the United Kingdom."

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. I.

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No. 9.

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SOME POINTS FOR READERS.

A good reader is as rare as a good writer. None of us should be content always to read that which pleases but does not teach. In order that general reading may teach us we must find in its words, sentences, and word-pictures something new to us. By studying this unknown quantity that comes up before us, we convert it into knowledge. The question here to be considered is this: How shall one guard every scrap of the unknown and draw good from it?

We may generalize these points in our reading, as follows:—

(a.) Words, the meaning of which we do not know.

(b.) Words, the pronunciation of which we do not know.

(c.) Words, the derivation of which we do not know.

(d.) Grammatical points, which we may desire further to study.

(e.) Passages, not fully clear to us (in meaning).

(f.) Questionable points in the author's style as relating to choice of words, to the chosen manner of explanation, to the treatment of the subject, etc.

(g.) Proper names, historical, geographical, mythological, that demand our attention.

(h.) References to works of other authors.

Every reader does not care to stop at each little question to find out all about it; and, furthermore, not every reader has at hand the volumes necessary to elucidate all obscure points. I have tried to read books and master the contents as I read, but in my own case the plan has been a failure. I find that by reading the whole volume, and marking everything that I need to study, I can better master my book. Gradually I have adopted a code of marking, and I find it very helpful. Here it is: Every word, the meaning of which I do not know, I underline, placing opposite to it on the outer margin the letter "m." When I have finished my book and again look over its pages this letter "m" tells me that I have a meaning to look for in the dictionary. In like manner I underline words the pronunciation or derivation of which I wish to look up, and on the margin I jot down "p" or "d," as the case may be. If it be a grammatical point I underline the word or words and place "g" on the margin. Passages containing a sentiment or expression that I particularly fancy I mark vertically, but add no marginal cipher, in order to distinguish these from obscure passages which I wish further to study, and which I mark vertically, placing "?" on the margin. About proper names one may desire to know a nationality ("n"), or century ("c"), a geographical situa-

tion ("g s"). These I mark as shown in the parentheses; or one may adopt the plan of underscoring all proper names requiring attention, and mark on the margin this sign, "?" If works of other authors are mentioned, I underline the name of each volume I wish to examine and place on the margin "See."

When I have finished my reading I begin at the first page and write up in my note-book every point marked during my reading. If I cannot find at home all the information I desire, it is no trouble whatever to carry volume and note-book to the city library, where one can find an answer to almost any question.

Cases arise in which an immediate consultation upon a point in reading must be made; yet they are not very frequent. To mark on the outer margin is preferable because of the greater space, and because the outer edge of the leaf catches the eye quicker than does the inner. To have all these points written up in one place in a note-book is an advantage appreciated most by those who have hunted over a score of different pages for notes made at odd times.

Thomas Whalley Tapper.

CANTON, MASS.

DOES NOVEL WRITING PAY?

Does novel writing pay?

This is the question recently asked by an American novelist who may lay claim to success without fear of contradiction, and this is the experience that led to the inquiry:—

He wrote a good story, stirring in plot, bright in dialogue, original in treatment, and neatly blending both humor and pathos. It was not a great novel, but it was far better than the usual out-put of the American writer. He took this novel to a publisher and offered it for sale. The offer was accepted upon the following terms:—

The author should receive ten per cent. of the retail price of the book on each volume sold after the first cost of the publication had been received.

This is the result of the sale: About three thousand books were sold, one-third of which were bound in cloth and brought \$1 each. The other two-thirds were bound in paper and sold for twenty-five cents each. The sale of the dollar books paid the cost of putting the work in the market. There was left for the author the royalty upon the 2,000 paper-bound books, which amounted to \$50. If

the novelist had gone to the expense of having his manuscript typewritten he would have been out of pocket on the venture. Whereupon the author wrote a newspaper article asking three questions:—

1. Does novel writing pay?
2. Does the publisher make more money than the authors do?
3. Does magazine novel writing pay better than book writing?

The first question is easily answered. Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, Charles Dickens, E. P. Roe, Sir Walter Scott, and other novelists proved that novel writing has paid in the past. William Dean Howells, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Rider Haggard, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. C. Bunner, Gen. Lew Wallace, Edgar Fawcett, Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Sidney Luska, Frank Stockton, Henry James, Julian Hawthorne, and Brander Matthews are proving that novel writing is paying now.

Upon the remaining questions the following interviews may cast some light:—

"Probably one-half of the works of fiction that are published net no profit whatever," said George Haven Putnam, head of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. "They do not pay the publisher for his expense or the author for his pains. Take cloth books that retail for \$1 or \$1.50 each. From one thousand to two thousand of these must be sold before the cost of production is recovered. If the publisher issues the work in paper, say at fifty cents each, it requires two thousand, or three thousand, or sometimes five thousand to bring back the cost. These books are sold to the trade for twenty-five cents each. Add to this the cost of the books that must be given away for review, the expense of advertising the book, and the further expense of sending out travelling agents, who cost us \$10 a day this side of the Rocky Mountains and \$15 the other side, and you can readily see that it takes a good many books to bring in a profit. It is hard to give a definite answer to the question, but I should say that, as a rule, authors receive as much of the profits as the publishers do. If the work meets with an extraordinary sale the publisher is apt to make more money than the author, but very few of such cases occur, comparatively speaking."

"Does the prior publication of a novel by a magazine injure its sale in book form?"

"I should not think so. In case the author is comparatively unknown, the advertising his work would receive from the magazine would be of great value. If the author were well known, advertising would also be of benefit. It is true that its sale in

certain quarters would be diminished by the magazine publication, but it would unquestionably be increased in other quarters. I would not allow its magazine publication to make any material difference in my agreement with the author of a work I wanted to republish."

"Novel writing does pay," said another publisher as well known as Mr. Putnam. "The *Century* paid \$50,000 for its 'Life of Lincoln,' and proportionately large sums are offered for works of fiction. I have offered \$15,000 for a novel that has not yet been published. My offer has not been accepted, but it stands good. I would willingly draw my check to-day for \$25,000 for the privilege of publishing Henry Stanley's next work, provided the explorer had returned with the manuscript. As to novels, I would give \$15,000 for Mrs. Humphry Ward's next novel. I would give the same for Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, which is the price that the Bonners have contracted to pay for it, sight unseen. I would also give \$10,000 for Rider Haggard's next novel serial and book rights. So you see that some kinds of novel writing pay. The royalties on Dr. Holland's novels continued up to the time of his death increasing every year."

In the absence from the city of Editor Burlingame, of *Scribner's Magazine*, Assistant Editor Robert Bridges was asked regarding magazine writing. "Speaking from my standpoint," replied Mr. Bridges, "I believe that it does pay. The average price paid for a magazine serial is from \$1,000 to \$5,000. There are four first-class magazines in this country. They publish, let us say, two novels each year, though that is greater than the actual number. That means that only eight novelists can reach the public through these mediums in the course of a year; so it is impossible for all of the good novels within each year to appear in the magazines. Those that are so printed usually appear in book form later, and the author receives a royalty in addition to the price he was paid by the magazine. This, however, differs in each case, for two contracts with authors are seldom alike in every particular."

"As to the value of the magazine publication I am very clear. Let us suppose that the magazine has a circulation of only 100,000 numbers monthly. Each number is read by four or five more persons. That means that at least 400,000 persons have the opportunity of reading the novel. Besides this the magazine is advertised each month on news stands throughout the country and in the leading papers of, let us say, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Washington. That gives the announcement of our novelist's

work at least a circulation of 2,000,000 numbers. Now in addition to this the novel will probably run through ten or twelve numbers. In the former case the novelist's name and work would be presented 1,000,000 times in the magazine during the year.

"Yes," added Mr. Bridges in conclusion, "magazine novel writing does pay, in my opinion, and the work of unknown men is gladly welcomed. In our July number, that was given up almost wholly to fiction, there were seven short stories. Of those only three were contributed by well-known writers. The young novelist should take heart. If he has talent there is room for him and a hearty welcome."—*Benjamin Northrop, in the New York Mail and Express.*

FIRST EFFORTS OF AUTHORS.

Somewhere our foremost poet, the venerable John G. Whittier, has told us in a modest and delightful way of the sensations which he felt when he read for the first time in print one of his own poems. This poem he had written while working on his father's farm, and had sent it for publication to William Lloyd Garrison, then editor and publisher of the *Newburyport Free Press*. David Thoreau used often to tell, with evident relish, of how he bought up the first edition of "Walden" from its unlucky publisher, and gave away the volumes to chance visitors, while James Russell Lowell, on the other hand, is fond of relating how he realized a handsome profit from the first edition of his poems. He had the books insured for their full value, and a chance fire swept them all away.

Of the authors now prominent before the American public, none served a harder apprenticeship than George W. Cable. He was a bookkeeper in a New Orleans counting house when his first story of Creole life was accepted by the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. Before that he had made a miserable failure in journalism, and his life in the counting house was hard in the extreme. He labored from early morn till late at night for wages that were pitifully small. Leisure for composition was hard to find, and it was eight years from the time when Mr. Cable first wrote for *Scribner's* before he began his first serial story.

Edward Eggleston's success as a novelist was purely accidental. Giving up the life of a Western circuit rider, he settled down in New York and embarked in journalism as the editor of *Hearth and Home*. One of the regular writers for that periodical having failed upon one occasion to forward

manuscript, a certain amount of space was left to be filled with original fiction. At the eleventh hour the editor himself filled the breach with a story suggested by his experiences as a wandering Methodist preacher in Indiana. A week or two later he was surprised to find that his story had struck a popular chord, and that his readers were anxious for more. To supply this demand he wrote "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and other popular tales. His reputation is now so firmly established that he can count with certainty upon receiving from \$5,000 to \$7,000 for a new novel whenever he chooses to write it.

The late E. P. Roe was another preacher who practically blundered into success in literature. A country preacher before the war, he served as chaplain to a New York regiment during the struggle, and after it was over became a wandering lecturer. He was in Chicago at the time of the great fire, and so strong was the impression which that calamity made upon him that it impelled him to write "Barriers Burned Away." The success of the book was so immediate and remarkable that it at once decided its author's future vocation.

"Mark Twain," after his newspaper experience in the West, came East with the manuscript of "Roughing It" in his trunk. He hunted for a publisher for weeks without finding one daring enough to undertake the publication of the book, and was about to give it up in disgust when he ran across Alfred D. Richardson, whom he had known in California. Richardson took the manuscript to his own publisher in Hartford, who brought it out as a subscription work. It proved a very profitable investment alike for author and publisher.

Will Carleton was living on a farm in Michigan and writing poems for the *Toledo Blade*, for which he received no compensation, when the editor of *Harper's Weekly* sent him a request for a poem. This request he complied with by sending "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and S. S. Conant further increased the young man's surprise by sending him a check for \$30 for it. Mr. Carleton has ever since continued to write for the Harpers. T. B. Aldrich was sub-editor on a New York weekly of small circulation when he wrote that exquisite poem "Baby Bell." The poem attracted the attention of Bayard Taylor, who praised it enthusiastically in the columns of the *Tribune*, and the young poet's fame was made. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs," like Lord Byron, literally woke up one morning to find himself famous. Having failed in an attempt to establish a newspaper in India, he was persuaded by an uncle to

write up his adventures in the East. The result was "Mr. Isaacs," the manuscript of which was submitted to Macmillan & Co. After three months' silence, Mr. Crawford received a letter from the publishers saying that they would issue the book upon the usual terms of ten per cent. Since then his path as an author has been an easy one.

William Dean Howells' first literary work, outside of his editorial duties on an Ohio daily, was the writing of a campaign life of Lincoln, who sent him as consul to Venice. In Italy he made such good use of his opportunities that when he returned James T. Fields promptly made him assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial story in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery newspaper of Washington. Later she offered it for publication in book form to John J. Jewett, who thinks he could have bought the copyright of the story for \$50. However, he agreed to give the author a certain per cent., and so unrivaled was the book's popularity that his first payment to her was a check for \$10,000. In all, 400,000 copies of the book were sold in America, the greater number within twelve months after its publication.

Bret Harte achieved success as a writer of fiction in much the same way as did Edward Eggleston. He was editor of the *Overland Monthly* when it was first founded, and none of his contributors sending in a story dealing with California pioneer life, he wrote one himself. The first story which he wrote was "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the storm of abuse with which it was received on the Pacific coast was in large measure compensated for by the prompt requests for contributions which the author received from Eastern editors. Frank Stockton at first obtained a livelihood as a wood engraver, illustrating stories written by his wife, and his literary fame was won slowly and with difficulty. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps spent two years in writing "Gates Ajar," and two years more in finding a publisher for it. Frances Hodgson Burnett was a country school teacher on a small salary when she began writing stories, and rumor has it that the stamps with which her first contribution was sent away were bought with money obtained from picking berries. The young author found a timely and valuable friend in Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, who paid her liberally for her writings, and gave her a chance to get before the public.

It is only a few years since Robert Louis Stevenson, then unknown, walked into the editorial room of the *Century* and asked the editor if he could not

write something for him. His services were refused, but his writings have since won him so large an audience that he now commands the highest prices of any of our younger authors. Thomas Nelson Page's first contributions to the magazines were accepted and liberally paid for. The same is true of William Henry Bishop, Sidney Luska, and the current sensation of the literary world, Amélie Rives-Chanler. Henry James, who did his first work for the *New York Nation*, also found the road to fame beset with few obstacles in the shape of reluctant and unwilling publishers. Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," says that it was purely an accident that he ever became a famous author. Born and reared in the South, he received from plantation "uncles" and "aunties" the myths and stories he has since made such good use of, but not until he read in *Lippincott's* an article on negro folklore did he become aware of the value of the material which he had unconsciously absorbed. Then he began writing the "Uncle Remus" articles, which became instantly popular.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who has probably written more books than any other American author, living or dead, found her first publisher under singular circumstances. Some forty years ago Mrs. Southworth, then a young woman, was almost a daily visitor at the store of Joe Shillington, who, for nearly half a century, has been a bookseller in Washington. She never spoke to any one, and Shillington and his clerks came in time to regard her as a little queer. One day she timidly approached him and, handing him a large bundle, told him it was the manuscript of a story she had written, and which she wished he would send to some of the papers of which he was the agent. The bookseller complied with her request, and sent it to a Baltimore literary weekly, whose editor was so favorably impressed with the story that he brought it to the attention of Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*. Dr. Bailey requested Shillington to arrange an interview with the young author, but the latter did not know her name, and it was only after a long search that it was found that it was Southworth, and that she was the teacher of a small private school in Georgetown. The story was finally printed as a serial by Dr. Bailey, and later republished by Peterson in book form, having an immense sale. A little later Robert Bonner secured Mrs. Southworth's services for the *New York Ledger*, to which she has ever since remained a contributor.

In all the range of our literary history there is no prettier story than that which details how Louisa

May Alcott's "Little Women" came before the public. Miss Alcott had been writing short stories for years, but had achieved but little fame when she decided to write something more pretentious. When she had finished it she took the manuscript to Roberts Bros.; one of the members of the firm carried it home, and gave it to his little daughter of twelve to read. Enconced behind a newspaper, he watched the effect of the story upon its youthful critic. The little girl read on and on, and could not be induced to leave off until she had finished the story. Her father decided that a book which had so captivated one girl would captivate more. And this opinion proved correct, for more than 100,000 copies of "Little Women" have been sold.

The stories of accidentally acquired literary fame already given by no means exhaust the list. John Habberton wrote "Helen's Babies" in order to amuse his invalid wife, and when, at her earnest solicitation, he found a publisher for the book, he was surprised to see it speedily become the literary sensation of the day. E. W. Howe wrote his striking "Story of a Country Town" in the evening hours which he snatched from his work as the editor of a daily paper at Atchison, Kan. When he had finished the story he had it put in type, printed, and bound in his own office, and it proved a flat failure. Howe was sorely disappointed, and regarded his career as an author as ended. A year or so later W. D. Howells picked up a copy of the book in a second-hand bookstore in Boston, took it home, read it, and gave it a lengthy and flattering notice in the *Atlantic*. Howe was more than surprised at his tardy meed of praise, and his surprise was not lessened when he received offers from half a dozen Eastern publishers to bring out a new edition of the book. Since then a dozen editions of the "Story of a Country Town" have been sold, and his subsequent books have more than met the expectations of the friends of the author.

Charles Dudley Warner wrote his delightful "My Summer in a Garden" as a series of letters to the *Hartford Courant*, and was more than astonished to find that these chance newspaper articles had made him famous. Donald G. Mitchell wrote the first chapters of his "Reveries of a Bachelor" as "time copy" for a New York magazine, to which he was a regular contributor. As in the case of Mr. Warner, these desultory efforts brought him both fortune and fame. James Whitcomb Riley, the most popular of our younger poets, wrote his first poetry while he was the local editor of a small weekly paper in a Northern Indiana town. Anna Katharine Green spent two years in writing a detective

story, to which she finally gave the title, "The Leavenworth Case," and sent her manuscript to the Putnams. The first she heard from it was that they would publish it if she would cut it down. She did so, and the book proved a palpable hit, more than two hundred thousand copies of it having been sold. Mrs. Green is one of the few fortunate authors who have never had a manuscript rejected.

A remarkable and final story of sudden success in the literary world: Less than two years ago A. C. Gunter's new novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," was offered to half a dozen publishers, and rejected by each in turn. The author, despairing of securing its publication in any other way, finally decided to publish it himself. One hundred and ten thousand copies of the book have been sold, and as it nets the author, clear of all expenses, about fifteen cents per copy, the profits can be easily estimated. — *Rufus R. Wilson, in the New York Star.*

DOES LITERATURE PAY?

The question is often asked, "Does literature pay?" Upon this point two interesting letters have recently come into my possession. They were written to a gentleman who asked for advice on the subject of the adoption of literature as a profession. The first is from Carlyle, and was written at his dictation by his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken. It runs as follows:—

5 CHEYNE-ROW,
CHELSEA, 5th November, 1872.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Carlyle bids me say that he has never in his life heard a madder proposal than the one you have just made to him. He would advise you by no means to quit your present employment. He thinks it would only be a degree less foolish to throw yourself from the top of the monument in the hope of flying.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
MARY CARLYLE AITKEN.

The second is from George H. Lewes, and is hardly of a more encouraging nature. It is in the following terms:—

THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK,
REGENT'S PARK, Nov. 8, 1872.

DEAR SIR: Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) is so much occupied just now that I relieve her whenever practicable of the labor of correspondence, and she is the more desirous that I should reply to your question because she has a very slight experience on which to found a judgment and I have had a tolerably large experience. My advice is by all means not to throw yourself on literature for a living. Very splendid talents and wide knowledge are often incompetent to secure bread and cheese, and except in the department of journalism there is but a perilous outlook for any one who has not already proved that his talents are commercially

valuable. Now, it seems to me on this question you can decide for yourself. Assuming that your present employment is intolerable to you and that you have a strong bent toward literature, I would urge you to ascertain decisively whether editors and publishers are willing and eager to pay you for your writing. If they are, you can form some estimate of your probable success when you devote your whole energies to literature. Meanwhile you can do what hundreds of others are doing, viz., cultivate literature in your leisure hours, and try by your productions to increase your income and find a footing for yourself on the shifting sand of periodicals. To give up any honorable employment on the vague chance of success in literature is what all rational men would advise against. You must not confound your hopes and wishes with the conditions of success. It is for you a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, not of literary activity; and that question you, like every one else, have the means of settling by simply offering editors and publishers what you have written. Believe me, both editors and publishers are, for their own sakes, eager to accept and pay for whatever promises to be commercially valuable, and no one will accept work that does not seem to promise such commercial advantage. Yours truly,

G. H. LEWES.

— *London Letter in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.*

JOHN STRANGE WINTER AT HOME.

The book "Bootle's Baby" has been read all over the world, and was the one that made the reputation of the now famous and popular writer, "John Strange Winter." It is difficult to realize, knowing the immense popularity this remarkable tale at once attained, that it was declined six times by London editors before it was accepted by the *Graphic* and published in weekly parts. Mrs. Stannard's remark to her husband when he asked if he should send it to the *Graphic* as a last resource was: "Send it to paradise, if you like. It is as likely to get into one as the other."

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") was born in 1856, wrote her first story when she was sixteen, rejoiced in the first published results of her efforts in 1875, married Mr. Stannard nine years later in 1884. She is the daughter of a clergyman named Palmer. Where then, the bewildered reader asks, do her military proclivities spring from, proclivities and ideas that led even competent judges to believe that her words were penned by a distinguished cavalry officer?

Her father was in the army before he entered the church, and remained devotedly attached to his first calling. The home life was full of a military atmosphere, and she began early to observe and criticise army society in all its most intricate details with a keenness and accuracy which displays itself

in all her delightful stories. One anecdote will show the attention she paid to details. "My husband," she said, "was taking us to hear a lecture given by Archibald Forbes, the great correspondent, in whom I was much interested, though I had not seen him before. On the way to the hall I noticed a man walking before us and said to my husband: 'That man has been in the ranks.' He asked why I thought so. I pointed to the way the man placed his hand upon his hip, and replied: 'Only a ranker ever carries his hands in that way.' When Archibald Forbes stepped on to the platform presently, he turned out to be the very man whose position I had criticised on the street. It is known that he began life as a cavalry private."

Mrs. Arthur Stannard is a tall woman of handsome presence; her hair is dark and closely curled all over her head; she has a low, broad forehead, and dark brilliant eyes, which seem to adopt an expression at all times suitable to the occasion. She dresses well, and affects rich, heavy velvets and handsome silks, with bright combinations of color. At home her favorite costumes are graceful tea gowns, with long, clinging trains and falling lace. Her name is regularly found in the list of those present at the most select gatherings of the London season. She is very superstitious, and always carries two little bits of gray fur inside the neck of her dress, which she looks upon as a talisman. "I have never been without these bits of fur since I was about three years old," she said, looking at them quite affectionately. "Sometimes when I am composing and come to a stand-still I take them out and pass them gently over my lips and cheeks, and you have no idea how they soothe me and promote inspiration as if by magic." She has the same odd feeling about old bits of iron and cast-off horse-shoes, of which she has quite a quantity, as she picks up everything of the kind she comes across. "They always bring me good luck," she said seriously.

From her first step in the literary career she has, like all great workers, possessed boundless capacity for taking pains. She has taken the utmost care to select her models of style from the best authors, and read and studied much. The result is that she is able to write with an ease, simplicity, and directness of diction very seldom found in a woman, treason though it may be to say so. She never wearied of revising over and over again her earlier compositions; but now, owing to the excellent training her force of character and perseverance carried her through, she seldom has to revise or alter, as she thinks out very precisely exactly what she means to say.

Critics of all ranks have sung her praises. John Ruskin, who regards her as a dear personal friend, declares "John Strange Winter" to be "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier."

It would interest every one to pay a flying visit to her pretty home, called "The Cedars," at Putney, the well-known river suburb of the great metropolis. Mr. Stannard is a devoted husband, more like the far-famed American one than the "careless Britisher," and takes all the little business details connected with her work and household off her hands, so that everything is done that can be done to lighten her brain work. "Lady helps" have been rather a hobby of hers lately, and she supports her theories on the subject by keeping only "lady helps" in her house, and having nothing to do with ordinary servants. Comfort has evidently been the primary motive in the arrangement of the house, and each room seems to have been furnished with the same object in view.

The only noticeable decorations are some valuable old china pieces, — Wedgwood and Crown Derby, — and some beautiful oak carvings. The room she works in, — her "den," — is a small one, very simply arranged, containing only two chairs, one for her husband, the other for herself. The table, an ordinary library one, generally has any amount of foolscap paper, best quality, lying about on it, and a board about nineteen inches by fourteen. "If I do not use the best paper and good 'J' pens I can never work quickly enough," she said on one occasion. Every one of her books has been written with the same penholder, or rather, a thick, short gold one. She keeps strict record of her daily work, and makes methodical notes of the books in progress, plots, titles, etc.

The chief feature of her interesting household now is the lovely little daughter, five years of age, born on a Christmas Day and christened Audrey Noel. The advent of two bouncing brothers (twins) last year failed to make any decrease in the sovereign sway exercised by that small maiden, who is a perfect little picture, with sweet baby face, violet eyes, and masses of beautiful golden hair. She calls herself "Beaufy," and trots about everywhere with an adoring pug dog, Jumbo by name, whom she coaxes into abject submission, and introduces to all her mother's visitors.

Mrs. Stannard's latest production is "Harvest," which is already meeting with enormous success. — "*I*," in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Several of the "Queries" in the back numbers of THE AUTHOR remain unanswered. Cannot some of the readers of the magazine give the desired information?

If there is any reader of THE AUTHOR who is not familiar with its companion magazine, THE WRITER, he will do well to send to the publisher for a sample copy.

Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to send to the editor notes of information about authors and their work, for the "Literary News and Notes." Short original articles on literary topics also are desired.

The success of THE AUTHOR has been remarkable, and its continuance is assured. Readers of the magazine who have bought their copies at the news-stands, and others who may not have all the numbers that have been published, are advised to complete their files

without delay. The supply of back numbers is running low, and when the new volume begins in January all the remaining sets will be bound in covers; after that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to supply any single numbers that may be desired. A great deal of entertaining matter about authors and literary work is published in THE AUTHOR during the year, and it will not be many years before a complete file of the magazine from the beginning will be worth a good deal more than the original price.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In a recent *Belford's Magazine*, Virginia Sharpe Patterson writes feelingly on the "Disadvantages of Women Writers." The special disadvantages that she mentions are the time and the place. As a usual thing, the male author, when the spirit moves him to write, retires to his study, where no one is allowed to interrupt him during the hours of work, and where he has a desk fitted up with all the labor-saving devices so temptingly set forth by the contributors to THE WRITER. The female author, on the other hand, when seized by an inspiration, cannot seclude herself alone with her books and her rolling-top desk. It is more than likely that she is in the kitchen baking bread, which cannot be left to take care of itself. With doughy hands she takes the pencil, happily left by the grocer's clerk, and in a stolen moment indites a sonnet on the unstamped side of a paper bag; or she is in the nursery, rocking the cradle with her foot and trying to compose her thoughts and amuse the children, while an old atlas on her knee serves her as a desk. Even the more fortunate woman, one who does not have to bake the bread or guard the nursery, has interruptions that never come to the man. She may even have a room to write in and every convenience around her, but she cannot deny herself to the cook who has some important household question to ask, or to the maid who is going to the market, and comes to her for final instructions. One would think that the spinster might be spared the interruptions so annoying to the mother of a family, yet even she may have a little niece who makes constant and seemingly unavoidable demands upon her attention.

There have been men, however, who have written under disadvantageous circumstances. I do not speak of war correspondents, who have written columns of description with a drumhead for a desk, and the bullets flying past their ears, for they are journalists, and journalists are expected to accom-

plish miracles. But books have been written, and great books, too, under any but favorable circumstances. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" with his mother's body lying in the house, in order to raise money to defray the funeral expenses. Goldsmith wrote his plays with the sheriff's officer knocking at his door—a serious interruption to one's thoughts, I should say. Bunyan wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, where he may have had quiet enough, but must also have had jarring interruptions of various kinds, and a lack of writing materials. If we read the biographies of most of the writers of the eighteenth and earlier centuries, we will find they did their best work under the most unfavorable circumstances. It is only in the nineteenth century that authors have had uninterrupted hours for work, like other business men, and have had such advantages as may arise from the use of typewriting machines, stenographers, stylographic pens, various colored inks, pigeon-holed desks, and writing-pads.—*The Lounger*, "in *The Critic*."

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 36.—Where can I obtain good photographs of living American and English authors? Is there any dealer who makes a specialty of such pictures?

W. E. R.

WORCESTER, Mass.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 18.—The following stanza is quoted from "Bitter-Sweet," by J. G. Holland:—

"Thus it is all over the earth:
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest."

The following quotation, concerning which "H. T." inquires:—

"Life's but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things,—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world."

is from "Festus," by Philip James Bailey.

J. L. S.

DANA, Ind.

No. 20.—Preference among the books of John Burroughs depends upon one's tastes. His latest volume, "Indoor Studies," made up of essays on authors and literary, scientific, and critical subjects, is regarded by some as his best work. My choice, however, is "Signs and Seasons."

J. L. S.

DANA, Ind.

No. 32.—I offer the following quotations from which to select a heading for a book label:—

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"—Acts viii: 30.

"Books are the medicine of the mind."—*Inscription over the door of the library at Alexandria.*

"Books are men of higher stature, and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear."—*Mrs. Browning, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."*

"Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts."—"Love's Labor Lost."

"Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."—*Cicero, "Pro Archia Poeta."*

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—*Bacon.*

"My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

—*Southey.*

"Books, the drifted relics of all time."—*George Eliot, "Middlemarch."*

R. E.

WESTFIELD, Ind.

No. 32.—Perhaps "C. D. B." would be satisfied with the following form, which I use in my book-plate:—

TO MY FRIENDS:

You are welcome to the book you borrow, but please comply with these requests:—

- 1st. Do not turn down the leaves.
- 2d. Do not turn the leaves with the wet thumb.
- 3d. Do not place the book on the table face downward.
- 4th. Return the book when you have read it.

"We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book."

—*E. B. Browning.*
J. L. S.

DANA, Ind.

No. 35.—To your correspondent who wishes to learn French by himself, I would say: There is but one efficient way. Let him take a short, easy masterpiece of the language, such as "*Candide*," or "*Histoire de Charles XII.*," both by Voltaire, or "*Paul et Virginie*," and puzzle out the text carefully, sentence after sentence. He should use the dictionary as sparingly as possible, and make frequent reviews. Above all, let him discard all grammars and made-up systems, whatever their pretensions may be. If he perseveres, doing some work every day, he will be astonished at his own rapid progress. This method applies as well to Italian or Spanish, though these two languages, except for a special purpose, have no practical value. Spaniards and Italians borrow all their literature from the French.

A. de R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. 35.—French may serve you better. All languages are simple and easy, particularly if your

object is to read and not to speak. Study the grammar,—any grammar,—till acquainted with the conjugation of verbs, then begin to read, with the aid of a lexicon. The Meisterschaft System is all that is claimed for it, but it is designed for those who wish to speak the language, or, "to get on" in the language. The Meisterschaft System gives the highest, the most elegant forms of language. It may not be possible to learn to speak fluently from books, but it is possible to learn to speak sufficiently to be understood, and this knowledge obtained from books leads quickly to a fluent use in the country where the language is spoken. No system is better than another to him who is determined to learn; he will learn by any system. s.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Crawford.—Marion Crawford, the novelist, is a handsome, stalwart man, who resembles no one so little as a literary man. He stands fully six feet high, is ruddy of face, broad-shouldered and long-limbed, and can walk forty miles at a stretch. When engaged on any delicate piece of writing he walks more than ever, for he holds with Mill that the best of all mental spurs is a long walk, and that fatigue of the body clears the mind. Mr. Crawford lives during the greater part of the year in Italy. Early in life he went out to India, and his stay there acclimatized him to the tropics, so that now he cannot live with any comfort in a raw, cold atmosphere such as our own. Besides, he considers that a descriptive writer has more to describe in Italy than anywhere else in the world,—more of the beauty of nature and the loveliness of decay.—*New York Star*.

Daudet.—Alphonse Daudet, the most successful French novelist of the day, gives this account of his method of writing novels: "I first of all lay down my notes in a little pocket-book which I carry about me. Then I write out these notes, crossing them off the pocket-book with a red pencil as I go along. The notes, just after they are written, are copied cleanly by my wife, who corrects any little errors of redundancy which I may have committed. I then take my wife's copy and go through it carefully, adding and cutting to suit my taste. The result of this manipulation is a conformation of the hieroglyphics which shock the eye. There is only one man in the world who could interpret them, and that is my private secretary,—worth his weight in gold, let me say. To this long-suffering gentleman, therefore, my illegible manu-

script passes, and from his hands it emerges nearly what it ought to be, but not quite. After a few quieter struggles, however, it is ready for the printer. My wife is a positive boon to me. I don't really know what I should do without her. A really curious thing is that Mme. Daudet despises novels. I write them, you know, and she despises them. She often says that my novels bore her. I think she really prefers my note-books. In my opinion, we read too many books. What we want is to come into contact with life. There are those who make books from books, and those who make books from what they see. There are books which are only the successors of other books, and these are simply old works done up as new. According to my ideas, a book should only be written when one has nothing to say."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

Dickens.—The writers who sneer at the practice of "cutting" one's own MSS. ought to consider the example of Charles Dickens. He was pre-eminently the great "cutter." "Cutting" was his grand maxim, pruning down florid sentences and adding little effective points of his own. Slips of his work are to be seen astonishingly improved by these touchings,—a labyrinth of insertions, transpositions, and erasures, all in his favorite blue ink, which he adopted when "Copperfield" had run about half its course. The original "copy" or MS. of nearly all his works is to be seen in the Forster Library, at South Kensington, in great stout quartos. It is curious to note how every line almost is carefully amended or altered, and the substituted passages written in the very minutest characters. So close are the lines and so "squeezed" the writing that the effect is bewildering; but his printers knew his ways perfectly. Each page holds about forty lines of close writing, and each line some twenty words, making about 800 words in each page. He followed one system, and never failed in the practice,—to make words erased illegible. This must have cost him time and trouble, for it is done in thorough fashion. The erring sentence is laboriously effaced by a series of minute flourishings.—*New York Tribune*.

Flaubert.—The cause of my going so slowly is just this, that nothing in that book ("Madame Bovary") is drawn from myself. Never has my own personality been so useless to me. It may be, perhaps, that hereafter I shall do stronger things. I hope so, but I hardly imagine I shall do anything more skilful. Here everything is of the head. If it has been false in aim I shall always feel that it has been a good mental exercise. But, after all,

what is the non-natural to others is the natural to me,—the extraordinary, the fantastic, the wild chase, mythologic, or metaphysic. "Saint Antoine" did not require of me one quarter of the tension of mind "Madame Bovary" has caused me. "Saint Antoine" was a discharge. I had nothing but pleasure in writing it, and the eighteen months devoted to the composition of its 500 pages were the most thoroughly voluptuous of my life hitherto. Judge, then, of my condition in writing "Madame Bovary." I must needs put myself every minute into a skin not mine, and antipathetic to me. For six months now I have been making love Platonically, and at the present moment my exaltation of mind is that of a good Catholic. I am longing to go to confession. — *Correspondance de Gustave Flaubert.*

Henley.—William Ernest Henley, whose verses have just been published by Scribner, is a Scotchman, a literary protégé of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the editor of *Scott's Observer*. He is one of the men who have had greatness thrust upon them, and he has paid a fearful physical price for his mental development. He began life as a laborer unconscious of latent intellectual power, unversed in the primary elements of education, and a man of dissipated habits. He met with a terrible accident, both lower limbs being crushed beneath a boulder, and while at the hospital for treatment met Robert Louis Stevenson, who was also a patient at the institution. Then commenced the mental existence which has led him through the stages of newspaper correspondent, art editor, and magazine contributor to the rank of poet. His limbs are still completely paralyzed, and he does all his work in an invalid chair, out of which towers his massive blonde head, set on a magnificent pair of shoulders. His conversation is brilliant, and he counts his friends among the cleverest and most brilliant literary men of London. — *Current Literature.*

Ibsen.—Henrik Ibsen, whose works are a popular fad in London just now, is a man of solitary life. For twenty-five years he has lived in self-imposed exile from his native Norway. No lands call him master; no household calls him its head. In wanderings over Europe he goes into no society, and in his many temporary abodes he takes nothing with him that he calls his own. A friend charged with messages to him in Rome could only find him after much patient searching, and, though well known to many by sight, he has no intimate friends. Up to the age of thirty-six Mr. Ibsen lived as an ordinary member of society; he is now nearly sixty-two. The first part of his life was not happy.

His father became insolvent when Henrik was a child eight years old, and his early youth was clouded with extreme poverty. His first start in life was made at the age of sixteen, as a chemist's apprentice; it was not a smoothing career for a fiery and discontented youth. He wrote a tragedy in his hours of leisure and had it printed pseudonymously at his own expense. It was on the subject of *Catilina*. He came to be glad to sell the edition for what it would fetch as waste paper, and to buy a dinner with the proceeds. He always looked forward to going to the University, but Christiania did not greatly please him when at last he got there. He read hard, but not for any course in particular, and when Ole Bull, the violinist, offered him a post in his new theatre at Bergen he gladly took it. He was there for five years. In 1857 he married Susanna Thoresen, whose mother was a Norwegian author of note, and settled in Christiania with a post in the theatre similar to the one he had held in Bergen. In 1864 he left Norway. His life, uneventful until then, has remained for the outside world, and apart from his work, equally uneventful down to the present day. But his life cannot be separated from his labors. His writings are his life. They are not conjecturally autobiographic, but literally and designedly so. "Every thing that I have written," he says, "is most intimately connected with what I have experienced or have not experienced. Each new poem has served for me the purpose of purifying and enlightening the mind; for one is never without a certain share in and responsibility toward the society to which one belongs. When I am writing I must be alone; if I have the eight characters of a drama to do with, I have society enough; they keep me busy; I must learn to know them. And this process of making their acquaintance is slow and painful. I make, as a rule, three casts of my dramas, which differ considerably from each other. I mean in characteristics, not in the course of the treatment. When I first settle down to work out my material I feel as if I had got to know my characters on a railway journey; the first acquaintance is struck up and we have chatted about this and that. When I write it down again I already see everything much more clearly, and I know the people as I should if I had stayed with them for a month at a watering place. I have grasped the leading points of their characters and their little peculiarities, but I might yet make a mistake in important points. At last, in the final cast, I have reached the boundary of my acquaintances; I know my people from close and lasting intercourse; they are my trusted friends, who have no

surprises in store for me; as I see them now so shall I always see them. My starting point is a certain idea struggling into shape; whether the idea be clothed in modern or historic dress is at bottom quite indifferent to me; just at present modern life is nearer to me, as in my younger years were the historic times. The result is often essentially different from the idea; my starting point and my finish are not the same, any more than are dreams and realities. Suppose you had read and heard a great deal about a certain town, and at last you stood before it; well, just as the impression you brought with you changes into the reality when seen with unclouded vision, just as the reality dominates the dream, so the poem—which is for me the reality—dominates the vague and wavering idea that at first filled me. But in after-days, when I can calmly gaze on my work, I see the connection between my poem and my life, that was invisible to me before, and the whole drama only appears to me as a moment in my spiritual development.”

— *New York Tribune*.

King.—Miss Grace King, whose stories “The Christmas Story of a Little Church,” “Monsieur Motte,” etc., in *Harper's*, and other journals, have made no little furore in the world of scribes, is summing in North Carolina. She is a stately woman of about twenty-seven, with a lovely bang of rich, brown hair and prominent features. Her best known writings are “Bonne Maman,” a short tale of Creole life, which appeared in *Harper's*, and a novel in *Lippincott's*, entitled “Earthlings.” Miss King belongs to a leading Creole family, and her mother looks like a handsome old duchess. A tale is told of Mme. King, that when she told a saleswoman, who had never waited upon her before, to send her parcels home to Mme. King, the girl asked her address. The old lady was indignant. “Not know where Mme. King lives? Bring me another shop-girl,” she thundered forth, and the new one comforted her by remarking upon the stupidity of her sister saleswoman. One of the first duties of a New Orleans shopman is to commit to memory Mme. King's residence. — *New York Truth*.

Thackeray.—In a letter to James Fraser, the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine*, Thackeray once wrote: “Now comes another, and not a very pleasant point, on which I must speak. I hereby give you notice that I shall strike for wages. You pay more to others, I find, than to me, and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellowplush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks, except at the rate of twelve guineas a

sheet, and with a drawing for each number in which his story appears—the drawing two guineas. Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part; it is simply a bargain which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellowplush is the most popular contributor to your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly; if he does not deserve more than the *Monthly Nurse* or the *Blue Friars*, I am a Dutchman. I have been at work upon his adventures to-day, and will send them to you or not, as you like; but in common regard for myself I won't work under price. Well, I dare say you will be very indignant, and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so. But I am a better workman than most in your crew, and deserve a better price. You must not, I repeat, be angry; or, because we differ as tradesmen, break off our connection as friends. Believe me that, whether I write for you or not, I shall always be glad of your friendship and anxious to have your good opinion. I am ever, my dear Fraser (independent of £. s. d.), very truly yours.

W. M. THACKERAY.

— *New York Star*.

Trowbridge.—John Townsend Trowbridge, or “J. T. Trowbridge,” as the boys all over the country know him, was the eighth child of a farmer, and was born in the winter of 1827, in western New York, a locality then a wilderness. As he grew older he had to work, as all boys do on a farm. He had six or seven months of schooling each year until he was fourteen, when that allowance was cut down to three months in the dead of winter. There was no luxury in his home, but he had a good mother and father who made that home a happy one. He studied hard by the fireside. It was in this way that he learned to read and translate French before he met a person who could speak it. He also learned Latin and German in the same way. As he worked on the farm he would “think out” verses and plan romances, and at night he would write them out. He sent some of these productions to the country paper, and as he saw them in print he felt all the pride of a general when he sees an opposing army lay its arms at his feet. He became convinced that literature was his field in life, but how to enter it was a very difficult problem. The first money he ever received for a piece of writing was \$1.50 which was paid him for “A New Year's Address,” written for the carriers of the *Niagara Courier*. With this small encouragement he went to New York City. Here his discouragement increased and almost overwhelmed him. His funds got so low that he was obliged to work in a pencil factory in Jersey City, where his pay was

sure. But even in the darkest hours he did not become discouraged, and worked and hoped on. At last his patience and perseverance was rewarded, and his stories were sought by publishers. He writes at the present time, to a very considerable extent, for the *Youth's Companion*, and his income is a comfortable one. He is a tall, fresh-looking man with a pleasant face. His hair is very white, but in other ways he does not show his years. He does not seek fashionable society, and he does not care for it. Some people might call his manners crude. He has a taste for speculation.—*Boston Times*.

Ward.—Twenty-five years ago Artemus Ward wrote the following letter to an acquaintance in the Mohawk Valley. It is copied from the original time-worn manuscript, and contains a touch of that delicate humor for which he was so justly celebrated:—

WATERFORD, ME., June 5, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: There is really nothing very remarkable in my history. I was born in this quiet little town about twenty-eight years ago. My father died when I was twelve years old, and at the age of thirteen I entered a printing office at Lancaster, N. H. My father was a magistrate and lumber merchant,—a clear-headed and thoroughly honest man, so competent in his business as to be consulted on all kinds of law questions, and so honest that he invariably had his hands full of business involving large sums of money. I fear he was a little too honest, for he died poor after all. I ran away from the office at Lancaster, and entered a similar establishment at Norway, this state. This establishment failed, and I roamed through the state, setting type a short time in one place, and quietly running away to another. Running away appears to have been my chief weakness at that time. I finally landed in Boston, and worked at my trade until I was declared a tolerably good printer. I then went West and South, and for two years led a peripatetic kind of life. I commenced writing for a paper in Toledo, O., about ten years ago. I succeeded as a paragraphist well enough to achieve a very good local reputation, and moved to Cleveland and took charge of the *Plain Dealer* newspaper. I here commenced the Artemus Ward papers. The selection of that *nom de plume* was purely accidental. I wrote the first Ward sketch on a purely local subject, not supposing I should ever write another. Somehow the name Ward entered my head and I used it. Five years ago I moved to New York and assumed the editorial conduct of *Vanity Fair*, succeeding Charles G. Leland. For the past four years I have lectured almost constantly, and with a success that is perhaps unequalled, considering what a startling innovation I have made on a long-established institution. My writings and lecturing have given me a competency. I have a liberal offer to go to England this fall on a lecturing tour, and I may accept. I am writing now a book of travels, giving my experiences among the Mormons. I live in New York City, although I spend a portion of my summers here with my mother. That is about all. I have only drifted with the current,

which has carried me gayly on of its own accord. As I am frank enough to say this, I hope I have a right to say that I have always meant the creatures of my burlesques should stab Error, and give Right a friendly push. You are at liberty to use these facts, although my letter is necessarily written in a great hurry, for I am very busy. I am popularly supposed to be rustivating here, but it is a ghastly mockery. I am working very hard. The sketch in *Leslie* was pleasantly written by my friend, Frank Wood, who died just as we all were predicting a brilliant future for him. I thank you for your friendly letter and kindly intention, and am faithfully yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE,
("Artemus Ward.")

To Charles Bowen, Fort Plain, N. Y.

—*New York Sun*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Samuel Austin Allibone died in Switzerland, September 2. His great work was his "Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors," which contains notes on 46,499 authors, classified in forty groups. The first volume was published in 1854, and the third volume in 1871.

Bella French Swisher, of Austin, Texas, has written a long poem, "Florocita," which will soon be published in book form by John B. Alden, New York.

I. S. Johnson & Co., of Boston, have begun the publication of *Farm Poultry*, a twelve-page paper for practical poultry keepers.

Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet, began writing verses at an early age. He is now thirty-seven years old, and not twenty, as has been recently stated. He is a painter as well as a poet.

Four new volumes in the Putnam's valuable Story of the Nations Series will be published this fall.

Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, the Kentucky poet, is one of the most fascinating women of the famous Blue Grass country. Her home is in Lexington, the garden spot of the state.

Macmillan & Co. will publish early in the fall a revised edition of Alfred Austin's poem, "The Human Tragedy," which will contain likewise a prefatory essay on "The Present Position and Prospects of Poetry."

That the works of Chinese authors often run to scores of volumes is a well-known fact, but that a single work should fill 6,109 volumes is scarcely creditable, says the *American Bookmaker*. Nevertheless, such a specimen of the printer's art is in existence in Peking. It is a cyclopædia of ancient and modern literature, and was begun in 1662.

George W. Cable has dramatized one of his stories, and the play is in the hands of a Boston manager.

"The Light of Her Countenance," a novel by H. H. Boyesen, is published by the Appletons.

Manager Koch, of the Studio Publishing Company, has written a letter to an inquiring subscriber in which he says: "The cause for the irregularity and the unnecessary delay in issuing the monthly numbers of the *Studio* has been owing entirely to the absence, indisposition, and indifference of the editor, notwithstanding his entire knowledge as to the numerous complaints received from our subscribers, our news agents, etc., and the only response we can make to the inquiries as to when our next issue is to appear is to direct the inquirers to address their request for information to the editor, Mr. Clarence Cook, Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, N. Y."

A memorial lectureship of poetry, with a salary of \$1,000 a year, has been founded in Johns Hopkins University in memory of the late Percy Trumbull. As the duties of the chair will be nominal, this lectureship, if wisely filled, may lead to a distinction for its occupant similar to the Clark lectureship in Oxford.

Reports from Paris say that the literary partnership of nearly half a century between the two Alsatian novelists, MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, has been broken irrevocably. The quarrel has been going on for some time, and is ascribed to differences growing out of the returns for the plays which were taken from the stories.

Charles Dickens, the reader, has a long novel in manuscript which he has never had the courage to publish. He realizes that his work would be compared with his father's, and he does not dare to brave the test.

Among those who receive pensions from the British civil list are these, the amounts being given: Sir Richard Owen, \$1,000 a year; the widow of Kitto, the Biblical encyclopedist, \$250; the widow of Hayden (of the "Dictionary of Dates"), \$500; the daughter of Douglas Jerrold, \$250; Gerald Massey, because he is "a lyric poet sprung from the people," \$500 a year; Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Buchanan, the widow of George Cattermole, and the Rev. Dr. George MacDonald, each \$500; Faraday's niece, \$750; Mr. Tupper, \$600; the widow of Charles Kingsley, \$1,000; two ladies directly descended from Defoe, \$375 each; the widow of Richard A. Proctor, \$500; the sister of Keats, \$400; Philip James Bailey, \$500; and the daughter of Nelson's adopted daughter, \$1,500.

Franklin's "Autobiography" is to be printed once more, in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series of the Messrs. Putnam, and edited once more by Mr. John Bigelow.

Books were scarce in Puritan days, and perhaps that is the reason that the writers made the most of the titles, using such choice ones as "A Reaping-Hook Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation"; "A Pair of Bel-lows to Blow Off the Dust Cast upon John Fry."

C. W. Darling, corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, asks those who have, or know of, old Bibles to furnish him with lists thereof in furtherance of his design of publishing "An Historical Account of Some of the More Important Versions of the Bible."

"One of Our Conquerors" is the title of the novel which George Meredith is finishing.

Professor (afterward President) Felton, of Harvard College, had written an article for a magazine. The proof came to him with "Froth" written on the margin against the most ambitious sentence in the copy. Ferocious at what he supposed to be a criticism by some compositor, Felton went to the printer to complain of the insult. The explanation was promptly and satisfactorily given. At precisely that point the work had been passed over to a compositor named Frothingham.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

The *New York Tribune* says: "The larger proportion of American authors and scholars write and have written an exceedingly small hand, neat, clear, almost perfect, each differing but little from the others. It has been suggested that poets are particularly given to this tiny chirography, because verse may be committed to paper much more daintily and effectively in such a hand than in a large and scrawling one. Whatever may be the reason, it is the fact that poets are notable for MSS. of minute and orderly elegance. Tennyson and Swinburne are exceptions. The Laureate's handwriting is big and spluttering; and Swinburne is said to write like a schoolboy."

Frank R. Stockton has written a new and characteristic story, called "The Merry Chanter." It will begin in the November *Century* and run through four numbers. Dana Gibson will illustrate it. The November *Century* is also to contain a new story by Mark Twain.

A "Treasury of English Sacred Lyrical Poetry" has been compiled by F. T. Palgrave in three books.

Eighty-five stenographers having contributed to a discussion on how to hold the pen, the *Phonographic World* gives the result, omitting the minor details, as follows: As the most approved general manner of holding the pen, the following preference is shown: Between thumb and first finger, 60; first and second fingers, 24; second and third fingers, 1.

In the basement of the Library of Congress at Washington are filed the principal newspapers and periodicals of the world to the number of 200. When enough are accumulated for a volume they are sent to the government printing office and bound. This accumulation amounts to 25,000 volumes, each with about 2,000 pages. The oldest American paper in the collection is one published by Franklin in 1732. The *Oxford Gazette*, now the *London Gazette*, is the oldest of all. It came out in 1661.

M. Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist, is an eccentric of eccentrics, and deliberately assumes his eccentricity. His hair reaches below his shoulders and falls about his face, giving him the wild, unkempt appearance in which he rejoices. He is said to be the best talker in France, and no social gathering of the Parisian Upper Ten Thousand is complete without him. He is married to a charming woman, who has considerable pretensions to literature.

Belford, Clarke, & Co. say in the September number of *Belford's Magazine*: "The charge that a syndicate of wealthy Democratic gentlemen supplied the capital for the magazine is untrue. No person or persons except Messrs. Belford, Clarke, & Co., the proprietors and publishers, have ever contributed a dollar of capital toward its support. The facts are simply these: During the recent presidential election campaign the company sold to the national Democratic committee 40,000 copies of the magazine for four consecutive months, at the price of six cents a copy, being less than the actual cost of paper, printing, and binding; and at this late date the company have been compelled to resort to a court of law to collect from Mr. Calvin Brice an unpaid balance of nearly \$3,000 for the magazines thus sold at less than cost."

James Whitcomb Riley has not been well this summer and has done very little literary work. He is regaining his health rapidly.

Edward Everett Hale thinks that those proposing to read Tolstoi's works should begin with "My Confession."

H. F. Reddall's "Fact, Fancy, and Fable," to be published shortly by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, is a work of very comprehensive and cyclopædic character, presenting concise information on a great variety of subjects, sufficient for the needs of the ordinary reader who wishes to look up, without too much delay and trouble, the references and allusions he may find in his daily readings.

William H. Bishop became a novelist in a queer way. He was editing a newspaper in Milwaukee, and, as an experiment, wrote a story in competition for a prize of \$50, offered by a local newspaper, the owner of which was his warm personal friend. He read the story to his partner, who liked it so much that he advised him to send it to the *Atlantic Monthly* instead of dropping it into the Milwaukee prize bag. Mr. Bishop did so, and the editor of the *Atlantic* discovered its merits.

Among the guests at the Mohican House, Lake George, the past summer, was Mrs. C. H. Birney, author of the biography of those two remarkable women, Sarah and Angelia Grimké, whose lives read like a romance. Mrs. Birney has also written a number of short stories; and two articles from her pen, on the raising of the first colored troops, recently appeared in *Belford's Magazine*. In person Mrs. Birney is tall and slender, with gray hair, and a sensitive, refined face. Her life has been a varied one, and replete with incidents of remarkable interest. Her father was Dr. H. L. Hoffman, of St. Louis; her mother, Charlotte Khiri, an artist of no mean ability, and the writer of fugitive poems that attracted much attention half a century ago. At the age of twenty-one Miss Hoffman married William Birney, the second son of James G. Birney, the abolition candidate for the Presidency in 1842 and 1844. The young couple went to Europe soon after their marriage and remained there six years, Mrs. Birney contributing letters from Paris and Berlin to several prominent newspapers. Her literary labors would in all probability have been far more extensive but for the cares devolving upon her as the mother of ten children, six of whom are now living, and all of whom have decided literary tastes. Mrs. Birney is at present engaged in writing a book of personal recollections of the war.

The publishers of *Puck* announce that they will issue in October a book of sketches by Charles Jay Taylor, entitled "In the 400 and Out," made up of the society pictures this artist has contributed to *Puck*.

A memorial signed by a hundred men of letters has been presented to the British Home Secretary, praying for the release of Henry Vizetelly, the publisher imprisoned for selling Zola in English.

Miss Emily F. Wheeler, one of the contributors to *THE AUTHOR*, in an article published in the *Critic* of August 24, protests against the monotonous and restricted social life of the woman's college of today, the tendency of which she believes to be distinctly unwholesome both for teacher and pupil.

A timely volume, and one calculated to be a valuable addition to American historical geography, will shortly be issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a translation from the Danish by Prof. Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, of Peter Lauridsen's work, entitled, "Vitus Bering, the Discoverer of Bering Strait."

"Marooned" is a lively novel by W. Clark Russell, published in Rand, McNally, & Co.'s Globe Library Series. Mrs. Alexander's novel, "A Crooked Path," has been added to the same series.

A compilation of the most enjoyable letters of Charles Dickens will soon be issued by the Scribners, in a style uniform with their edition of Thackeray's letters.

James Payn, the popular English novelist, had twenty-six articles rejected in one year by various periodicals. Still he persevered, feeling that he had something to tell, if he only knew how to tell it and could get an editor to read it. He did finally write something worth telling and made a successful hit, and has since written thirty-six novels, all more or less popular.

That the increasing issue of books in paper covers has had the result of increasing the sales, is the statement of the *American Bookseller*. It adds that so far it believes that "the change is to the advantage of the booksellers, as the large sale of the cheap editions compensates for the smaller margins. With bound books the publisher has a double profit, his own profit as publisher and a second one on the binding. The comfort of a paper-covered volume is that it is easier to carry and to read; but if it is worth preserving, it deserves a good binding. It is probable, then, that the change to paper covers will, in the long run, be to the advantage of the skilled binder."

The American artist, Theodore Wores, whose studies of Japanese life and landscape have recently attracted wide attention in New York and London, has in the September *Century* a paper on "An American Artist in Japan," for which a number of his oil paintings have been engraved.

Ina D. Coolbrith, the California poet, has been the librarian of the free library at Oakland since 1874. Her life is said to have been a rare example of unceasing and heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of those who have been dependent upon her.

The illustrated feature of the *Magazine of American History* for September is the third chapter in Mrs. Lamb's "Historic Homes and Landmarks," the scene being the site of the Damen farm between Wall street and Maiden Lane, which for nearly half a century was outside the walled city of New York. Milton T. Adkins writes of the "Growth of a Great National Library," giving the history in brief of the Library of Congress.

Several of the most popular of Anthony Trollope's novels are said to have been written on steamers during long voyages. His best works were written while he lived at Waltham Cross, in Essex, but he was constantly moving about.

Good Housekeeping, of Springfield, Mass., has absorbed *The Kitchen*, a popular practical household monthly, published at Chicago for the past few years, the business change dating from August, 1889.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have published: "Benjamin Franklin," by John T. Morse, Jr., in the American Statesmen Series; "Two Coronets," a novel, by Mary Agnes Tincker; "Recollections of Mississippi," by Hon. Reuben Davis; "Literary Landmarks," by Mary E. Burt; "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," Part VI., edited by Francis J. Child; and "Jonathan Edwards," by Professor A. V. G. Allen. Among the other books announced by this firm are: "John Jay," by George Pellew, and "Lewis Cass," by Andrew C. McLaughlin, in the American Statesmen Series; "New Jersey," by Austin Scott, "Illinois," by E. G. Mason, and "Pennsylvania," by Wayne MacVeagh, in the American Commonwealths Series; "The Life of Richard Steele," by George A. Aitken, with several portraits; "Mary Howitt's Autobiography," edited by her daughter Margaret; "A Rambler's Lease," by Bradford Torrey; "Six Portraits," by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer; and a new holiday edition of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," with fifty illustrations of Roman scenes connected with the story. Of this last there will be a large-paper edition of 150 copies.

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MRS. MARY E. BRYAN.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who has won success as a novelist, a poet, and an editor, was born in Jefferson County, Florida, some forty years ago. Her birthplace was a huge old Southern mansion, called by the country people "Castle Folly," because of its baronial grandeur, in its quiet and isolated situation, on a lonely plantation. Her father was Major John D. Edwards, a native of Amelia Island, off the Florida coast, and her mother was the beautiful and accomplished Miss Louise Houghton, of Athens, Ga. Mary was a lonely, shy, sensitive child, educated almost entirely by her mother, on a large isolated plantation, with no companions save her parents, a younger sister, and her mother's brother, the gifted orator and writer, Robert Houghton. Colonel Houghton lived in Gadsden County, Florida, and Mary spent many happy days at his beautiful home, called "Salubrity," where, in a deep, orange-shaded window of a

great room lined with books, she obtained much of her education from his well-selected, though miscellaneous, library. When only seven years of age, she had read Shelley and Byron, and had dipped into Shakespeare, and at nine years of age she would repeat many favorite passages from these authors, with only the pine trees for an audience. Many an evening did the lonely child, thus shut off from companionship with those of her own age, fall asleep on the hearth-rug, with her open book under her head. Her freedom from restraint, and long rambles and rides in the open air, prevented her studious habits from affecting her general health. As he had no son, her father made a companion of his little daughter. She accompanied him on his hunting and fishing excursions, and in rowing on the waters of the Mexican Gulf, upon the coast of which the family spent some months of every year. She soon became a fearless rider, and was an expert in the use of the oar and the shot-gun. In her tenth year she was sent to the Fletcher Institute, in Thomasville, Ga., where she remained two years at boarding-school, when her parents removed temporarily to Thomasville, for the benefit of the school.

While still a child Mary was married, contrary to the wishes of her parents, to the son of a rich Louisiana planter, who immediately carried his child-wife to his lonely plantation home on the Red river. A few months afterward the young couple separated, and Mary was brought home again by her devoted father. He had always been proud of his little daughter's literary talents, and when she was a mere child had encouraged her to write stories and poems, which, he thought, evinced remarkable powers; and before she was fourteen years old she had

published in her home newspaper a serial story of five hundred pages, called "Isola's Life." Once more at home, he encouraged her to take up again the old life and the old interests, and the widowed child-wife set to work in earnest, and sent stories and essays weekly to a literary paper called *The Crusader*, published in Atlanta, Ga. Later on, her father persuaded her to accept the position of assistant editor offered by the publisher, who was ignorant of her extreme youth. She accordingly came to Atlanta, and assumed the entire management of *The Crusader*.

Mrs. Bryan is a born journalist. She entered upon her new field with enthusiasm, and seemed instinctively to grasp the knowledge of its requirements. Only seventeen years of age, she yet exhibited wonderful fertility of imagination, with inexhaustible versatility and energy. She wrote vigorous editorials upon the current questions of the day, and kept a serial story running, with a sketch and a poem every week. In the mean time she pursued her studies privately, and at the end of the year took her diploma at College Temple, Newnan, Ga. *The Crusader* was gaining ground rapidly in public favor, when Mrs. Bryan suddenly left it to return with her husband to Louisiana. She, however, continued to write, and published a serial story, "Household of Haywood Lodge," followed by a novel, published in *Scott's Magazine*, called "The Mystery of Cedar Bay." The latter showed a vivid imaginative power, and intense psychological study.

Mrs. Bryan wrote for several different papers, and for a time edited a tri-weekly paper published at the old French city of Natchitoches, in Louisiana, and the press was unanimous in praising the vigor, courage, and ability with which she handled the political problems of the day. Still, the best parts of the paper were where the poet cropped out through all in the little sketches and poems which appeared in each number. Mrs. Bryan was for ten years on the staff of the *Sunny South*, in Atlanta, Ga., and for seven years she edited it almost without assistance. The amount of work she did is truly marvellous. She published five of her best long stories in this paper, besides innumerable short stories, character sketches, poems, and essays. Her "Random Talks" and

"Charcoal Sketches" were regular features of the paper.

Some years ago, this woman, who has written enough, in a versatile way, to form a library, published her first book, "Manch," a novel, which was published in handsome style by D. Appleton & Co., New York. This work is a most unique and powerful creation. It is vividly imaginative, finely dramatic, and absorbingly interesting. Mrs. Bryan received many applications to dramatize this novel, but refused, intending to dramatize it herself at some future day.

Mrs. Bryan considers her last work, "Wild Work," her best novel. She is now living in New York City, engaged by the Munros, at a handsome salary, as one of their assistant editors. Mrs. Bryan has two daughters, both married, and one son, fifteen years of age, who lives with his father at Clarkston, a small place about ten miles from Atlanta, Ga., where she frequently visits them. Mrs. Bryan is a bright, active little lady, dark-eyed and dark-haired, and with a trace of the Castilian blood that flowed in her father's veins in her attractive personnel; a brave, strong-hearted woman, of whom it may be said in after years, "She hath done what she could." S. E. Glover.

"WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS."

Charles Lamb says in one of his letters that, if his books do not sell well, they are excellent to give away. Perhaps, as we read this, we fancy that it would be charming to have a copy of "Elia's Essays," with an inscription in the author's hand. It *would* be pleasant, even to own such a volume, but, at the time, the friend to whom Lamb gave his book was probably much bored and embarrassed. Every person of letters must have noticed — if he will be frank, he will confess it — that *nobody likes a present of a book from the author*. Every one feels, in such a case, as if a friendly physician had conferred on him a box of pills. Let the author pause and consider. What manner of letters does he receive from the friend or stranger to whom he sends his nice, new volume, "With the Author's Compliments"? Do not even the child of four and the elderly female kinswoman write, in a suspicious hurry, to say that they are "looking forward with great pleasure" to reading the book? Neither extreme youth nor partial and feminine affection is so

innocent as to read the book first, and *then* thank the author. The truth is that nobody (except our Gladstone) ever does read books which he receives *ex dono auctoris*. Human nature is suspicious of the author when he brings this kind of gift. Suppose Lord Tennyson were to write a new volume of poems, or that Signor Comparetti were to discover and publish the lost "Elpides" of Theocritus. I verily believe that if these distinguished men sent me these valuable books "With the Author's Compliments," I would but cut the leaves of either the Sicilian or the English poet. On the other hand, if I had to purchase the books, I would rush eagerly into the market, and be found sitting outside the bookseller's shop before the shutters were removed.

The sources of this horror of presentation copies appear to be deep in human authors. We do not value what we obtain without exertion, especially when the gift has to be acknowledged in a way pleasing to the paternal feelings of the donor. It is not that one objects to the other's offering of partial friendship, or of the kindly stranger. Canvas-back ducks, Greek gems, rare first editions (as long as they are not the gift of the author), I can receive without regret, and acknowledge without ingratitude. Curiously enough, one would not be bored by a sketch, or even a picture, given by the artist. It is only a man's own books that are such unwelcome donations. As a rule, of course, they are trash. People who don't know a man have the audacity to keep sending their wretched poems, and novels, and essays, and so forth, to his door. Mr. Matthew Arnold used to give these away to a retainer, and think no more about them. A pretty collection of poetic autographs that retainer must possess. For my own part, I keep a kind of sepulchre in which I deposit books "With the Author's Compliments." What becomes of them after they are once in this receptacle, I do not know; they vanish. Here the delicate question arises, Are you obliged to acknowledge these perfidious presents from strangers? The consciences of men are divided. I think, for one, that you are bound to thank the donor. He *means* kindly (though it does not look like it), and to ignore his intentions is discourteous. But many people are less conscientious; they simply make no reply to the generous author. The worst of it is when he writes letter after letter, and insists on your telling him which of his poems you like best. In that case, my rule is praise the longest; that is likely to gratify the author's heart. But some authors publish opinions of this kind as advertisements. There is really *no* safe and short way of dealing with authors. Sometimes they ask you

to write favorable critiques of their work in several reviews. This kind goeth not out readily, and will pester you for months. However, you easily get rid of the books of strangers. It is far worse when your very friends lift up the heel, as it were, against you.

Nothing can be more delicate than your situation when your friend sends you his new book. Of course, you reply with cordial thanks and anticipations of delight, by return of post. *That* is elementary. But your conduct is now difficult and embarrassed. Your friend, be sure, is on the prowl, waiting with attentive ear for any remark on his performance. Now, as you have not read his confounded book (excuse my natural irritation), and don't mean to begin, how are you to behave when you meet him? The best plan is to go abroad or into the country till the thing blows over. If you stay in town, he is sure to come to see you, and keep his eye open for his book. *Never* leave a friend's book lying about in view, never for one moment! Some literary men "fag" a daughter or a patient wife to cut the pages of their friends' books, and to mark passages here and there with an approving, though necessarily random, pencil. This is all very well, if you can be quite sure that the work is really done. But you never *can* be sure, and Jenkins will find his "Rue and Rosemary" lying uncut in the smoking-room. The only plan is organization. Keep a set of top shelves in your boot-closet, and there piously and tenderly deposit all your friends' works, with the edges outward, the moment you have unpacked them. Never would I sell the gift of a friend, but I will be shot before I read it. Life is not long enough.

Here some cynic may say: "But what of your own books,—do you never inflict *them* upon others?" With deep contrition, I confess that I *do*. Why one acts in this inconsistent way I cannot explain, but I would set it down, speculatively, to Original Sin. There is a perversity in man which goads him to the most profitless acts of fiendish cruelty. Yes, I see my friends wince; I behold their gallant efforts to look grateful when I wontonly assail them with a book *ex dono auctoris*. I feel for them deeply; my own dastardly conduct can be condemned by nobody more than by myself. Giving away one's own books (even to one's dearest and nearest, hideous to confess, even to harmless children or innocent girls, or aged uncles tottering on the threshold of old) is a terrible, an overmastering vice, like dram-drinking or poker. Nothing can cure us authors of this passion. Even Lamb was guilty, the gentle Lamb! In a

shop hard by—a second-hand book shop—are my friend Smith's "Powder and Patches," with a touching inscription to "The Marchioness of Carabas," in his own hand. I dare say her ladyship got as much as ninepence for Smith's present when she sold it.

Everywhere, on every stall, you see nothing but books "With the Author's Compliments." If I could hope that, when my friends sell mine, they gained enough to compensate them, in a slight degree, for the pains which these presents inflict, I might be more or less consoled. But can one and sixpence atone for the wrong I have done? Never; I know it; and yet, as soon as my "Selections from Plotinus" is ready, you will find me lacerating the kindest hearts by giving copies of it away to people who never wish to hear of Plotinus as long as they live. And many of them are not authors; they cannot hit me back. Gentle, uncomplaining victims, it is not *I* who wound you, it is some dread fatality which afflicts literary men, and urges us, blindly, madly, to scatter our books about "With the Author's Compliments." Very pale they seem to gather around me, the faces of those against whom I have sinned; sorrowing, but not unforgiving, they come; the kind, trusting old lady that perished of my *early poems*; the stalwart, loyal friend who staggered away to die under my novel; the lovely matron that I gave my "Essays on Language" to; ay, the little toddling child who never, never quite recovered from my original "Fairy Tales." Not reproachfully, not unkindly, they look down on me, for love pardons *all*, and will forgive, if it can scarce forget, the wanton wrong we do when we make presents of our own books to those whom we ought rather to protect and cherish.—*Andrew Lang, in America for October 3.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

In the charming hill-country of western New Hampshire, and almost shut in by surrounding elevations, nestles a picturesque sheet of water known as Sunapee Lake. Here William Young, the dramatist and poet, has for some years made his summer home, and here Colonel John Hay and Clarence King, perhaps with the intention of doing likewise, have purchased tracts of land. Due west from this lake flows the little Sugar River, running a rapid course of some fifteen miles to the Connecticut Valley, and turning on its way the mill-wheels of Claremont, the birthplace of Constance Fenimore Woolson. Miss Woolson's father, Charles Jarvis Woolson, also a native of Claremont, and a suc-

cessful merchant of that place, had married a niece of Fenimore Cooper, Miss Hannah Cooper Pomeroy, of Cooperstown, N. Y. As may be supposed, Mrs. Woolson was a woman of refinement and strong literary tastes, and her husband was not her inferior in mental qualities, being noted as a fine conversationalist.

While yet a child, Miss Woolson was taken by her parents to Cleveland, Ohio, her father's business interests having become centred there. She was educated at a Cleveland young ladies' seminary and at the famous French school of Madame Chegaray in New York. Her summers were chiefly spent, while a girl, on the island of Mackinac, in the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan. She often, however, accompanied her father on his business trips to the shores of Lake Superior, through the farming districts of the Western Reserve, and up and down the Ohio Valley, until she became familiar with a great part of the country that includes the great lakes and the Central States. At Cleveland the Woolsons took a prominent position in the more cultured society of the city.

The vivacious school miss of Chegaray days, the brilliant society girl of Cleveland, was already looked on as having developed unusual talents, when her father's death, in 1869, and the consequent breaking up of the family, cast a shadow on her life, and urged her to serious pursuits. She had been brought up strictly in the Episcopal faith, and at this time had published a number of articles in periodicals of that denomination. It is said that some of her church friends experienced a feeling of displeasure when Miss Woolson began contributing to the secular press with a story in *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1870, entitled "The Happy Valley." This, indeed, is a matter of no great moment. Her literary field soon extended, and stories, sketches, and poems appeared in profusion in *Harper's* and other leading magazines. Selected stories relating to the region of the great lakes were published as Miss Woolson's first book, in 1875, with the title, "Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches."

In the fall of 1873, her mother's failing health necessitated a trip to Florida. There, at St. Augustine and on an island in the St. John's River, Mrs. and Miss Woolson remained for five winters, the summers being spent in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, in South Carolina and Georgia, and later with their relatives at Cooperstown. The literary results of this long stay in the South are readily to be discerned.

The death of her mother in February, 1879, caused a complete change in Miss Woolson's plans, and the same year she sailed for England. Since then she has been in America but once, and for a very short time. Her winters have been passed chiefly at Florence, though she has resided for long periods at Rome and Sorrento. In summer she has lived at Venice, and at various resorts in Switzerland and Germany. She has been heard of as occupying a portion of some old Venetian palace, with all the "properties" of balconies, gondolas, campaniles, red and orange lateen sails, constantly in sight. Again, rumor tells of the top floor of some "Hilda's Tower," with a vine-covered roof-loggia looking out over the Campagna and to Soracte, — but rumor says naught of the interiors of these same abodes.

Since the beginning of 1887 Miss Woolson has lived at the Villa Bricchieri, just outside the Roman gate of Florence, the same locality that is mentioned in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," —

"I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo."

There and at Venice she will probably remain until her return to America, when it is her well-known intention to make a winter home in Florida, and a summer home at Lake Otsego.

Miss Woolson is not a rapid composer. Her novel, "Anne," was nearly three years in the writing, a worthy example to novelists of the day. Her first book, and the second collection of stories, "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," published in 1880, had attracted attention to the new author, but the appearance of "Anne" in book form, in 1882, placed her at once in the front rank of American prose writers. This volume has been followed by "For the Major," 1883; "East Angels," 1886; and "Jupiter Lights," 1889, the last of which, the *London Spectator* thinks, bids fair to rival "Anne," which it calls "one of the best novels America has produced for the last quarter of a century." Our novelist is intensely American. All of these books deal with the life and adventures of Americans in their own country, though of widely differing types, and in widely separated districts. Meanwhile, since 1880, she has published in the magazines some seven or eight stories, the characters of which are Americans in Europe. The last of these, "The Front Yard," aside from its principal figure, deals mainly with Italian natives. Perhaps it is not too much to conjecture that these stories will soon be gathered into a volume, and that they presage a new departure in the field of fiction by Miss Woolson.

As her friends remember, the voyager of 1879

impressed one as, above all, a gentlewoman. She was slender, somewhat above the medium height, with dark brown hair, fair complexion, and thoughtful face. The intervening years, it seems, have rounded the figure and deepened the expression.

There is not space here to discuss Miss Woolson's literary methods. Suffice it to say that she professes herself to be a realist, and thinks Tourgueneff the greatest novelist of the period. It is not likely, however, that she understands the meaning of "realism" in this country, for she has said she does not believe that only bad or commonplace character exists. She finds the field too wide, with the enormous production of French, Russian, Spanish, Italian, and now Norwegian writers, to be much of a partisan about anything, and thinks there is something good in all. An observer of her work will notice that she does not hesitate to make use of romantic "machinery" when it is needed. — *Arthur Stedman, in the Book Buyer for October.*

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

One of the most curious and depressing things about our modern literary criticism is the tendency it has to slide into an ethical criticism before we know what to expect. We go to a Browning society, for example, — at least some of us who are stout-hearted go, — presumably to hear about Mr. Browning's poetry. What we do hear about is his ethics. Insinuate a doubt as to the artistic setting of a poem, and you are met at once by the spirited counter-statement that the poet has taught us a particularly noble lesson in that particularly noble verse. Push your heresy a step further, by hinting that the question at issue is not so much the nobility of the lesson taught as the degree of beauty which has been made manifest in the teaching, and you find yourself in much the same position as that unfortunate Epicurean who strayed wantonly into the lecture-hall of Epictetus, and got philosophically crushed for his presumption. The fiction of the day, a commonplace product for the most part, which surely merits lighter treatment at our hands than poetry even, is subjected to a similar discipline; and the novelist, finding his own importance immensely increased thereby, rises promptly to the emergency, and, with characteristic diffidence, consents to be our guide, philosopher, and friend. It is amusing to hear Bishop Copleston, writing for that young and vivacious generation who knew not the seriousness of life, remind them pointedly that "the task of pleasing is at all times easier than that of instructing." It is delightful to think that there

ever was a period when people preferred to be pleased rather than instructed. It is refreshing to go back in spirit to those halcyon days when poets sang of their ladies' eyebrows rather than of the inscrutable problems of fate, and when Mrs. Battle relaxed herself, after a game of whist, over that genial and unostentatious trifle called a novel. Fancy Mrs. Battle relaxing herself to-day over "Daniel Deronda," or "The Ordeal of Richard Feveril," or "The Story of an African Farm"!

Vernon Lee, speaking by the mouth of Marcel, that shadowy young Frenchman, who is none the less unpleasant for being so indistinct, would have us believe that this incorrigible habit of applying ethical standpoints to artistic questions is merely an English idiosyncrasy, one of those "weird and exquisite moral impressions" which can be gathered only from contact with British soil. But in view of the deductions recently drawn from French and Russian fiction by a leading American critic, we are forced to conclude that true didacticism is an exotic of such rare and subtle excellence as frequently to be mistaken for vice. In fact, it is not its least advantageous peculiarity that a novelist may, on high moral grounds, treat of a great many subjects which he would be compelled rigorously to let alone, if he had no nobler object before him than the mere pleasure and entertainment of his readers. There are no improper novels any longer, because even those that strike the uninitiated as admirably adapted to the spiritual requirements of Commodus or Elagabalus are, in truth, far more moral than morality itself, being set up, like the festering heads of old-time criminals, as a stern warning in the market-place. Zola, we all know, aspires as much to be a teacher as George Eliot. His methods are different, to be sure, but the directing principle is the same. He can neither amuse nor please, but he can and will instruct. "When I have once shown you," he seems to say, "every known detail of every known sin,—and the list, it must be confessed, is a long one,—you will then be glad to walk purely on your appointed path. You will remember what I have described to you, and be cautious." But it may fairly be doubted whether the Spartan boys, whose anxious fathers exhibited to them the drunken Helots sprawling swine-like in the sun, were quite as deeply shocked at the sight as classical history would give us to understand. There are some old-fashioned lines by an old-fashioned poet to the effect that the ugliness of vice is no especial detriment to her seductions, if we only look at her often enough to forget it. Probably those Spartan

lads, after a few educational experiments, began to think that the Helots, in their reeking filth and bestiality, were rather interesting studies; were experiencing new and perhaps pleasurable emotions; were more comfortable, at all events, than they themselves, sitting stiff and upright at the public table, with a scanty plateful of unpalatable broth; were, in short, having a jolly good time of it,—and why not try for once what such thorough-going drunkenness was like?

This point of view, however, is far too shallow and frivolous to find favor with the serious apostles who are regenerating the world by the simple process of calling old and evil things by new and beautiful names. In the days of our great-grandfathers a novel was simply a novel. Ten chances to one it was not as virtuous as it should have been, in which case the great-grandfathers laughed over it jovially, if they chanced to be light-minded, or shook their heads impressively, if they were disposed to be grave; perhaps even going so far as to lock it up, having previously satisfied their own curiosity, from their equally curious families. But it never occurred to them to make a merit of reading "Tom Jones" or "Humphry Clinker," any more than it occurred to the authors of those ingenious books to pose as illustrative moralists before the world. The men of that robust generation were better able to bear the theory of their amusements, and vices were quite content to flourish shamelessly under their proper names.—*Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic Monthly for October.*

AN AFTERNOON WITH ZOLA.

Ange Galdemar, in company with an English journalist, recently paid a visit to Emile Zola, the novelist, at his country house in Médan.

We are introduced, he says, into a little Japanese reception-room, very artistically arranged, and commanding a view of the Seine through two windows. Hanging on the wall is a very fine portrait of the elder Goncourt, bearing these words: "To my friend Zola." Farther on, a picture of Victor Hugo. But we have scarcely time to cast a glance at the other objects of art adorning the apartment, for steps are heard, the door opens, and some one enters.

It is Zola.

He extends his hand, smiles, bids us welcome, invites us to sit down, and talks of the weather, of the country, and of Paris, all with a haste, a brusqueness, an indescribably nervous and quick air, which causes me the greatest surprise.

"Ah!" said Zola, in the course of the conversa-

tion, "I am growing old; I am almost fifty."

Yet his countenance still gives an impression of youth. For that matter, his entire personality reveals an astonishing vivacity. For my surprise is far from having ceased. Instead of the leader of a school, speaking from his arm-chair with the air of a professor, weighing every word with the slow gestures of a pontiff, I find a vibrating being, full of flame, a virtuoso who reminds me almost of Daudet. He talks with charming volubility, and becomes enthusiastic himself, unable to resist the flow of his images and thoughts. His face lights up most expressively. His forehead wrinkles slightly as the conversation increases in intensity. His eyes, the soft eyes peculiar to near-sighted persons, remain dreamy, veiled, tranquil behind his glasses. At the slightest compliment his glance seeks the floor, and he seems to want to run away. I swear to you that I found him a most attractive man.

Naturally, we talked of the seizure of the English translations of his works and the imprisonment of the publisher. Zola shrugs his shoulders, and tells us that all this commotion does not affect him at all.

"And now what has been the influence of the naturalistic school upon English literature? I do not see exactly. Apart from George Moore, who at one time promised well, the English authors have avoided any original departure. In truth, since the death of England's great novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, her imaginative literature has been poverty-stricken.

"And speaking of George Eliot, an attempt has been made here in France, by the translation and popularization of her works, to create a sort of reaction in favor of the idealistic novel, or rather to establish a happy medium between the productions of pure imagination and the naturalistic formula. Considering that the realism of the great English writer emphasizes a truth less bitter and gloomy than ours, they thought it would exercise a moralizing power more in conformity with academic aesthetics. All the critics in the reviews, in face of the enormous success of the naturalistic works, have been obliged to tacitly admit that the public found no more pleasure in romantic moonshine, and demanded something more substantial. So they appealed to George Eliot. But they scarcely succeeded in this attempt at naturalization. Her works remained on the shelves of the booksellers.

"That is easily understood. English realism, that of George Eliot, for instance, to speak only of her, is characterized by a dull and gloomy philosophy, drawn from Protestant sources, which does not suit the Latin races. George Eliot has very

evident evangelical tendencies (although she turned them wrong side out, for she was a free-thinker), a preacher's turn of mind. An author writing under the influence of these dominant qualities could not find favor in France.

"When they found themselves foiled in this direction, they resorted to the Russian novelists. They began again, in this new path, the enterprise in which they had not succeeded with English literature. This time they were a little more fortunate. It is certain that this last attempt has met with some success. At all events, it has given us an opportunity of reading two or three real masterpieces.

"Surely, at the present hour we are in a period of transition.

"As for me, I have a new novel under way. But I confess that I am slow in finishing my Rougon-Macquart series. I have still four volumes to publish before it is concluded. That will take me a few years yet. I really find myself in a curious situation. Suppose that a second war should break out. I should seem to be writing historical novels.

"When I have finished my series, I shall doubtless write some novels of a different nature, outside of the absolute method which I have followed hitherto. And then, in all probability, I shall resume the critical work that I so long ago abandoned. At that time it will have been ten years since the publication of my last articles. I shall have something new to say. I shall have to take note of the various efforts that have been manifested during this lapse of time, and disengage their philosophy.

"I had intended to do this in the pages of a review; but a review is almost a grave. In it one is read only by a select and very limited public. As I wish to address a more numerous and more varied audience, I shall doubtless begin the battle in some prominent daily journal.

"For eleven years now I have lived at Médan. I first came here in 1878 to avoid the Exposition of that year. Where this house now stands there was then only a peasant's cabin, containing but one room besides a kitchen. And the kitchen was precisely this little reception-room in which we are now sitting. I added the round hall that you see at the right, and then the left wing where I have my study. The room is a large one, and I feel very comfortable in it. The two hundred and thirty-two trains that pass my garden every day do not disturb me at all.

"During these eleven years I have written all my books at Médan. I do not think I have composed more than two hundred pages at Paris in the whole time."—*The Transatlantic for October 15.*

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WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 37. — Is the character of the blind girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii" real or fictitious? Will some reader of THE AUTHOR please reply?

BESSEMER, Mich.

L. G. D.

No. 38. — Will some one please explain the meaning and pronunciation of the word "carousal," applied to a portion of Central Park?

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

C.

No. 39. — Who was the poet laureate of England preceding the appearance of Tennyson?

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

C.

No. 40. — Who is considered the strongest of the American poets?

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

C.

No. 41. — Who wrote the following lines referring to S. F. Smith? —

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free.
Just read on his medal, "My country — of thee."

M. A. B.

FORT BIDWELL, Calif.

No. 42. — The following quotation is carved on the mantel-shelf of a house in Cleveland, O.; can you inform me where it comes from, and who is the author? —

As weary pilgrims, once possess't
Of long-for lodging, go to rest,
So I now, having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay.

The fireplace is evidently of some antiquity.

CHICAGO, Ill.

F. E. L.

No. 43. — Will some one explain the meaning and origin of "Paracelsus' salt," mentioned in one of Emerson's poems on love, in which love is com-

pared to Paracelsus' salt? Also, please give the whole verse.

MURRAY HILL, N. J.

C.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 17. — I, also, have had much trouble with inks; but have at last found Stafford's Writing Fluid to be the best in the market. It flows easily, writes a darker color than other fluids, and in a few moments turns a jet black. Of its unfading qualities, time will tell better than I can. I have before me now writing penned in 1876. It is a deep, glossy black, written with Thacker's Ink, an English manufacture. The firm formerly had agents here, and I can obtain the London address, if desired.

A. A.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.

No. 35. — One with a good grammar and dictionary can learn to translate any language, and get some idea of how it ought to be pronounced, without a teacher. If it is French, I should recommend Chardenal's "French Course," First and Second Books; if it is Spanish, Robertson's "Spanish Course"; if it is Italian, Grandgent's "Grammar" and Forest's "Reader"; if it is German, Drey-sprung's "Cumulative Method." All the Romance languages are easy if the learner has studied Latin.

C. K. N.

ROCKVILLE, Md.

No. 35. — "A. de R.'s" answer to Query No. 35 will undoubtedly seem as unsatisfactory to the inquirer as it does to me. One question he did not answer at all: Which language is the easiest? If your correspondent knows some Latin, either Italian or Spanish would be much easier than French; without Latin, French may be easier. "A. de R." seems to have fallen into the error of a Frenchman, who believes that only French literature is worth looking at, or he would have heard of Dante, Cervantes, Boccaccio. In learning a language without a teacher, your correspondent would do well to study the most important chapters of grammar, — conjugations, declensions, — and then take up an easy book. The best book to begin with may be the Bible, because it is familiar and written in the simplest style. Other masterpieces a beginner does not know to be masterpieces.

A. W. S.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

No. 35. — Noticing in your August number Query No. 35, in relation to learning foreign languages, and the replies in your September number, which are so different, I should like to say to

"H. L." that I have endeavored to become a linguist on somewhat the same methods as he outlines, and I have again proved in my own experience that there is no royal road to learning. I examined the Meisterschaft system, and finally adopted Claude Marcel's "Rational Method of Learning French," published by Appleton & Co. in 1879, as the most logical and satisfying. But, after having obtained a fair knowledge given by such systems, is not the result far from being satisfactory? I have found it to be so. Within a short time I have become much interested in the new international language, Volapük, and I translated "H. L.'s" query into that language, sending the translation to a correspondent of mine in Paris, France, with the request that he translate the paragraph back into English for me to compare with the original, and also that he should give his ideas of the best method of learning a foreign language. I herewith enclose you a transcription of the original question, the Volapük translation, and the re-translation of my correspondent:—

ORIGINAL.	VOLAPÜK.	TRANSLATION.
I desire to acquaint myself with one or more foreign languages—French, Spanish, or Italian—without the assistance of a teacher.	Desidob sevön obi ko püks selänik bal uplu—fientänapük, spänänapük, u tällänapük—nen yufam tidela.	I wish to become acquainted, by myself, with one or more foreign languages—French, Spanish, or Italian—without the assistance of a professor.
I apprehend that to learn a language by the use of books alone is difficult, if not entirely impossible; but I believe that it is possible without the assistance of a teacher to obtain sufficient knowledge of a language in order to read and translate.	Niludob das lenadön pükön soalo yufü buks binos la lefikulik, if no löliko nemögik; ab klödob das binos mögik nen yufam tidela dage-tön noli sätik püka al lilädön e love-pölön.	I suppose that learning to speak alone, with the mere aid of books, would be most difficult, if not quite impossible, but I think it is possible to get, without the help of a teacher, a sufficient knowledge of a language so as to be able to read and translate.
Can any of your subscribers, speaking from experience, advise me?	Ans bonedelas u lilädelas ola püköl tonü plak, likanoms bekonsälön obi?	Can any of your subscribers or readers, talking by experience and practice, give me any advice on this matter?
How shall I manage, and which one of the three languages is easiest to learn by means of method indicated?	Kiaiko obitob, e kim pükas kil binom nefikulikün lenadön dub mod pesiniföl?	How shall I manage, and which of the three languages is the easiest to learn by said method?
What books are recommended? Is the Meisterschaft system all that its publishers claim for it?	Buks kiom pakom-edoms? Sit de Meisterschaft libinom vilikos ut, kelosi pübels ota lesäkomsplo ot?	Which books are recommended? Is the Meisterschaft method worth all that its editors value it?

It should be understood, my friend saw only the translation in Volapük. It seems to me that the

English translation made by him proves the value of Volapük as a method of conveying ideas, the advantage of it being that it is so exact in the meanings conveyed by its words, and the regularity of its formation, being without exceptions, prevents ambiguities common to other languages. In his letter accompanying the translation he says: "As to my own opinion on the subject, I have no peculiar one. Italian or Spanish seem, of course, to me easier for a Frenchman to learn than English, in which language I have never seen any of my countrymen become fluent without having lived for some time in England or America." It seems to me that he touches upon the natural and only satisfactory way of learning a foreign language, *i. e.*, by living among the people to whom it is mother tongue.

F. L. H.

WORCESTER, MASS.

No. 35.—I did not write, I think, "All languages are simple and easy." I wrote, "All are simple and easy," referring to the languages mentioned in the query—French, Italian, Spanish. All languages are not simple and easy. The advice given by "A. de R." is most extraordinary. He advises the student "to puzzle out" the text (French) with no knowledge of grammar, and little aid of the dictionary. He says, in substance, to the man who does not know a word of French, "There is a page of French,—puzzle it out, ask no questions, and look not often in the dictionary." He may as well say, "Climb from the top of yonder steeple down without first climbing up." No man can "puzzle out" any language without a knowledge of its grammar; no man can learn a language by much or little use of the dictionary, unless the principles of the language be understood, because all words in the text are not found in the dictionary. The only road to a knowledge of any language is the beaten track through the grammar.

S.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Dodge.—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, has been spending September in her new cottage at Onteona, in the Catskills. She has abandoned authorship for editor's work, and has created the new type of child's magazine. Mrs. Dodge lives in a handsome flat opposite Central Park, and goes every day to the *Century* offices on Union square, where she has a luxurious room for her work. She is a charmingly pretty woman, with big, dark eyes and iron-gray hair, and is noted for

her wit and brilliancy in conversation. She was a widow before she even began her literary career, and then her little story of Hans Brinker and his silver skates made her famous at once. She has been in charge of *St. Nicholas* ever since its beginning, ten years ago, and since she assumed the heavy labors of editorship she has written very little except the story of "Donald and Dorothy."—*Albany Express*.

Holley.—Marietta Holley, who wrote the famous "Josiah Allen's Wife" papers, and many good things besides, began her literary career when scarcely more than a child. She has passed nearly all her life in the village of Adams, in central New York, where she was born and still has her home. Until within the last few years she has mixed very little with the world, living in absolute retirement with her invalid mother, whose own fine mind strongly influenced that of the talented daughter. She is an extremely beautiful woman, with the classic profile of a Greek goddess, masses of soft, brown hair, which Time has just touched with his silver fingers, and deep brown eyes, earnest, tender, and changeful. Marietta Holley's first work was in verse of a pastoral freshness and beauty.—*San Francisco Post*.

Ohnet.—Georges Ohnet, who enjoys the distinction of having written the best novel of the century, resides in Paris on the ground floor of a pleasant, sunny hotel in the Avenue Trudaine. His sanctum is filled up, after the Dutch fashion, with heavy Gobelin tapestries, old oak presses, and fire garnitures of hammered iron. He writes one novel a year. About two years elapse between the productions of his plays. He generally has two or three books in hand at the same time, but he carries them in his head for a long time before writing them, and never even so much as makes a note until he has worked them all out in his mind's eye. He does all his work in the very early morning, and declares that six or seven whiffs of a cigarette and a turn about the room always help him out of a difficulty of composition. He writes four closely-written pages of letter paper—about twelve hundred words—every day, but not a word more or less; his manuscript is afterward copied out by his wife. Like Thackeray, he is tremblingly sensitive to criticism, and he is a favorite victim of the autograph hunter. He is also a great admirer of Zola, whom he describes as a "splendid genius," but his favorite author is Balzac, to whom, he declares, the literary world in general owes a debt it will never be able to pay. Of his own books, curiously enough, M. Ohnet prefers "Lise Fleuron," although it brought

him the least money of any of his works.—*Chicago News*.

Scollard.—Clinton Scollard, whose dainty verse meets the eye in the pages of the magazines, is twenty-nine years of age. He is a son of Dr. James J. Scollard, a prominent physician and business man at Clinton, New York. His early education was received at private schools, and later at Hamilton College, of which institution he is now assistant professor of rhetoric and literature. For a year or so after leaving college Mr. Scollard taught elocution in one of the Brooklyn schools, but was forced by delicate health to resign. Then he travelled in California, Florida, and the Southern climates, and later journeyed through Europe and Northern Africa. A careful reader sees in his poems the wonderful stimulating influence of his Old-World experience in the brilliant color and tone of his work. His first book of collected verse, "Pictures in Song," appeared in 1884. Since, at intervals of two years, he has issued his riper and deeper thought in "Reed and Lyre" and "Old and New World Lyrics."—*Current Literature for October*.

Stedman.—If one were asked who is the most youthful literary man in New York,—youthful, not in the sense that a few years make youthful, that it consists of spring and buoyancy of heart,—he would not be far out of the way if he answered Edmund Clarence Stedman. He is to-day fifty-six years old, and he is the father of a matured family; yet of all the literary men of New York none possesses more vivacity, a more bright and cheerful disposition, than he. In spite, also, of the fact that he is about as busy a man as you can find in the Stock Exchange, he gets through a large amount of literary work in the course of a year. This literary work is done almost entirely at night. In such fashion he composed his five celebrated volumes of criticism, "Victorian Poets" and "The Poets of America." And though his poems are written to the flare of the midnight oil, they do not smack of that kind of oil by any means. It is not surprising, on the whole, that Stedman is decidedly the most popular of New York authors. Here are several cogent reasons for his popularity: He is a host of unlimited affability, and in company with kindred spirits, he is the soul of good-nature; he is a lively conversationalist, whether in gay gossip or serious talk, and his manner is particularly modest; he is an excellent story-teller, with a keen sense of humor for a smart anecdote; finally, he has put himself to more trouble to help young authors—the weary and struggling ones—than any one else I can call to mind. In compiling his "Library of

American Literature," a vast undertaking, he has had the editorial coöperation of Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, and also the assistance of one of his sons; nevertheless, this great work is practically the fruit of his own taste and knowledge. — *New York Letter in the Indianapolis News*.

Stockton. — Mr. Stockton made his first great literary success with "Rudder Grange." Probably its realism is one of its strongest points, for, aside from the episode of life in a canal boat, it describes the actual experience of the author and his wife in a search for a home. The events of Mr. Stockton's life are not at all sensational. He was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834, being now in his fifty-fifth year, and in the very prime of life. His father, William S. Stockton, was born in New Jersey. He abhorred the theatre and novels, and looked sadly upon his son Frank's first literary efforts. He married twice, Frank being the oldest of nine children by his second wife. The love of practical joking, so evident in all his stories, was one of the most noted traits of Frank Stockton's boyhood. He grew up in the country near Philadelphia; and here, with his brother John and a constantly-attending circle of admiring boy friends, he is still the hero of many ridiculous adventures. Fun and a love of fiction were his only predominant qualities. Before graduating at the Philadelphia High School, — then quite equal to many more ambitiously-named colleges, — he fell into literature, trying his pen first with poetry without much success, and then with prose. "The Ting-a-Ling Stories" were given to the world at this time. They were first written for a manuscript magazine, issued by a club of which he was a member, "The Forensic and Literary Circle," and afterward were printed in the *Riverside Magazine*; but it was not until 1869 that they made their appearance in book form. In deference to his father's practical views, Frank had learned wood-engraving, but he never remained wholly faithful to his art. While contributing pictures to *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*, two New York comic papers which had but a brief existence, he was at night doing a great deal of literary work in the way of stories, sketches, and verses. In 1860 he married, his wife being Miss Marian E. Tuttle, of Amelia County, Virginia. It was in his many visits to his wife's home that he studied the negro character. Several successful ventures in journalism finally made Mr. Stockton resolve to abandon engraving forever, and to become a full-fledged littérateur. The acceptance, by Dr. Holland, of a short story, "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas," was one of the determining causes which made him take up his residence in New York

in 1872. The same year he became editor for *Hearth and Home*, and on the death of this weekly he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*; but in the autumn of 1873 he became the assistant of Mrs. Dodge on the new *St. Nicholas*. He continued until 1880 his editorial connection with *St. Nicholas*, giving up his position then on account of the strain upon his health. He still continued his contributions to that capital magazine, and to *Scribner's* through its transformation to the *Century*. Naturally, as all his work was given to the public through these sources, Charles Scribner's Sons and the Century Company are his publishers. — *The Literary News for October*.

Thompson. — Maurice Thompson, of Indiana, is making rapid advancement toward the foremost ranks as an author and critic. He is a man just turned forty-three, but looks much younger; is slender, slightly above the average in height, and wears a long moustache. A firm mouth, dark gray eyes, thick, brown hair, and a deep, soft voice are other most noticeable personal characteristics. Mr. Thompson was born in Indiana, but when quite young was taken to Georgia, where he grew to manhood. While yet a boy, he engaged in the Confederate service, and remained throughout the war. In his presence you feel that you are conversing with a typical Southerner. He prefers to be ranked with Southern writers, although he has lived for many years at Crawfordsville, Ind. Mr. Thompson has just resumed his law practice, which he gave up a few years ago to take the office of State Geologist at Governor Gray's earnest solicitation. He can earn from \$5,000 to \$6,000 annually at literary work, but he has a charming family, for which, he says, he must make a future, and he adds: "I cannot do it by literature." — *J. L. Smith's Information Bureau*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Detroit Free Press* some time ago offered \$3,000 in prizes for the three most acceptable serial stories sent in. Major Joseph Kirkland, of Chicago, has taken the first prize, of \$1,600. His story is entitled "The Captain of Company K." The second prize is taken by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, of Omaha. Her story is entitled "The Judge." The third prize, of \$500, is awarded to Elbridge S. Brooks, of Boston. His story is called "The Son of Issachar."

R. D. Blackmore, after a long silence, has finished a novel called "Kit and Kittie," which Sampson Low & Co. will publish in November.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, announce a new periodical, to be called the *Eclectic Bi-Weekly*. It is to be devoted to social, literary, theological, political, and scientific topics.

Florine Thayer McCray has written "The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin," which will be published by Funk & Wagnalls. The work is to be fully illustrated.

The most familiar of the popular tales of Greece, Germany, France, and England have been collected and edited by Andrew Lang, and they will be published with illustrations, under the title, "The Blue Fairy's Book," by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Wolstan Dixey's book, "The Trade of Authorship," has gone into a second edition.

Lee & Shepard will issue soon "Our Baby's Book," an elegantly-printed volume that will form a convenient repository for the baby's history, the date of birth, place of birth, weight at different periods, first tooth, first picture, and other memoranda dear to mothers. The same firm will also issue a book entitled "The Law of Husband and Wife," by Leila J. Robinson, Massachusetts' first woman lawyer.

"Birds and Butterflies," a book for boys and girls, by M. G. Musgrave, containing over one hundred fine illustrations, is announced by the Elder Publishing Company, of Chicago.

Charles M. Harger, of Abilene, Kan., a successful young writer, was married October 3 to Blanche Bradshaw, of Hope, Kan.

A hole equal in area to four acres has been excavated for the foundation of the new Congressional Library at Washington. By December 15 everything will be completed to the ground level. The building will cost \$6,000,000. The general ground plan comprises a large central rotunda, built entirely of white marble, and containing a grand staircase, reading-rooms, and alcoves. Running off from this are four open courts, the whole being surrounded by a series of rooms and offices. The extreme outside dimensions, not including the projection of centre building on the west front, will be 463 feet 11 1-2 inches by 332 feet 9 inches. The books will at first occupy only the alcoves of the reading-room, with the magazines immediately adjoining. This space will accommodate a million and a half volumes, and will not be used up, at the present growth, for about thirty-four years. By using the first and second stories and open courts, the capacity can be increased to four and a half million volumes, and ample space will be thus obtained for 134 years.

The October number of *Wanamaker's Book News* has a portrait of Andrew Lang.

George Sand did not write the first name of her nom de plume Georges, in French fashion, but plain George, as it is written in English. Let the ultra-correct people who are always writing Georges Sand make a note of this.

Miss Braddon's new book, "The Day Will Come," is her fifty-first novel. Just twenty-seven years have elapsed since her "Lady Audley's Secret" appeared.

Amélie Rives-Chanler is going to spend a month in Spain this winter.

One of the facts about Wilkie Collins already called out in England is a statement that he was a martyr to nerves and gout, and took opium in huge amounts. "He was in the habit of taking daily," says Edmund Yates, "and without apparently serious noxious effect, more pure laudanum than would have sufficed to kill a ship's crew or a company of soldiers. This amount was, of course, arrived at slowly and by degrees."

Miss Adeline Trafton, author of "Katharine Earl," "His Inheritance," and other stories, was married October 2, at her father's home in Springfield, Mass., to Samuel Knox, Jr., a lawyer of St. Louis.

Mrs. Mary J. (Hawes) Holmes, the story-writer, was born at Brookfield, Mass. She married Daniel Holmes, a lawyer, and their lives have been spent chiefly in Richmond, Ontario County, N. Y., Versailles, Ky., and at Brockport, N. Y.

James Whitcomb Riley is suffering from nervous prostration, and has had to cancel his lecture engagements.

Twenty years ago Maurice Thompson sent a story to the *New York Weekly*, which was accepted, paid for by a check of \$100, and pigeon-holed. Lately he was told that "The League of the Guadalupe" was running as a serial in the *Weekly*. He procured a copy of the paper, and, as he tells the story, "there, sure enough, all dripping with gore, and spangled with bowie knives and pistols, and flaring with red lights, flamed my long-delayed masterpiece. Twenty years of delay had not even coagulated its blood or tamed its murderous spirit in the least. I had forgotten its title, and I could not recall the name of a single character in it, but a glance was sufficient. The long-lost vision arose before my eyes, like some of those memories of battle, with all the sulphur, and powder-blaze, and circling smoke, and thunder, and blood."

With the first of October Maurice Thompson became associated with the editorial corps of *The Independent*. He is to review current novels, poetry, and *belles-lettres*.

Walter Savage Landor once told a friend that after he had read a book, he gave it away on principle,—"for if I know I am to put it on my shelf to refer to, I shall not fix it in my memory; but if I know while I am reading it that as soon as it is read it will be taken away, I am sure to keep all that I want." In his old age Landor was furious if he did not remember at once any passage of a book, or any name, or date, and would immediately begin to abuse himself, crying out in his sharp, high voice, "God bless my soul! I am losing my mind; I am getting old"; and then the name, or date, or passage would come in the midst of his vituperation of himself, and he would calmly go on as if nothing had happened.

Edward J. Bok, who for five or six years has been connected with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, has accepted the position of editor-in-chief of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bok will retain his connection with the literary syndicate which he and his brother, William J. Bok, have made so successful.

The American (Philadelphia) will be enlarged by the addition of from four to eight pages weekly at the beginning of its nineteenth volume, October 19. The price will still be \$3 a year.

Three years ago Edward Bellamy was glad to get \$25 for a short story. He was getting discouraged when he sent "Looking Backward" to a publisher, and told intimate friends that if that manuscript proved a failure, he would never write another.

A new English edition (the nineteenth) of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" is coming out.

A new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is to be published by F. A. Stokes & Brother.

The "Life, Letters, and Journal" of Louisa Alcott, just published by Roberts Brothers, is said to be already a success, the first edition of 5,000 not satisfying the demand.

The uncollected writings of De Quincey are soon to be brought together in book form.

Where the "Grolier Club," of New York, got its name, and what are the purposes and methods of the club will be fully explained by Brander Matthews in an illustrated paper in the next number of the *Century*. Careful drawings of bindings by Grolier are reproduced in connection with the text.

Ginn & Company announce "Enunciation and Articulation," by Miss Ella M. Boyce, superintendent of public schools, Bradford, Penn.

William Dean Howells takes up, in *Harper's Magazine* for November, "the decline of English fiction from the genuine realism of Jane Austen, through Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and even George Eliot."

Emerson gives this admirable advice to writers: "Your work gains for every 'very' you cancel." "Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite'; to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime."

Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, the author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece" and of "Two Convicts," is said to be the daughter of a warden of the Maine State Prison, who met a tragic death at the hands of a convict.

Goethe's house at Weimar, from which the public have been excluded rigidly until within a year, will be fully described in the November *Scribner* by Oscar Browning.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, who won the \$900 prize offered by the *Detroit Free Press* for the best serial story, is an editorial writer on the *Omaha Herald-World*, of which her husband is managing editor. Mrs. Peattie is a Michigan girl. She was born in Kalamazoo, and lived for some years in St. Johns. When she was Miss Elia Wilkinson, she removed with her father to Chicago, shortly after the great fire, and lived there until last December. In 1883, Miss Wilkinson was married to Robert B. Peattie, a well-known Chicago newspaper writer. Mrs. Peattie took four prizes for stories in the *Chicago Tribune*, and afterward worked on the staff of that paper for eighteen months. Later she accepted a position on the *Chicago Morning News*, doing everything from society to art criticism. In 1888 she wrote "The Story of America," a history of the United States for young folks. In December of 1888, she and her husband removed to Omaha. Mrs. Peattie has just returned from a two-months' trip to Alaska. She has contributed to many of the leading magazines. The editor of the *Omaha Republican* says of her: "As for Mrs. Peattie, she has written everything from market reviews to leading editorials. She has written night and day, week-days and Sundays. She has reported church fairs, reduced accounts of local base-ball games to rhyme, and fashioned special articles of all varieties. She has done nothing poorly."

Nims & Knight, of Troy, N. Y., publish contemporaneous with the London edition of Trübner & Co., "Aryan Sun-Myths the Origin of Religions," a work which is destined to create some little stir in thinking circles.

A portrait and sketch of Constance Fenimore Woolson, and a portrait of Blanche Willis Howard, are given in the October *Book Buyer*.

The Arena is the name of a new monthly, announced to appear in Boston December 1. It will discuss social and political topics, and in style and make-up will resemble the *North American Review*.

Tourgueneff sold the copyright of his works shortly before his death to M. Glasunoff for £9,000, Gogol's works were sold for £6,000, Pushkin's for £1,750, and Kriloff's fables for £700.

Senator Sherman has a finely-stocked library of standard books, but he follows the rule, "Never read a book till it is a year old."

William Sharp, editor of "The Canterbury Poets," and himself a poet of rare and scholarly gifts, is visiting Edmund Clarence Stedman in New York.

"Magazine publication gives an author a great deal of advertising," said recently the assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. "Then, too, there is a certain value to an appearance in good company that must not be forgotten. A magazine of good reputation gives some of that to all its contributors. That must all be counted in favor of the magazine publication of a novel. Don't think me contradictory when I add that perhaps we attach too much value to the reputation of an author of acknowledged name. It has great value unquestionably. A man buys a book first and reads it afterward. Let me illustrate my meaning this way: We will say that in our magazine we have two short stories. One is written by a well-known and the other by a new author. The magazine is bought by a man to read on his way to Washington. He glances through the table of contents. If he recalls the name of the older author, and remembers with pleasure having read something of his before, he will give his story the preference over that of his younger rival. But that does not prejudice him against the new man. He will begin reading his story impartially and with a desire to be pleased. If he likes it, he will finish it, and in the future he will look for his stories with interest. If the new story is as good, it will give as much pleasure as that of the veteran writer. I believe that all of the leading magazines are on the lookout for new men, new stories, new methods of story-telling, and new fields of fiction."

Though Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke was in quite feeble health during the early part of the season, she is now much better, and was in Boston recently making arrangements to remove from Pittsfield, with her niece and husband, to New York City for the winter and spring.

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, the wife of the historian, and the author of "Margaret Kent," is a slender little lady, with a fine brow and expressive eyes.

Lord Lytton, whose literary reputation was made by the poem "Lucille," resembles his father in personal appearance, having the same long face, sad-looking eyes, full, straight beard, and prominent nose. His present position as Minister to France is an enviable one, the government allowing him a palace and \$60,000 salary.

Mark Twain lives an idle, easy-going sort of existence during nine months of the year. Unlike most authors, he works all summer, and rests all the remainder of the year. His home in Hartford is a handsome red-brick Queen Anne villa, the principal attraction of which is a large library on the first floor.

"We have published only one novel," said recently the partner of Samuel L. Clemens in the subscription publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., "and that was Mark Twain's 'Tom Sawyer.' That met with great success, and the author made much more than he would have done had the book been sold to the trade. Publishing books by subscription offers greater profits than the other method of putting books before the public. We have already given to Mrs. Grant \$400,000 for her husband's memoirs. We paid her seventy-five per cent. of the net profits. That makes our profit \$133,000. We made a different contract with Mrs. Phil Sheridan, but she will probably receive \$25,000 or \$30,000. We expect to sell about 50,000 sets of two volumes each. We have already sold 30,000. The books that can be sold by subscription are books that appeal to the masses: bibles, encyclopædias, works of reference, and autobiographies. Would we accept a novel? Yes; if General Harrison or Mr. Cleveland should write a novel, we would be glad to publish it. Ordinary works of fiction, however, are outside of our line. We only publish three or four books a year, and even that entails an immense amount of work and expense. I doubt whether novel-writing for subscription publishing ever will pay as a rule; but let the work be interesting enough to appeal to the masses, and our system gives a greater sale and a larger profit than any other now in vogue."

The Epoch says that Amélie Rives feels hurt by the report that she had formed a literary co-partnership with M. Catulle Mendès. To a friend she said: "I had never even heard this author's name, and so, as I wanted to see where the resemblance between us lay, I sent for one of his books. Why, it was vile! I stopped at the first page, and threw it into the fire."

Charles Edward Barns, of Brooklyn, a new author who has sprung into prominence by reason of several works which bear an individuality not to be mistaken, is only twenty-six. He is a young man of wealth, culture, and leisure. He has travelled extensively, not only in Europe, but through the Orient, and many of his books have a tinge of travel, notably "The Disillusioned Occultist" and "A Venetian Study in Black and White." He is a slight, unassuming man, with a refined, scholarly face, and big, dark eyes. He is a constant worker and student, and may be seen each day haunting the alcoves of the Astor Library. The critics have been remarkably amiable to Mr. Barns, and the most hypercritical admit that here is an author who gives extraordinary promise for the future. His "Solitarius to His Dæmon" has received special commendation.

Mrs. Robert R. Sharkey, known to the literary world as Mrs. E. Burke Collins, is a descendant of the famous Whiting family of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, whose published genealogy traces the family back six hundred years. She was born in Rochester, N. Y., left school at the age of fifteen, and married E. Burke Collins, a lawyer from that city, afterward removing to Louisiana. Ten months later he died, leaving his girl wife almost solely dependent upon her pen. Under the *nom de plume* of Mrs. E. Burke Collins, she has written for the press ever since, and she is one of the small band of women writers who earn more than \$6,000 a year with their pens. Her present husband, Robert R. Sharkey, a Mississippi cotton planter, is the nephew and sole male descendant of the late Governor Sharkey of Mississippi, also United States senator for several terms, and judge in the United States supreme court. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey have a lovely home on the Greensburg road in Tangipahoa Parish, La., known as "Hillside," and considered the finest place in that parish; also a beautiful residence in New Orleans, which is their winter home. Mrs. Sharkey is the only professional story-writer in the far South, and her salary is larger than that received by any other person in the state of Louisiana, not even excepting its State officials.

Henry Russell, father of W. Clark Russell, the novelist, was once a resident of America. He has written many popular ballads. Among them are "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The British Grenadiers," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Edmund Gosse declares, in the *Forum* for October, that Herbert Spencer's books do not cover the cost of their publication. Neither does Mr. Swinburne find his books profitable.

The death of Miss Amy Levy at the early age of twenty-three is a loss to literature. She had published a book of poems and two novels, each of which was in its way remarkable. "The Romance of a Shop" was Balzacian in the fidelity of its details, and "Reuben Sachs," an exposition of Jewish life in its relation to the outer world, was regarded as among the signs of the times. Miss Levy was a member of the Levy-Lawson family, proprietors of the *London Telegraph*, and a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge.

One who saw Tennyson recently says: "In his walk he shuffled heavily, and the cane that he once carried as a companion to swing idly in moments of thought had become almost a staff. He told me his health was good, but his general appearance scarcely verified his statement."

Among Macmillan & Co.'s announcements are: A new volume of poems, by Lord Tennyson; "On Style: with Other Studies in Literature," by Walter Pater; "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, with photogravures and other illustrations; and "Letters of Keats," edited by Sidney Colvin.

Some authors receive large incomes from their royalties. The late E. P. Poe from his ten books probably had the largest income of that sort of any American author. Mr. Howells and General Lew Wallace doubtless receive large sums annually. "Ben Hur" sells better now than it did when it was first published, and the demand shows no signs of diminishing. Many of the standard works of American authors are more read now than ever before. Longfellow, Bryant, and Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell have more readers now than they had ten years ago.

Harper & Brothers employ about seven hundred people.

Frank A. Munsey, the proprietor of *Munsey's Weekly* and other successful New York papers, only a few years ago was an operative in the Worombo woollen mill at Lisbon Falls, Me. He began his journalistic work by sending to the *Lewiston Journal* items of village gossip from Lisbon Falls.

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PECULIARITIES OF GENIUS.

To begin with the great German, Goethe, his striking peculiarity was certainly his facility, not only for falling in love, but for getting over it. Whether his numerous victims recovered so easily is another matter, and one which apparently never caused Goethe any wakeful hours in the night-watches. Gretchen, Annette, Emilia, Lucinda, Frederika, Charlotte, of bread-and-butter fame, Frau Von Stein, Christine, Bettina, all pass before our mental vision, a kind of "Dream of Fair Women." He was sorry to break their hearts, but it was his misfortune, not his fault. He could not but be fascinating—he was a Goethe.

Wordsworth's conceit was certainly his ruling passion, and conceit, though not uncommon to genius, seems to have been with him a disease of unusual magnitude. He often declared he "never read any poetry but his own," and in speaking of Dickens added, "Mind, I don't

want to say a word against him, for I never read a word of his in my life." Once, when a whole company was waiting to hear a new novel of Scott's, just out, the poet, seeing a verse of his own poetry used as a motto on the frontispiece, kept every one waiting while he hunted up the poem,—a long one,—and read it aloud.

Madame De Staël's talking was of a wonderful nature, as well as her taste in dress. Her real "conversations" could be borne, for they were talented and instructive, and people expected to listen, but ordinarily her tongue was more to be dreaded than the sword. Goethe used to run a mile to get out of her way,—possibly because he liked to talk too much himself,—and even her friends felt often that they would like to follow the great German's example. She felt that she could revolutionize the world, and drew up a constitution which she presented to Charles X., assuring him it was the very thing he wanted. That monarch, however, did not agree with her, while her fantastic apparel amazed him.

Charles Lamb, the gentle, kindly soul and heroic brother, stuttered dreadfully, and the force of his puns was often increased by this peculiarity.

Charles Kingsley is thought of as an intense lover of his kind, anxious for reform among the working-classes, and from his very anxiety being often led into extreme opinions, which made him misunderstood. Yet this very intensity caused him to be a power among men, while his tact and practical kindness among the poor made him their friend as well as rector.

Macaulay was a regular gourmand in the way of books—from the heaviest to the lightest. He fairly devoured novels, and loved many poor ones. He could talk—though a man—

three hours at a stretch. In spite of his vast stores of knowledge and fine conversational powers, people rather dreaded him. He had not learned that even of a good thing one may have too much, and that even common mortals do not like to listen forever.

Poor Shelley was full of peculiarities. In his intense desire for truth and simplicity, he overlooked many truths which might have led him by an easier, though commoner, path to the height he wished to attain. His mind, naturally a fine one, with noble qualities, for want of a strong, restraining yet sympathetic influence, became erratic and unpractical; at length leading him to defy wise laws. He lived with his second wife with no marriage ceremony performed. His first wife proving uncongenial, they separated by mutual consent. He loved his friends most unselfishly, and showed a wise liberality toward the poor. Food was a secondary consideration with him always, and he often had to ask his wife if he had dined. No wonder he forgot the fact, for his dinner was generally a loaf of baker's bread, or a mixture of bread and water. With beautiful thoughts ever struggling for utterance, he dreamed and lived too much in a world of his own, visionary and unreal. Poor Shelley! One feels more pity than anything else, after reading his life: so much good, with many faults which came from a distorted view of life.

Contemporary with him, yet utterly different, is the genial, sunny-hearted Moore, with his mania for dining out, and his love of society. From these latter tastes, if the poet lost valuable time and strength, we gained several good anecdotes, as, for instance: "At Miss White's, while Head was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said the first syllable had caught many a man"; and "Some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat-making) had got into his face. 'Yes,' said Luttrell, 'darkness that may be felt'"; also, "A man wrote from Ireland, speaking of the 'claw of an act,' thinking that clause was plural." Yet while Moore was so sought after and lionized in society, we cannot but give a feeling of regret to the "sweet Bessie" at home, denying herself everything, and always having the difficult

task of making both ends meet, for while Moore made \$100,000 by his writings, he, with true Irish prodigality, was always poor, and left his wife next to nothing at his death.

And there is Thackeray, who, while he lived, was called "the Cynic," yet since his death has been found to have been the tenderest of men. He was so ashamed of this soft spot in his heart, that he always tried to conceal it by talking as hard-heartedly as possible. When he was an editor many a worthless manuscript was paid for out of his own pocket, because the author's letter was a pitiful story of pecuniary difficulties; and though working ever with the thought of providing for his worse than motherless children and adopted daughter, he was constantly giving away large sums of money, and always in the most delicate manner possible.

And Anthony Trollope—who does not think of him as writing,—on the swiftest train, on a steamer, in stations, and at home? He must always be a type of the genius of industry. His egotism was as simple as a child's, and always amusing, instead of aggressive. His steady and unfaltering belief in his ultimate success, his painful perseverance and courage under all difficulties command our admiration.

Dickens, with his love of pets and children, and his long and famous pedestrian tours, and his genial comradeship with all the poorer classes, we recall. And Hood, with his wit and genial, brave heart, striving with his merry jokes to make light of his frail and suffering body, and his pecuniary anxieties. Then we think of Margaret Fuller, whose talents, romantic marriage, and tragical fate inspire peculiar interest in her memory. When young, at least, she was a most arrogant, egotistical person. She, too, often used her keen sarcasm and wit to ridicule the foibles of others. Even Emerson declares that, while she repelled him, he was compelled, much to his later regret, to laugh at her remarks. In respect to her views regarding women, she was less favorably regarded than she would be to-day. But with all her excessive egotism, she had many warm friends, who could see the gold underneath the dross.

Last comes Carlyle, with his egotism and selfishness. His sharp speeches and rudeness stand out all the more vividly when we remem

ber his wonderful genius. Would a little gentleness, a little less of self, and a little more of anxiety to see the good instead of the bad in others have made him any less great? Many seem to think so; but surely such God-gifted natures ought to be fuller of the charity which is God-like than commoner mortals, whose vision is narrower.

After all, there may be some consolation for those whose minds and beings are of a more ordinary type, even if they can never be called —

D. R. Campbell.

CINCINNATI, O.

THE FUTURE OF FICTION.

Now, fiction is in no sense the trivial thing which it is popularly considered. It is an educational factor of peculiar importance, one whose influence may be salutary or the reverse; moreover, it is the complement of the nation's annals, that insight into daily life which the ancient monarchies neglected to prepare for us, and through which neglect the volumes that treat of past grandeurs and decadence are handsomely bound and never read.

Such fiction as we happen to have, while admirable in many respects, is native only in that the coloring has more or less of a local tint. In the main the model is the same, and it is of this model that the public is getting weary. What it wants is something else. Less of the magic lantern, perhaps, and more of life; not that particular phase which ought to be and is not, but life in its pettiness and occasional splendor, and displayed, too, with so little ink that at the last page the reader may murmur, "I would recognize those people on sight." In view, however, of certain conditions of thought, an attempt of this kind is less easy than might be supposed.

To give a novel that interest which shall differentiate it from a disquisition, a plot is necessary. In that plot there may be a murder, a forgery, some misadventure, the loot of an illusion — all of these elements, if need be, and more of the same kind; but there must be love, and therein lies the difficulty. The murder may be committed in scenes of such atrocity that the reader will scream with fright; the forms of villainy exposed in the forgery or in the misadventure may rival anything in the *Newgate Calendar*; but love, in this country at least, must be treated from the Puritan stand-point. There would, of course, be no difficulty in so treating it, were the Puritan stand-point the only one from which it could be viewed. Unfortunately for

human nature, there happens to be many another one than that. In a novel, then, which aims to portray life not as we want it to be, but as it is, why should the various phases of the term of existence be omitted? Why, indeed? It cannot be because of the Young Person, for ignorance has never preserved a virtue yet. Nor is it because of any conviction that woman is always either vestal or monandrous, for we are aware that that is not the case. It may, then, be due to some conventional idea concerning the limits in which ornamental literature should move. In that event, one may wonder whence it came. Certainly not from the British classics, nor yet from those which we regard as our own. Perhaps, then, it is a secretion of the mind, a category of the intellect, which, like the concepts of time and of space, has no existence outside of our own imagination.

By way of example, let it be supposed that the legend of *Romeo and Juliet* is adapted and localized; that instead of being the children of inimical robber barons, they are the children of rival jobbers in stocks; divest them of the magnificence of myth; put them here in New York; make them talk prose instead of melody, but preserve the central situation, and from where you sit, you can hear the appeals to Comstock. To this it may be objected that the ability which Shakespeare possessed is overlooked, and on that hypothetical objection the point of this paper may safely turn: — there is no criterion by which a story can be judged as moral or the reverse; there are but two classes of fiction — stories which are well written and stories which are not.

Concerning the possible elements of the novel of the future, suppositions are not wholly idle. In any event, it is permissible to fancy that the author will be too wise not to be occasionally stupid. He will leave conventionality in the skirts of the surplice; Goethe demanded more light — he will need more air, not the atmosphere of a seraglio, but some broad plateau where the lungs are invigorated by that mother of realism, Nature herself. He will study the crowd and its emanations, the unit as well, and then, from his knowledge of Nature and his knowledge of man, he will be able to explain the multiplicity of the ego, the variable influence of surroundings, the change of views that ensue. Behind the visible act will be the analysis of the invisible cause, the coördination of contradictories, the inevitable deduced from chance. And this so clearly, yet objectively, that the reader who picks up the book as he might enter a fancy ball, suddenly, through

the mere force of accumulated trifles and unobserved effects, will find himself among men and women who no longer seem, but are, who appeal to him, for whom he suffers, and for whose miseries he would devise a cure.

It is this that the coming novelist will do. In the perspective he may learn the nothingness of creeds, but in the foreground will be the majesty of that Unknown, which our intellect has been impotent to grasp. He will do this, more perhaps, for always in his ears will be the muttering of the Sphinx propounding the eternal riddle. And by way of reward, a year or two after his death one publisher will confide to another that Soandso is beginning to sell. — *Edgar Saltus, in the North American Review for November.*

CORRESPONDENTS OF AUTHORS.

There is almost a pathetic touch in the ingenuous fashion in which the reader of a book, when he has finished the last page, will forthwith draw in his chair to the table and proceed to write to the author, though the latter may be quite unknown to him. He seems to think that some one has been talking to him, and that in common courtesy he must answer. Sometimes it is merely a friendly "Thank you; good-bye; hope we may meet again"; occasionally he feels called upon to enter into artless confidences, and will prattle cheerfully, through several sheets, about himself and his views of life; not unfrequently he will warn you, more in sorrow than in anger, of the perils he sees in store for you. It is, however, when he thinks he has detected some small blunder that he suddenly changes his tone; and then he becomes scornful, or sarcastic, or indignant, according to the mood of the moment. Correspondents, however, should pause and reflect before rashly assuming that they have caught an author tripping. The betting is all in favor of his being right and their being wrong. In like manner with a picture: when a critic thinks he sees something amiss with a landscape, the chances are that it is he who is mistaken and not the artist, — for the simple reason that the artist is a trained observer, who has been all his life teaching himself to keep his eyes open. For my own part, I nowadays find it safer to accept, without question or demur, anything I meet with in a book.

Once upon a time, in a novel by my friend Mr. Payn, I came upon a striking passage, in which the heroine was described as being buffeted about by a terrible gale, inasmuch that her raven-black hair streamed out to windward. With the light heart

of an amateur reviewer, I wrote to Mr. Payn, and drew his attention to the fact that, as a general rule, anything blown by a gale would stream out, not to windward, but to leeward. But the answer came sharp and prompt; the description was perfectly correct; the heroine (said the author of her being) had been taking a great deal of iron tonic, her hair had become electrically charged, and had floated out toward the north, irrespective of the wind-currents of the storm. So I object no more. When I find at the conclusion of a tragic tale that the hero fells the heroine senseless, carries her into a rowing-boat, shoves out to sea, and withdraws the plug, — so that presently there is not a trace of either the boat or its cargo on the wide and empty waste of waters, I have nothing to say. Ordinarily one would expect such a boat to fill, capsize, and then float bottom upward; but boats in novels do strange things, and so (astronomers tell me) do moons.

When the unknown correspondent condescends to criticism, it is to be observed that he invariably assumes that the author has written but one kind of book, and that the one before him. In the days when I used to read reviews, I noticed that this was a familiar trick of the professional critic; and a very handy trick, too, for it enables him to ticket off the characteristics of an author in a mere sentence or two. The unknown correspondent rarely deals with groups of writers; it is his own particular author whom he has to encourage, or with whom he has to gravely remonstrate; and, as I say, he invariably assumes that the book before him sums up all its writer's previous work, and future possibilities of work.

Then what a splendor of leisure belongs to the author as he appears to the imagination of the ingenuous reader! The book before him has been a companion in hours of ease; the writer seems to have been in no particular hurry; why should he not be consulted on any subject whatever in which his correspondent may have an interest?

Then (turning to another kind of correspondent) you may have described in certain of your writings some neighborhood with which you have a long and intimate acquaintance; and forthwith the impenitent tourist — generally an American — takes your book as a guide-book, and rushes breathlessly through that particular district, expecting to have the most rare and beautiful effects in nature turned on for his delectation at 2 and at 7, as if they were luncheon and dinner; and, of course, these things, not having been ordered beforehand, do not appear, whereupon the outraged and indignant cheap-

tripper sits down on his haunches and howls.

But the most persistent correspondent whom the writer of books has to face is the autograph-hunting fiend, whose ways are dark and devious beyond description. The dodges to which he will resort in order to accomplish his diabolical purpose are as the sand on the seashore for multitude; and it is to be feared that many an honest letter is flung into the waste-paper basket on the mere hasty and exasperated suspicion that it hails from an autograph hunter. The most deadly stratagem in this direction I ever heard of was the invention of a friend of mine, who now confesses to it as one of the sins of his youth. He wrote a letter to each of the persons whose autograph he coveted, describing himself as a ship-owner, and asking permission to be allowed to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly every one fell into it. Even poor, old Carlyle had no suspicion, and, in replying to the bogus ship-owner, expressed the hope that the vessel to be named after him might sail into a happier haven than he had ever reached. — *William Black, in the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

WHY THAT MANUSCRIPT CAME BACK.

Some young writers try by various schemes, designs, and contrivances to catch an editor in neglect of his duty, as the young writer understands it, for, of course, every aspiring author understands the editor's business better than he does himself. These vigilant authors sometimes stick two or three pages of their manuscript together slightly, or lay something between the leaves, and when the manuscript comes back undisturbed, still sticking together, it is considered proof positive that the editor does not attend to business. It is, of course, an indication that he has not waded through the whole manuscript, — and to his credit be it said.

Most of the periodicals that receive great quantities of manuscript have three readers. The first extracts and returns the "skim milk"; the second sends back the "milk"; then the managing editor, or "chief," distinguishes and retains what is, for his purpose, the cream of the cream.

The skim-milk editor, as we will call him, opens a manuscript and reads the first sentence. It may be something like this:—

"Susie," exclaimed a wan, pale woman, leaning in the doorway of a little cottage overhung with roses and woodbine, "bring in the clothes-pins!"

He does n't need to read any further. This pale, wan woman may be a very interesting character —

to you; but she is n't to the people who read *this* editor's paper, and he knows it; he knows what they like better than you do.

Perhaps the next essay begins:—

The time was midnight; the scene was a lone highway, on which the moon shone placidly down through the waving branches of the tall elm trees overhead. A solitary figure might be seen stealing along —

The manuscript reader stops. He wants no moonshine, no solitary figures or waving branches. The next two pages may be stuck together with mucilage; the next three may have locks of hair laid between them. You will get them back just as they were sent. The hair will not have uncurled or changed color in the least.

You ask, "What is the trouble with these stories? Why does the editor decide against them at the first sentence?" In the case of the wan, pale woman and the clothes-pins, you must see — if you have any sense of the ridiculous — that it appears strikingly here in the sudden change from the pathetic to the commonplace. It is evident that the writer is not a literary artist, else he would never start in this ridiculous fashion. We will suppose that the story goes on to tell how the young girl kept house, and swept the room, and made pancakes, and generally proved herself a good housekeeper. Or perhaps she pulled a little boy out of the river by the hair, and earned a reward of twenty dollars, with which she bought her mother a new dress. This is highly commendable, of course, and may be interesting to the writer, who knew it for a fact; but it is tame, inconsequential, of no account to readers generally. Not merely because it is an uneventful story, but because it is an uneventful story *poorly told.*

Here are a few opening sentences which fail to tempt the average editor to read the second page:—

When I was a little girl I was always teasing my mother and aunts to tell me about the things they did when they were little girls. Now that I am grown up, it has occurred to me that somewhere there may be children who may like to know about some of the events of *my* childhood.

The writer should have begun with one of the events, and left out all this prologue.

It is evening of St. Valentine's Day, and there is a party at Grandpa's for the young people. Lights are shining from every window of the rambling, old Massachusetts farm-house.

Why are farm-houses always described by young writers as "rambling"?

"Well, my dears, we have had a very pleasant hour, and I am glad to have met you all. Indeed, I am."

"Well, so am I."

The minister smiled. "Thank you; and some day you must all come to see us at the parsonage."

We will; but not to-day.

Now, these opening phrases are not by any means intolerable or disagreeable; they are simply ordinary. Something excellent may follow, but it is n't indicated at the start. There is nothing behind the words; there is nothing beyond the ink and the paper upon which they are written; even if passably well told, *there is nothing to tell*. This may be called fault number one. The manuscript came back because the writer *had nothing to say*. Unless you have a good, strong story to tell, and something new and bright to say, you would better hold your peace. In fact, the masters of style seldom undertake, as many novices do, to write something about nothing. It is true here that "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." The few writers who *can* talk interestingly on the most ordinary subjects usually wait until they have a story worth telling; while those who could not do justice to the best opportunities are always ready to write volumes about clothes-pins, and picket fences, and window-glass, and corn-meal, and other dispiriting themes. Any one of these subjects might by itself be made briefly interesting, *if you knew all about it*; but no matter how numerous may be the things you *don't* know, you cannot make them aggregate anything interesting.

Probably the fault which condemns the greatest number of manuscripts containing genuine merit is length disproportionate to the interest of the subject.

Although the present reading generation craves facts, it wants them — all but those of immediate human interest — in small doses, and very much condensed. People of this busy day must take their information in triple extracts, or go without it.

The rules of proportion apply also to fiction dealing with human interests; even these are of relative importance. Don't take a hundred words telling how your heroine tied her bonnet. If the subject of your article is, "How a woman ties her bonnet," do justice to your theme. But if it is a love story, or an elopement, drive right at it immediately, and leave out everything else.

Size up your subject at the start; consider *what* you want to tell. Is it a story exclusively of action? Don't waste words, then, on dress, eyes, hair, and all that; don't take much space telling what the characters *intended* or *imagined*; but come right at what they *did*. Is it a character sketch you wish to write, showing the strange vagaries or imaginings of some unique personality? Then you may tell what he thought, for his thinking is the main part of your story.

Let us have a recapitulation of the reasons —

some of them — why manuscripts are rejected.

First: There is nothing worth telling; the writer has no ideas. The remedy is: Use your eyes, ears, and wits, to see, hear, perceive, or think out something worth saying; briefly: Know *something*.

Second: The writer has no familiarity with his own subject; it is n't real to him; consequently he can't make it interesting to any one else. Remedy: Look into your subject, whether fact or fiction, until you know all about it; in short: *Know* something.

Third: The MS. is overweighted with unimportant details, digressions, diversions, retrospections. The kite has "too much tail." Remedy: Cut it off.

Fourth: The sentences are involved and misconstructed, they begin in the middle, and go both ways at once, like a "double-headed Dutchman"; brilliant but puzzling. Remedy: Learn your trade.

Fifth: Your story has been told before. Try again.

Sixth: It is all right, but there is n't room. The printer's chases are not made of India-rubber. Keep on trying.

It is n't necessary to look as far as the great masters to find instances of the right way to begin. Here is the opening of a story by a school-boy under eighteen: —

Texas now and Texas fifteen years ago are two entirely different things. There was no law to speak of then, and what there was did not deter evil-doers in the least. Murder, robbery, and horse-thieving, with all the petty crimes which follow in their wake, were common occurrences, and unless a fellow was pretty handy with his pistol, he was at a discount. I remember one exciting incident of some years ago, which is as vivid in my mind as though it happened yesterday.

There is nothing remarkable in the way of literary style here; the story may be crude and unfinished; but the point is, the writer has a story to tell, and he lets us know it from the word "go!"

For several years I have been employed as a post-office inspector. During the autumn of 1836, I was dispatched by the head of the division to which I belong to a town which we will call Berne, to investigate a loss which had occurred there. The case as reported was substantially as follows:

This is a recent *Youth's Companion* story. Do you perceive the flavor of actuality? That is why it was printed and why the paper is read.

Here is a local picture of *somewhere*, and of a time that is *some-when*. It is the opening of another *Youth's Companion* story: —

A great cloud of dust was drifting above the twisted cedars on the east slope of the Tuerto Mountains one sunny August morning nearly fifty years ago.

Here is a bit of spirited reality from John Preston True's story, "On Board the *Squid*,"

which was printed in *Treasure-Trove Magazine* :—

"Spang!"

What a clear, resonant ring the gun had! It leaped backward as though it would follow the lanyard, then plunged forward again, while a light cloud of smoke hung like a wraith over the fore-castle, and melted away past jib and stay.

One need n't ask if that sentence was written from familiar experience.

Here is the beginning of a story by a young lady :—

Miss Dorothy Willowby was an old maid. People said that somebody had broken her heart years before, but if this were true, it had been mended long ago, and she always took great pains to keep the cracked side down.

"That is a bright, original sentence," the reader says to himself; "there must be something good here." And he reads on.

The best magazines want all the virtues combined, and are willing to pay for them. But a story to be acceptable in *any* paying paper should have at least one strong point, and that very strong. If the story's only virtue be a good plot, every line, every word, must go to the plot; all useless details, wordy descriptions, and long-winded dialogues must be cut away. If the story depends upon heroic adventure, it must be adventure worth telling; lively and sensational. If it is purely a "moral" story, the moral must stick right out, with no chance for mistaking it. If the story expects to get through on its wit alone, it needs to be exceeding witty. If it can make no claim to any attraction save quality of literary style, this must be the work of a master hand.—*Wolstan Dixey*, in "*The Trade of Authorship*."

LUNCH WITH DR. HOLMES.

Passing a few weeks in Boston not long ago, I had the rare good fortune to meet Dr. Holmes one afternoon at his pleasant home on Beacon street, a home over whose threshold many and many a pilgrim admirer of the poet and autocrat has passed, to go away with only delightful and never-to-be-forgotten memories. Some years previously I had received a pleasant letter from the doctor in response to one I had sent him, in which he invited me to call upon him the next time I visited Boston. It was, therefore, especially because of the cordial invitation extended that I set out early the afternoon in question to pay my respects to one whose genius for so long a period had made the world happier and better. When, in response to my ring, the servant opened the front door of residence No. 296, I observed a slight, pleasant-faced old gentleman, tastefully dressed, leaning against the baluster of the stairway leading from the hall to the floor above,

engaged in drawing on a pair of slippers. As I approached him and introduced myself, he greeted me with a cheery smile and a hearty grasp of the hand, and invited me to walk into the parlor and take a seat. This was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Presently he entered, and, taking a chair partly in front of me, remarked that he had just returned from a walk, as was his habit at that time of day. He inquired how long I had been in town, and how long I thought of remaining. After we had conversed together for some moments, he asked me to walk out into the dining-room with him, and take a lunch. I excused myself, but he insisted, saying we should be all alone, as his daughter was ill, and we could continue our talk over a cup of tea. Thanking him, I followed him out into the dining-room, at the end of the hall, where a cosy table was spread in the centre of the room.

"Now you see," said the doctor, after asking me to take the chair opposite the one where he was standing, "what a poet has to eat. A little bread and butter, some sauce, a little cake, and a pot of tea; humble enough, and yet I manage to get along and never go hungry."

What did we talk about? Why, the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances—literature—and, because I led the way, my host's connection with literature. He told me of his early efforts in poetry, and I give the doctor's conversation in his own language: "It was during my first year in college that I began to write for publication, and I assure you most of my verses were pretty crude attempts in the poetical art. I wrote for the college paper; however, but few of my verses of those days have been preserved. But the second year they were better, and I felt much encouraged."

"Where was the 'Old Ironsides' originally published?"

"In the *Advertiser*, and a few years ago I went down to the office one day, and looked over the old files of the paper, and found the issue in which the poem first appeared. I made a memorandum of the date, but in some way have lost it. My impression is, however, that the lines first appeared some time in 1830."

"Among your own poems which is your favorite?"

"Oh, if I have any favorite, perhaps it is 'The Chambered Nautilus.' But then there are 'The Voiceless' and 'The Silent Melody.' I am especially fond of these also."

"Which is your favorite?" he asked.

"I think 'The Chambered Nautilus,' unless I except 'The Last Leaf,'" I replied.

"'The Last Leaf' is quite a favorite with almost everybody, I believe," said the doctor. "It was much admired by Poe, who copied it in his own singularly beautiful handwriting, and I have the copy."

As we sat sipping our tea the doctor called my attention to an antique portrait on the wall opposite where I sat, and asked me if I knew the face. "I should say it was that of the historic 'Dorothy Q.,'" I replied.

"Yes, it is," returned the doctor. "Do you observe anything peculiar about the face?"

"Yes," I said, "one of the cheeks is disfigured, but the artist has skilfully healed the wound."

"Yes," replied the doctor; "and do you know how the face became disfigured?"

"I don't know that I ever knew; if I did, I have forgotten."

"It was made by a rapier in the hands of a British soldier during the revolution."

The doctor next called my attention to the teapot in front of me, and asked me to take it up and examine it. I did so. It was of silver, and antique in design. The doctor informed me that the teapot had been in the Holmes family for something like two hundred years, having been handed down from one generation to another. He prized it highly.

The back view from the house is across the Charles river looking toward Cambridge. The stretch is something like a mile, and the view afforded is most delightful. The doctor never grows weary looking across the wide expanse of water which flows by almost within a stone's toss of his dooryard.

Said my host: "You see one particularly tall chimney over in Cambridgeport, do you not?"

"Yes," I replied. "I judge it belongs to some large factory."

"Yes, it does. And which way is the smoke drifting?" inquired the doctor.

"To the west."

"Well, now, when I get ready to take a walk I look across the river at that chimney, and am guided in my walk by the smoke. If it is drifting to the west, I walk in that direction, or the east, as the case may be. I walk with my back to the wind, so as to avoid pneumonia, and walk until I am tired, then get on to the street cars and ride home. And now let us go up to the library, for I want you to see my books and the den where I work with my pen."

So, withdrawing from the table and leading the way, the doctor takes me upstairs to his library, a delightful apartment looking out upon the beautiful

Charles. My host informs me — notwithstanding he calls this large room his library — that only a little more than one-half of his books find a place here, the rest being scattered about the house on every floor, shelves and nooks being arranged for their accommodation.

In the middle of the study stands the poet's table on which his literary work is done. In front of the table is the little fireplace, which, when I called to see the "Autocrat," was sending forth its cheer and warmth. The furnishings of the room are luxurious, and with a view to real comfort. On the table, lying on its burnished rest, may be seen the gold pen, with its swan's quill holder, the pen with which the poet wrote "Elsie Venner," and the "Autocrat" papers, and many other of the doctor's works. At its side stands the crystal inkstand, always full of the blackest ink. Against the walls are arranged attractive shelves, painstakingly filled with books on almost every subject. In three movable cases, all within easy reach, are seen such books as the poet most frequently refers to. Among the number are the Bible, the Concordance to the Bible, a copy of the Revised New Testament, a glossary of Milton, and a copy of Shakespeare. After a time the doctor invited me to a restful chair beside his own favorite seat in front of the table. We sit down and discuss poetry, the doctor, of course, doing most of the talking, as I am only too glad to have him do. He fears for the future of poetry in this country. The new generation of singers appear to be wholly content with indulging in the merely fanciful forms of verse. There is nothing especially striking in their work. All this gives occasion for despondency on the part of the doctor. "We have," says he, "no such poems nowadays as 'Lines to a Waterfowl' and 'My Lost Youth.''" He expresses a warm appreciation for Whittier and Lowell, and wonders if they will, indeed, have any successors. "I fear we shall never have another Longfellow," continues the doctor. "How sweetly he sang! His fame is deathless."

"Tell me about 'The One Horse Shay,' doctor," I say.

"Oh, there is not much to say concerning it," he answers. "The poem was a chance conception, so to speak. I found it galloping through my brain, and caught at it, and brought it to a standstill. It is as with all my poems; they are composed when I'm in a condition of mind which takes me out of myself. In fact, I'm wholly unable to write unless I am borne away by this influence."

Did time allow, I could write of much more

which the poet and "Autocrat" said, but I trust the reader will kindly accept this brief chronicle of a visit to one whose songs, and whose utterances in other pathways of thought, are among the priceless treasures of a great people. I am sure I shall never forget my delightful visit one spring day to one whose name is secure in the temple of fame, since he has lived and wrought for the good of mankind. — *George Newell Lovejoy, in the Chicago Tribune.*

A CALL UPON "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

It was on a charming afternoon last October that I went to pay my devotions at the shrine of America's woman humorist — Miss Marietta Holley.

The drive from the beautiful village of Adams (Jefferson Co., N. Y.) to her home, some three miles distant, is through a picturesque country, down what was once the "old plank road," from Syracuse to Watertown, past comfortable farm-houses, across the covered bridge that spans a creek, up a slight rise, and on about a mile.

It was soon to be "out of the old house into the new" with Miss Holley, a more roomy, modern-styled cottage being almost ready for use (at the time of my call); though I doubt if the latter will ever have the charm and romance for the two sisters that the quaint old pink one has, with its rambling style of architecture. "And I would never have given it up," Miss Holley assured me, "were it not ready to tumble down over our heads."

"To-morrow I expect an artist from New York," she shortly added, "to take a view of the interior before it is torn down." And a cosy, cheerful one it will be, for the low, old-fashioned rooms are filled with choice bric-à-brac, and have a peaceful, contented look. Not to mention the many articles of interest, I was specially attracted by a large portrait of Miss Holley by a New York artist. It stood on an easel in one corner of the room, and seemed very true to life. There were her soulful, magnetic brown eyes and her finely cut features, with the mouth ready to break into a smile.

Her new cottage, as she showed me through it, dodging the painters and finishers busy at work, seemed to me the most perfect patent for cosiness yet devised. Miss Holley's private rooms are on the second floor. Her sleeping room has five large windows through which to drink in sunlight and pure air and to see the beautiful panorama of nature, — the peaceful vales, the wooded slope, and beyond all the deep blue ridge of Lake Ontario.

An arched passage admits you to her "sanctum

sanctorum," with its open grate, and veranda to the south — a most charming work-room!

Speaking of her writings, Miss Holley declared "Sweet Cicely" her favorite work; it thrilled and absorbed her while writing it as no other story had; she often got up in the night to jot down a thought or fancy. "I laughed and wept with my characters," she said, "and I felt very badly when my little boy died"; and a shadow so real and tender fell across her face, I felt for the moment that I stood in the presence of an actual sorrow. "Let me show you 'Sweet Cicely,'" and she took me into her cosy sanctum, and, pointing to a head upon the wall, said, "I hunted all over New York before I found a face that fitted my ideal, sadness, sweetness, and strength combined."

Speaking of her early trials in authorship, that one less heroic would not have overcome, she said, "I don't see what kept me from being discouraged all those years." Doubtless it is these experiences that have made her so kind and tender toward struggling genius.

Her working hours are in the morning, and she allows nothing to disturb them. Often she continues writing until two o'clock in the afternoon. She used to "burn the midnight oil," but not of late.

Miss Holley is a trifle above the average height, and has a fine, well-proportioned form. She has a queenly but gracious bearing; still, her manners are charmingly natural and artless. She has a rare creamy paleness of complexion, relieved by the carmine of a pleasant mouth. Her hair, which is wavy and light brown, sprinkled with gray, is worn in a most becoming style; but while her profile, which is decidedly Grecian, is a most proper exponent of the high-bred soul within, it is her brown eyes, soft, bright, far-seeing, and magnetic, and her natural, sympathetic, sunny manners, that most attract and impress you. She has just the slightest possible hint of a cute little lisp in her speech. She is very engaging in conversation, and her peculiar gift of humor and repartee is by no means hidden when chatting with her friends.

Until quite recently Miss Holley has refused all the offers of her friends to induce her to leave her home for visits or excursions; but for the past few years she has been more of a tourist, her health demanding an occasional change. She is an intimate friend of the poet Carleton and his wife, and spends much time with them at their cottage at Thousand Island Park. Her winters are now generally passed in New York City, for the purpose of study, as well as for recreation. — *Estelle Mendell, in The Epoch.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER 15, 1889. NO. II.

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Several "Queries" published in the early numbers of THE AUTHOR remain unanswered. Can any reader supply the information that is desired?

All the back numbers of THE AUTHOR can still be had, but the supply for some months is running low, and those who wish to complete their files should send for missing copies without delay.

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THE AUTHOR FOR 1890.

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for November and December, 1889, will be sent in addition, *free of charge*. Names will be entered on the mailing-list at once, and the bound volume will be sent as soon as it is ready, — about January 1.

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THE AUTHOR for 1890 will be better and more valuable in every way than THE AUTHOR for 1889. Many improvements are projected, and the efforts of the publisher will be devoted to strengthening and improving the magazine with every issue. THE AUTHOR is sure to grow in interest and importance, and a complete file of the magazine from the beginning should be in every writer's library.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 44. — What is the difference in the meaning of "assurance" and "insurance"? Are the two words used synonymously, or does "The London Assurance Society" mean something different from "The London Insurance Society"? Can some reader of THE AUTHOR tell me?

A. F. D.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 38. — The word ought to have been written "carrousel." It is French for tournament, tilt, or bout, and is also applied to the merry-go-rounds. It is pronounced, as nearly as I can give the sound in English letters, *car-ou-sell*. It is not applied to a portion of the park, but to the merry-go-round in the park.

A. G.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. 39. — The Greeks, as we know, crowned the successful poet of a literary contest with a laurel wreath. The Romans revived this custom, and the

laurel was the emblem of the victorious poet. Afterward the universities of Europe adopted the custom of crowning their best poets with laurel. But the office of a court poet does not seem to have been established until the seventeenth century. Chaucer, and several other later poets, had a pension from the king, but not until the reign of James I. was the court-poet created, with a yearly salary. "C." will perhaps be interested in the following list of English Poets-Laureate, beginning with the first salaried court-poet, Ben Jonson, in the reign of James I.: —

Ben Jonson,	1630 to 1637
William Davenant,	1637 to 1668
John Dryden,	1670 to 1688
Thomas Shadwell,	1689 to 1692
Nahum Tate,	1693 to 1714
Nicholas Rowe,	1714 to 1718
Lawrence Eusdon,	1719 to 1730
Colley Cibber,	1730 to 1757
William Whitehead,	1758 to 1785
Thomas Warton,	1785 to 1790
Henry James Pye,	1790 to 1813
Robert Southey,	1813 to 1843
William Wordsworth,	1843 to 1850
Alfred Tennyson,	1850 to —

Wordsworth, therefore, was Tennyson's predecessor.

A. F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. 40. — I think Longfellow is generally considered to be the strongest of the American poets. He is without doubt the most popular, with Whittier a close second.

J. J. W.

LOCUST VALLEY, Long Island, N. Y.

No. 40. — "C.'s" question is very indefinite. Opinions differ, and are as varied as the dispositions of the readers. Longfellow, probably, is the representative American poet. Emerson is the most profound. English critics deem Poe the true American poet.

J. L. S.

DANA, Ind.

No. 41. — The following lines are from Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "The Boys": —

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country — of thee."

J. L. S.

DANA, Ind.

No. 43. — Paracelsus was a famous physician of the Middle Ages. Brewer, in his "Reader's Handbook," says: "Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword. He favored metallic substances for medicines.

while Galen preferred herbs. His full name was Philippus Auréolus Theophrastus Paracelsus, but his family name was Bombastus (1493-1541)." In the article on "Paracelsus" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" occur these sentences: "Paracelsus had seen how bodies were purified and intensified by chemical operations, and he thought if plants and minerals could be made to yield their active principles, it would surely be better to employ these than the crude and unprepared originals. Whether or not he believed in the philosopher's elixir is of very little consequence. He did believe in the immediate use for therapeutics of the salts and other preparations which his practical skill enabled him to make." Browning's "Paracelsus" was published in 1836. All this may help "C." to a solution of his difficulty.

L. R.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Du Chaillu.—In appearance Mr. Du Chaillu is like many other men that one meets, under the average height, a trifle round-shouldered, — suggestive of his long and weary journeys through African jungles, — a moustache only partly concealing the firm lines of the mouth. In conversation the real character of the man is revealed. Although he is fifty-two years old, his words have the impulsive earnestness of a young man whose life and career are all before him. He is all enthusiasm over the subject of the moment, ardent, impetuous, tremendously serious, and refreshingly merry by turns. Despite the Gallic appearance of his name, Mr. Du Chaillu is a native American. He was born in New Orleans in 1837. It was not until he was ten or twelve years old that he went to France to study, and his first visit to Africa was made when he was about seventeen. The books which he wrote about his travels in Africa every reader knows. "The Land of the Midnight Sun" marks a new stage in Mr. Du Chaillu's career. Having got his fill of African adventure, he turned to the three kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark as a most promising field for travel and discovery. His new work, "The Viking Age," is the outcome of nearly nine years of study and research. Mr. Du Chaillu's researches are carried on with characteristic ardor and thoroughness. He spent five years in Copenhagen, making new and literal translations, with the aid of an accomplished Icelandic scholar, of the original Sagas there preserved. He spent a year in search through the museums. Then, having got his materials together, he began

the preparation of his book. The task was an enormous one, but he set about it with unflagging zeal. He tried to dictate, but found that he must have his pen in hand. He worked fourteen and sixteen hours a day. One by one his three secretaries gave out, but Du Chaillu's splendid constitution enabled him to keep at his work, with only brief intervals for rest, until it was completed. — *The Book-Buyer for November.*

"The Duchess." — "Who is 'The Duchess'?" is a question often asked by the thousands who read the novels of this remarkably popular writer. And perhaps never has a *nom de plume* more completely screened the identity of its owner. "The Duchess" is really Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, residing in a home of comfort and beauty in Ireland's famous county, Cork. She is an industrious woman, and writes a complete novel with more ease than many of us would exercise in writing a short article. She is domestic in her nature, and dislikes to talk about her work. Her modesty is proverbial among her friends, and many of her neighbors in the little Irish town where she lives are ignorant of the fact that "Madame Hungerford," as they call her, is the author of the novels that lie on their tables. She rarely associates her personal self with her literary *nom de plume* in her correspondence with friends or strangers. The authoress, in years, is past middle age, but retains a youthful appearance. It is estimated that more copies of her novels have been sold than those of any living writer. Of what is generally regarded as her most popular story, "Phyllis," more than 250,000 copies have been sold. Her literary work brings her a neat income, enabling her to live in comfort. She has been twice married, her present domestic relations being of the happiest nature. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Edwards. — Amelia Blandford Edwards is a Londoner by birth, born in 1831, but comes to us from the pleasant suburban home near Bristol, called "The Larches," where she has lived of late years. She began her literary career at the early age of four. One of her very earliest recollections, she once said, was "of writing a story before I could write; that is to say, even before I began my pot hooks and hangers. I, in fact, anticipated the type-writer, and executed my novel entirely in capital letters." She was also a precocious artist, for this story was highly illustrated with vignettes in blue, red, and yellow. This production never saw the light. But at seven she was a full-fledged author; a poem, called "The Knight of Old," was published by a weekly journal, to which

her proud mother had sent it. At twelve years old she found herself in print again, with a long historical novel of the time of Edward III., which was printed in a penny weekly called *The London Pioneer*. She was a devourer of books, and delighted in works of exploration. At twenty-one she had rung the changes in art and letters, and had passed through a wide apprenticeship. Her first novel was published in 1855; she published eight novels and two volumes of short stories in twenty-five years. Some of her ventures in poetry were brought together in a volume of "Ballads" in 1865. Among her first efforts were a summary of English history in 1856, a summary of French history in 1858, and a translation of "A Lady's Captivity among the Chinese Pirates," also in the same year. "The Story of Cervantes," in 1863, and a volume of selections, "A Poetry Book of Elder Poets," in 1879, count among her miscellaneous literary work. So early as 1862 she had written a volume of travel, "Sights and Stories: A Holiday Tour through North Belgium," and the books by which she is best known, outside her novels, are in this field. Her book on the Dolomites, "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys," appeared in 1873, and her Egyptian book, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," in 1876. This is in itself a long and creditable record of literary activity, but it omits an enormous amount of work in the periodicals and the transactions of learned societies. The most charming of her books are those of travel. On most of her journeys Miss Edwards was accompanied by her friend, Miss North, who as a botanical painter has rivalled Miss Edwards in her range of travel and of production. When Miss Edwards returned from Egypt she was fired with the desire to stop the destruction of antiquities, which was ruthlessly going on, and there was gradually evolved in her mind the idea of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, with which her name has since been identified. Miss Edwards' scholarship has been recognized by the degree of L. H. D., given to her by Columbia College, and of LL. D., given to her by Smith College, Northampton. She is also a member of many learned societies, and has been spoken of as "the most learned woman in the world," though she herself would be likely to surrender this title in favor of her polyglot sister, the Princess Dora d' Istria of Italy. — *R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Bazar for November 16.*

Harben. — Will N. Harben is a new name which must be added to the lengthening list of Southern writers. Mr. Harben was born in Dalton, Ga., just thirty years ago. In appearance he is the typical

Southerner; tall, slightly built, with dark complexion, dark eyes, and a dark moustache. Mr. Harben was a precocious infant, for he began writing at eight years, when he read a composition on "Temperance," which was thought much too good to be original. About two years ago he began to make translations from the German, which led him to think that he would like to try his hand at original composition. Some of the first of these stories were sent to the *Atlanta Constitution*, where they were accepted, and complimented by Henry W. Grady and Joel Chandler Harris, both of whom assured the young author of success; Mr. Harris complimenting him particularly on his Southern dialect. These stories were widely reprinted and circulated. Later his stories met with marked favor at the hands of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, *The Independent*, *Current Literature*, and other papers and magazines. Last July a story published in the *Youth's Companion* evoked hundreds of letters from all parts of the United States, some taking one view and others another of the argument, but all showing an intense interest in the tale. This story Mr. Harben has made the foundation of his novel, "White Marie," which Cassell & Company will publish. — *Literary Notes.*

"Ouida." — She might be described as the worst-dressed woman in Europe. Perhaps the most ridiculous thing about her appearance is her air of assumed juvenility. On the day that I saw her she wore a skirt which showed half an inch of white hose above a pair of funny little congress-top gaiters, such as one occasionally sees in the prints of 1850. The skirt was perfectly round; like a cheese cake. Above the waist was a jacket with two odd little tails behind, and imbued with a wonderful collection of incongruous colors. She wore lace mittens and a jaunty little hat, and carried a huge scarlet parasol. — *Blakely Hall, in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.*

Stapleton. — Patience Stapleton is visiting New York. There are few American writers who have written such strong and pathetic character stories as she. Her short story, "A Cloud Burst," reprinted in *Current Literature*, and "The Breaking of Winter" in *Outing* have brought tears to thousands of eyes. She is the author of several books which have been highly praised; among them are "Kady," a touching Colorado story, and "The Marble Horse," which ran as a serial in the *Detroit Free Press*. Her latest novel has been accepted by Belford, Clarke, & Co., and was to be published this fall, but owing to the failure of that firm it will not

make a prompt appearance. She was born in Maine, but is now the wife of Colonel William Stapleton, editor of the *Denver Republican*, and lives in Denver. She is quite a pretty blonde. She dresses very stylishly, and has a most attractive manner. Ten years ago, when a girl of seventeen, she wrote her first story, which was awarded a prize offered by the *Youth's Companion* for the best story written by a girl under eighteen years of age. The story had so many good features that the editors at first doubted that it could have been written by one so young. Since then she has drawn another prize from the same publication, and has gradually grown into the hearts of the people through her excellent literary work. Her stories and books are sought by editors and publishers in all directions. She is the daughter of an ex-sea-captain, and her girlhood was spent on the coast of Maine, where she wrote many touching sea stories. She has a brilliant and an enduring fame in store for her. — *New York Letter in the Nashville American*.

Whitney. — Quite recently, while Autumn hung gay banners of red and gold on every bush, I drove to Milton, and had a most interesting call at Mrs. Whitney's. She lives in a roomy, old-fashioned brown house, with birds and bees for neighbors on one side, a wide stretch of meadows, with the Blue Hills beyond, on the other side, and some fine old elms guard the front. Elm Corner, as the estate is called, is somewhat isolated, though a few friendly roofs are within sight. In one of the quaint old houses Faith Gartney lived. Mrs. Whitney is a little lady of three score years, with wavy auburn hair, the brightest of blue eyes, and the sweetest of smiles. She was Boston born and bred, her father being a well-known ship-owner. She married Mr. Whitney when only nineteen, and has passed most of her life at Elm Corner. A foreign tour, a few summers at Alstead, N. H., and an occasional winter in Boston only made the Milton homestead dearer with each return to it. Her children have all gone to homes of their own. Mr. Whitney is an invalid, more than eighty years of age, but the presence of a grandson, about a dozen years old, will enliven the household this winter. He is attending his first term of school at the academy. His previous education was simply "browsing in a library" at his own sweet will. I fancy he finds his grandmother very companionable, as she is an expert croquet player, and very skilful in all games of words. Mrs. Whitney is an accomplished needle woman, and all the domestic expedients of her heroines she has tried herself. She is what Sam Lawson called "facultized," a gift often dwelling in

the fingers of New England gentlewomen. As soon as the snow falls Mrs. Whitney takes up her pen again. I do not know her habits as a writer, beyond the fact that in former years she had a shelf built in the hay loft, which held a dictionary and several reference books, and there in the summer time she wrote many a chapter, amid the fragrant hay. She uses brush as well as pen. While abroad she made exquisite copies in water colors of the pictures of Raphael, Fra Angelico, and other masters whom she loves. She has also filled a large book with paintings of our native flora, found in rambles through Milton woods. — *Boston Letter in the Worcester Spy*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Edgar Saltus has planned a trip to Egypt, for the study of mysticism in its Eastern home.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have published Mary Howitt's "Autobiography," and "The Life of Richard Steele," by George A. Aitken, both in handsome octavo volumes.

Mr. George W. Childs' reminiscences will be published in book form by J. B. Lippincott Company. Only a portion of them has been given in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Jacob P. Dunn, State Librarian of Indiana, is a young man, only a little past his thirty-fourth year. He has a dark complexion, with hazel-gray eyes, and a pleasing, well-modulated voice. Mr. Dunn is a ripe scholar and a good thinker. He took the degree of LL. B. at Ann Arbor in 1876; and the degree M. S. at Earlham College in 1886. His book, "Massacres of the Mountains: A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West," which was published by the Harpers a few years ago, has been pronounced by all prominent critics the best work extant on Indian wars of the West. Mr. Dunn's latest work is entitled "Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery," written for the American Commonwealth Series. This book is having a remarkable sale in Indiana. In his office of librarian, Mr. Dunn is doing a valuable service, and in a short time, under his management, Indiana will have the best state library in the Union. He is collecting all missing documents in the way of government and state reports, and is having them bound in substantial form. It is a labor of love with him, and he can always be found at the state capitol building. Mr. Dunn is also secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and a member of the Western Association of Writers.

"The Master of Ballantræ," having been published by the Scribners in their magazine and in book form, is now appearing serially in the *New York World*,—a page a day. The editor of the *World* says: "The story has been read already by thousands. The *World* proposes to give it to the millions."

Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" will be added to the Camelot series. A biographical introduction will be given.

Amelia E. Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia," begins in the November *Century*. Joseph Jefferson's autobiography begins in the same number.

The title of the new volume of short stories by Brander Matthews is "A Family Tree, and Other Stories."

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood read two chapters from her new story, "Tonti," before the Illinois Woman's Press Association, October 28. Mrs. Catherwood's home is in Hoopeston, Ill., where her husband was postmaster under President Cleveland. She is essentially a Western woman; strong, natural, frank, and unconventional. The *Inter-Ocean* says of her: "Mrs. Catherwood has an attractive, if somewhat pensive, face, a piquant nose, a mouth nearly perfect by the severest artistic rules, and a pair of wide, innocent, childish, blue eyes. Her hair was loosely frizzed, with a Greek knot bow on the neck confined with silver pins."

George W. Cable's new book will have for its title "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

Rhoda Broughton lives at Oxford in a funny little old house, in a quiet old street, with a walled garden which seems to belong to another age.

Miss Katharine Wormeley, the translator of Balzac, is preparing a translation of "Les Maitres Sonneurs," by George Sand. It will be published under the title of "The Bagpipers."

A new novel by Miss Olive Schreiner is promised for December or January.

Frederick A. Stokes & Brother announce for the holidays: "Venice," a large folio, with eight facsimiles of colored Venetian photographs, and "Facsimiles of Aquarelles by American Artists," and "Selected Etchings," with text by Ripley Hitchcock.

The copyrights of Boucicault's plays were sold at auction in London October 17. "London Assurance" fetched 157 pounds; "Flying Scud," 50 pounds; "Arrah Na Pogue," 152 pounds; "Long Strike," 42 pounds; "After Dark," 70 pounds; "Formosa," 54 pounds; and the others small sums.

Gossip is again busy with a rumor that Mr. Aldrich will retire from the editorship of the *Atlantic*.

The average longevity of literary women would indicate that activity of the brain has the effect of lengthening their lives rather than shortening them. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel reached the ages of 92 and 98, respectively. Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth died at 82. Miss Harriet Lee attained 95, and Mrs. Marcet 89. Jane Porter died at 74, Hannah More at 88, Miss Mitford at 69, and Mrs. Radcliffe at 59. The average longevity of the ten ladies named was nearly 83 years.

Björnstjerne Björnson's new novel, "Paa Guds Veie" (In the Ways of God), on which he has been engaged for some time, is about ready for the printer. It describes the life and career of two young friends, one of whom was a Freethinker, the other a Christian.

The *Fortnightly* will print a critical article by Mr. Swinburne on the works of Wilkie Collins.

Max O'Rell expects to sail for New York on Christmas Day.

Miss Florence Peltier is the only daughter of a well-known physician of Hartford, Conn., and a relative of the story writer, Mrs. E. Burke Collins. She is chiefly a writer of serio-comic verse, and shows talent in this line of a high order. "I am addicted to the Rondeau," she says, "and the sonnet I adore." Miss Peltier deserves recognition as a writer of poetry and sketches; her light, sparkling verse is always artistic, and possesses the rare attribute of mingled fun and pathos, which creeps into the heart and lingers there, like sunshine in a shady place. "I fell back in my chair and laughed" (says Blackmore in "Lorna Doone"), "but the under side of my laugh was tears."

Mayo W. Hazeltine has resigned his position as editorial writer on *Once a Week* to accept the managing editorship of the *New York Ledger*, says *The Epoch*. The *Ledger* takes a new departure, coming out as an illustrated literary journal, of the style of *Harper's Weekly*, with Democratic tendencies. It is said that Mr. Hazeltine's income in his new position will be \$200 a week. He will still retain the literary editorship of the *New York Sun*, which pays him \$150 a week. Mr. Hazeltine is one of the most accomplished scholars in the United States, and his reviews of new books are perhaps the best that are contributed to daily journalism. He has a striking appearance, is tall and slim, with a clean-shaved face and clear-cut features. His eyes are blue and piercing.

A monthly art newspaper called the *Collector*, published by Alfred Trumble, has made its appearance in New York.

Rev. Edward Staats de Grote Tompkins, the author of the theological novel, "An Honest Hypocrite," is the rector of a church in Troy, N. Y. Mr. Tompkins is a graduate of Yale College, and is of Dutch ancestry, his family having come from Holland and settled in Westchester county, New York, in 1620. Mr. Tompkins is a young man, and unmarried.

Marie Bashkirtseff, whose "Journal" is published in New York, was a young Russian artist who died in Paris, in 1884, at the age of twenty-three. Her "Journal" has been highly praised by Mr. Gladstone.

Burrows Bros. & Co., of Cleveland, announce a new edition, with numerous illustrations, of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

In an article entitled "Living with One's Books," the October *Book Lover* says: "Berryer thrust his books under his bed. Porson filled his pockets with them, until he became literally a walking library. De Quincey piled books around him until it was hard to tell which was book and which was man. Leigh Hunt ate with his books on breakfast or dinner table, and made use of the butter knife to open uncut leaves. Heinsius used Plato as an intoxicant, insisting that one page was equal in effect to ten bumpers of wine."

A portrait of Amelia B. Edwards, drawn by W. T. Smedley, and accompanied by an article by R. R. Bowker, appears in *Harper's Bazar* for November 16.

D. Lothrop Co. announce as their leading holiday volume "Melodies From Nature," arranged from Wordsworth's poems by Mrs. E. S. Blackall, and grouped under four divisions, representing the seasons of the year and human life.

An accurate biography of Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.") is now definitely promised.

The *Youth's Companion* enters its sixty-third year with a weekly circulation of more than 430,000 copies. It will have next year some features of more than ordinary literary interest, including original contributions by James G. Blaine, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Senator G. F. Hoar, Professor Tyndall, and W. P. Frith, the royal academician. Six serial stories and two short stories, selected from the 6,000 manuscripts sent in competition for the \$5,000 offered in prizes, will be given during the year.

Frederick Spielhagen is writing his autobiography. It is to be published in instalments in a German magazine.

F. A. Stokes & Brother will bring out a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

Mrs. Oliphant writes to the London *Athenaeum* to contradict a report that she has been "long unwell, but has recovered," and that she has "settled a serious difference of opinion" with her publishers.

The *Merrimack Journal*, of Franklin, N. H., says: "About two-thirds of a contribution on 'Handwriting' in the November *Lippincott's* is taken from an article by Charles F. Adams, of Concord, recently printed anonymously in a Western newspaper, for which he received the magnificent remuneration of four dollars."

Archibald C. Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," is a man of medium height, solidly built, and imbued with a spirit of amiability and good nature. Most people think he is an American, and so he is by adoption, but he was born in England. His father left the old country when the future novelist was one year old, and went to California to seek his fortune. A year later Mrs. Gunter and the infant followed him.

The *Transatlantic*, Boston's new bi-weekly, devoted to foreign literature and affairs, has started under the most favorable auspices. The new paper is to be issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and its projectors promise that each number shall be made up from the cream of European literature, translated into English, from books and pamphlets as well as periodicals. Short stories, serials, sketches, miscellany, news articles, criticisms, portraits of European celebrities, and the latest popular pieces of European music are to be given to its readers, and the management of the enterprise is in such hands as to insure its success. The typographical appearance of the paper must win from every one the highest praise, and there is a solid look about it which seems to promise the permanent prosperity which it deserves.

Julian Hawthorne, in describing some unpublished manuscripts of his father that he is at present editing, says: "He wrote so small a hand that he would put fifteen hundred words upon a page of ordinary letter paper, and when he had written a word or a line that displeased him he rubbed it out with his finger, and wrote over the inky space thus made. It is just possible that what he wrote in such cases he might have been able afterward to decipher. For myself, I can only make a guess."

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1889.

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THE FIRST MAGAZINE.

In the city of London is St. John's Gate, a relic of the old and famous monastery of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It is almost as old as London itself. In 1845 it underwent repairs and restorations. It was at St. John's Gate that Edward Cave and Samuel Johnson, and other literary men of that age, were wont to have their residence.

Edward Cave died in 1754, after having successfully established the first periodical, or magazine, known as the *Gentleman's Magazine*. At St. John's Gate there still exists a portrait of Cave, beneath which is the inscription: —

“The first inventor of the monthly magazines; the invention all admired; and each how he to be the inventor missed.”

Little is known of Cave, other than that he was born in Warwickshire, in 1691, came to

London, and became the friend and early patron of Samuel Johnson.

In whatever way we look at the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at its venerable age, character, consistency, intrinsic value as a repertory of history, science, antiquity, biography, and literature, the mirror of almost half a century, or the important influence it brought to bear upon the periodical press, it deserves far more than passing attention.

In speaking of the commencement of magazines, the well-known Dr. Kipps, of England, once said: “It may be considered as something of an epocha in the literary history of this country. The periodical performances before this time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrences; but the monthly magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young authors, who have afterward risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts at composition.”

The first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was published in January, 1731. Upon the cover appeared a vignette of St. John's Gate. One of the reasons assigned for beginning the magazine was to form a collection, or magazine, of the essays, intelligence, etc., which appeared in the “two hundred half sheets per month,” which the London press was then calculated to produce, besides “written accounts,” and about as many more half sheets printed “elsewhere in the three kingdoms.”

Another object with the enterprising Cave was to publish the parliamentary proceedings; a rather dangerous undertaking, as the orders of the House were at that time against it. He had the plan some time in contemplation before he ventured to act upon it; at length he boldly dared, and began in January, 1732, by giving the King's speech only. In the succeeding June he gave two protests of the Lords; and in the House of Commons, the Speaker's thanks to Lord Gage, May 31, 1732, with his lordship's reply. But in July, the Parliament being then prorogued, he ventured to introduce the proceedings and debates of the last session of Parliament, which were given with the initials and final letters of the names of the several speakers.

In order to obtain the debates, Cave took a friend or two with him into one of the Houses of Parliament, and privately took down notes of the several speeches. Thus supplied with material, Cave and his companions would adjourn to a neighboring tavern, where their notes were compared and adjusted. The reducing of this crude matter into form was the work of a future day, and of an abler hand. Guthrie, the historian, a writer for the booksellers, was retained, it is said, by Cave for this purpose.

In 1734, Dr. Johnson, in a letter from Birmingham, tendered his assistance to Mr. Cave, and suggested that, besides the current wit of the month, the magazine should admit not only poems, essays, and descriptions never before printed, but also short literary dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on authors, ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserved revival, and all these Dr. Johnson undertook to furnish "on reasonable terms." The doctor afterward assumed the management of the debates.

Mr. Cave had few expectations when he formed the project of his magazine. His success was unexpected and phenomenal. His friends had so little prospect of his success that, though he had talked of his plan for several years among printers and booksellers, none of them thought the scheme worth the trial. That they were not restrained by their virtue from the execution of another man's design was sufficiently apparent as soon as Cave's plan became profitable, for in a few short years a multitude

of magazines arose and speedily perished. Only the *London Magazine*, supported by a powerful association of booksellers, and circulated with all the art and cunning of trade, exempted itself from the general fate of Cave's invaders, and for some years obtained, not an equal, yet a considerable circulation and sale.

Cave began to aspire to popularity. Being a greater lover of poetry than of any other art, he sometimes offered subjects for poems, and proposed prizes for the best productions. The first prize was £50, for which, thinking the influence of the amount extremely great, he confidently expected the first authors of the kingdom to appear as competitors, and offered the allotment of the prize to the universities. But when the time came for the distribution of the prizes, no name was seen among the writers that had ever been seen before.

In 1747, a complaint having been made in the House of Lords against Mr. Cave for printing an account of the trial of Lord Lovat in the magazine, he was taken into custody, reprimanded by their lordships, and even imprisoned for a short time.

In 1751, a material change took place in the compilation of the miscellaneous part of the magazine. Selections from other periodical publications were gradually laid aside, and the miscellany was rendered in a great degree an original work. Cave continued to improve his magazine until his death, in 1754. It had been his favorite and his most successful speculation. He had the magazine much at heart, and it has been said of him that he never looked out of his window but with a view to benefit the magazine. If he even heard of the loss of a single customer, he would say: "Let us be sure to look up something of the best for the next month."

In 1778, a Mr. Nichols purchased a share in the proprietorship of the magazine, and for many years it kept pace with the rapid advancement of literature and science in England.

Carlyle has written as follows of Johnson's association with Cave and his magazine: "How he sits there, in his rough-hewn, amorphous bulk, in that upper room at St. John's Gate, and trundles off sheet after sheet of those senate of Lilliput, debates to the clamorous printer's devils waiting for them with unsatiable throat

down stairs; himself, perhaps, *impransus* all the while. . . . If to Johnson himself, then much more to us may that St. John's Gate be a place we can 'never pass without veneration.'"

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

Will M. Clemens.

THE PUBLICATION OF ACCEPTED MANUSCRIPTS.

Puck had some time ago a skit on the length of time some manuscripts are held before publication, in a scene between a magazine editor and the publisher. The editor goes to the other for advice about a little matter, saying, "I have just come across an article of my own that was accepted twenty years ago, and naturally I feel some delicacy about fixing the price of it myself." This seems like a gross exaggeration, but in the *New York Tribune* at almost the same time the story was told of a distinguished American thinker, who thirty years ago wrote an article on Chrysostom for the theological quarterly of which he is the editor, and yet never in all the thirty years has he felt at liberty to use his own article, because he has had so many other available ones awaiting publication, the authors of which might think he had crowded them out in his own favor.

A prominent clergyman relates that more than ten years ago, when he was a theological student, he wrote an article at the invitation of the editor of a certain review, and a few days ago received the proof-sheets for correction. When the article is paid for on acceptance, such delay is of no serious consequence to the author, excepting that he is naturally anxious to see his work in print, hoping that it will add to his reputation; but if the manuscript is to be paid for on publication, a long delay may greatly inconvenience a needy author. A writer who had a sketch accepted by one of the leading magazines found that he was to receive his pay when it was published. He waited patiently for many months, until at last, needing money, he wrote the editor, a step not taken without much hesitation, as it was the first time he had succeeded with one of the principal monthlies. To his surprise and delight, the editor sent him a check in a few days, and published his article shortly afterward.

It is a well-known fact that the editors of nearly all the important periodicals have material enough on hand to last them for years, and only special articles on matters of passing interest have much chance of being published within a reasonable time. Thus the *Century* last spring stopped its presses to crowd in an article by Hon. T. B. Reed on the rules of the House of Representatives, and at another time made room for an article on Samoa, because if these contributions were held till they could be used in the regular course, they would have lost their special interest to the public.

It sometimes happens, also, that the editor is greatly struck by some manuscript, and prints it, while he holds back other work. Mrs. Catherwood's "*Romance of Dollard*" is one of these exceptions. The editor of the *Century* told her frankly that he had stories enough to last for years, and that even if he accepted hers, it might make her heart sick waiting for it to be published. On reading it, however, he was so pleased with it that he not only accepted it at once, but published it very shortly afterward.

Such instances are rare, indeed, almost phenomenal. Generally, articles even of great merit have to wait till they are available. The editor of a popular periodical told me some two years ago that he had discovered a remarkable story-writer; that he had accepted several of her sketches and paid for them; and that she would make her mark in the world. Yet, in spite of this editor's faith in the value of these sketches, he has not found an opportunity to publish a single one of them up to this time.

Often matter which is accepted and paid for gets to be out of date, or some one else publishes a better article on the same subject, or for certain reasons the editor changes his mind, and does not care to print it. Even solicited articles are not always published. Some years ago a magazine publisher was dining out, and the conversation turned on one of our great statesmen. A gentleman present had known him intimately, and told, in a very happy manner, several stories relating to him. The publisher was so much pleased that he made the narrator a liberal offer to write out his reminiscences of the great man. The offer was accepted, and the article was written and paid for as agreed, but, unfortunately,

the writer, while a charming story-teller, was prolix and prosy when he came to use the pen, and the stories which had been applauded at the dining-table lost their interest when placed on paper. The article has never been published, and probably never will be, but its author is doubtless patiently waiting for its appearance, and wondering how long editors keep manuscripts before they publish them.

J. B. Clapp.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

THE PROFITS OF BOOK-WRITING.

I am asked to say a few words concerning the compensation of literary labor.

The subject is difficult, because the merit of a piece is no guide whatever to its value as merchandise. A work may possess immortal worth as literature, and have no commercial value, or it may have no merit whatever as literature, while commanding a great price in the literary market. A familiar illustration is the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the first copyright of which was sold to a publisher for £5. The value of this poem is not capable of being represented by any sum of money, and it has, besides, an undying, pathetic interest as a record of extinct opinion. But, viewed as a piece of merchandise, it has been shown by investigators that the publisher must have been a bold and enterprising man who worked his mind up to the point of giving \$25 for it.

I may cite also the "Principia" of Sir Isaac Newton, which we may still pronounce the loftiest reach of the human understanding. But the copyright has not now, and never had, any value as merchandise. Its reputation to-day is more intense and universal than it ever was, but probably it does not sell thirty copies per annum in the whole civilized world, and many educated men live and die without having seen it.

Yet we can all call to mind interviews in the New York papers which a sharp journalist would have given a thousand dollars for, if he could not have got them for less. Value, too, is powerfully influenced by the public feeling of the day. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," giving effective expression to the prevalent feeling just before the war, had a commercial value beyond all previous example. But the "Fool's Errand," also, though a vastly inferior work, achieved a striking commercial success, because it expressed a prevalent feeling after the war.

Let us, therefore, rule out of this subject all the literature which we can truly denominate classic; the literature which money never inspires and cannot in the least compensate. There is a literature which money alone calls forth, and which money adequately pays for; and this literature has a right to be. Its production is a legitimate and honorable pursuit. To use the fine simile of Goethe in the "Indenture" of "William Meister," there is a literature which is "like baked bread," savory and satisfactory for a single day; "but," he adds, "flour cannot be sown, and seed-corn ought not to be ground." The seed-corn literature of every age, Greek, Roman, English, French, German, American, has been produced by men who were not obliged to work for wages.

You except Shakespeare? Shakespeare was the farthest possible from being a "literary man." He was a man of business. In the transaction of his business he wanted plays that would fill his theatre with paying spectators, and he gradually discovered, after many trials, first, that he could tinker, and then that he could write attractive plays himself. I believe that no masterpiece that has held undiminished rank for a single century was ever written directly for money. The "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village" were written by an Irishman, whose easy and careless temper was equivalent to an estate.

Passing by, then, the "seed-corn" as not appertaining to our subject, let us come to our "baked bread," the furnishing of which, to an insatiate public, has come to be a business so extensive and so important.

The business is a thing of yesterday. The first man who ever tried to live by his pen in America was Thomas Paine, in 1775, and the first periodical that ever compensated writing with an approach to liberality was the *Edinburgh Review*, started in 1802. But all the facts so far accumulated point to one conclusion, which is, that the secret of success in dealing with this peculiar commodity lies in paying for it; I will not say paying liberally, but *skillfully*. There is a mystery which only publishers of trained ability know how to penetrate. Each separate writer, each subject, each locality, has its law, which is applicable only in that one instance.

It is conceivable, for example, that the editor of the *Forum* might like to have an article from Queen Victoria. A publisher of the requisite skill could get an article from her. It would be an extraordinary effort of publisher's tact, and it would consist in discovering and applying *adequate motive*. This motive might be furnished by an adroit appeal to

her pride, to her benevolence, to her vanity, to her patriotism, to her love of money, or to all of these motives. It might be necessary to win or buy over her favorite, if she has one. If the editor succeeded, it would be by touching the spring of action in her heart with the requisite force and delicacy.

Compensating literary labor, therefore, is no longer a mere question of money. The money which is proffered must have mind behind it. One of the stories current among New York journalists relates to Robert Bonner's negotiations with Henry Ward Beecher for a continued story, a piece of work infinitely repugnant to his disposition and habits. If ever there was a man who hated desk-work, it was Henry Ward Beecher; and he was to be induced to sit down to his desk every day, and remain at it wearisome hours, and to keep it up for six months. But, being a profuse man in his expenditures, he was always in want of money. The aim, therefore, of the editor of the *Ledger* was to fix upon the minimum sum of money which would produce upon the mind of this indolent genius the maximum of inducement. He spent some weeks, it is said, in reflecting on this point, trying over in his mind various sums, and endeavoring to conceive of their effect upon an impecunious preacher. He selected finally \$25,000 as precisely the best sum, which was then equivalent to \$100,000 in moral effect at the present time. But do you suppose, reader, that this \$25,000 brought the story? It did indeed rouse the author to brief spasms of industry. But it did not get the story. That was extracted from him by the skilful and vigilant following up of the offer by an impatient and distrustful editor; to say nothing of sundry additional thousands to bring the tale to an acceptable finish.

During the present century we have had several individuals who well understood this delicate art of compensating literary labor, and some of them have attained by it memorable results. The modern system of paying dates from the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1802. Now, the success of this celebrated periodical was partly due to the accident that four young men of extraordinary talent were then living in Edinburgh, waiting for employment or promotion in their professions. These were Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, and Sydney Smith. But the permanent influence and power of the new periodical were due to the system they adopted after the third number, of paying their contributors. The young men began first with lofty and romantic ideas of disinterestedness. They were to be animated solely by public spirit, and rewarded only by

witnessing the public advantage. But, as Lord Cockburn remarks, "This blunder was soon corrected by a magnificent recurrence to the rule of common-sense," and it was Sidney Smith who supplied them with this uncommon commodity.

"It is notorious," wrote he to Constable, the publisher of the *Edinburgh*, "that all the reviews are the organs either of party or of booksellers. I have no manner of doubt that an able, intrepid, and independent review would be as useful to the public as it would be profitable to those who were engaged in it. If you will give £200 per annum to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet to your contributors, you will soon have the best review in Europe."

Constable saw the point at once, and adopted the suggestions of the witty divine. Soon the minimum of compensation was raised to sixteen guineas a sheet, and the average to twenty-five guineas, while special contributors were paid the precise minimum requisite to get what was wanted of them. A good many of the best writers were extremely hard to start, and some were repelled by the very idea of being paid. To meet this latter difficulty the rule was early adopted of admitting no article to the review unless the author would accept payment for it.

The *London Times*, also, under the second John Walter, adopted the principle of not accepting regular or prolonged literary aid without compensation. The *Times*, too, was accustomed to pay more than the market price, and more than the writer would naturally expect to receive.

The editor continually acted on the principle which has become so familiar to clients who stimulate lawyers by excessive retaining fees, and keep them up to the mark by occasional "refreshers."

The same editor once received a communication on a topic of the moment which was at once so powerful and so timely that he changed all the *I's* to *we's*, and inserted it as the leading editorial. It made a great sensation, and the editor invited the writer to continue the subject, which he did on twelve successive mornings. The object of these articles was to defeat a certain candidate for the mayoralty of London, and they evidently accomplished the purpose. When the election was over the editor sent the writer a check for two hundred pounds, which was at the rate of one hundred dollars for each of the articles, a rate of compensation then unprecedented. When Mr. Delane was in this country, a few years ago, he told the late Mr. George Ripley, who told it to me, that the editorials in the *London Times* cost that paper on an average fifty dollars apiece.

Do I think, then, literature a desirable career for a young American?

I will not answer this question directly. There are certain employments in our complicated civilization which seem to belong to people who, for various reasons, are left out of the other avocations.

There is the stage, for example, which has furnished a resource to many a good fellow who could not be broken into the more regular and monotonous professions. There are capital men who have a spice of genius in them, with a certain inclination to innocent vagabondage. There are women, too, who can shine upon the stage, but could not sit down in a country kitchen and enjoy peeling potatoes for dinner.

We cannot all be orderly, steady-going, and highly-respectable persons. There are cranks and tramps of all degrees in the world, — some bad, many harmless, a few brilliantly-gifted, — all members of the human family, with a certain right to exist and to enjoy.

Leave to such the stage, the magazine, journalism, and transient literature. Let them supply the baked bread and crisp French rolls of Goethe, which are "savory and satisfying for a single day." But if you ask me what I have to say to young men ambitious of producing excellent and durable works, my advice is, first get rich in some one of the ordinary pursuits of civilized men, and then consecrate your leisure to nobler toil. This was Benjamin Franklin's way, who remains at the present hour one of the most original, powerful, generous, and fruitful of American men of genius. — *James Parton, in the Buffalo Express.*

HOW A BOOK IS MADE.

We will presuppose that we have the MS. in hand, that it is written with a plain round script in jet-black ink, on white paper not larger than eight by ten inches; or, better still, that it is type-written, and that each leaf is separate. The first question is the type.

Shall it be brevier, bourgeois, long primer, small pica, or pica? We will say that small pica is to be used; the next question is the estimate.

How many pages will the book make, allowing, say, three hundred and fifty words to the page, in small pica type, and what will be the size of the page? By counting the words in the manuscript we find the number. By comparing with some other book, or by setting up a sample page, we find he size and at the same time determine whether

it is to be leaded or not — that is, whether "leads" (strips of metal) between each line will be needed to make them wider apart, and make the book more pleasing as to shape and ease of reading. Then comes the dummy.

We have now determined the type, the number of pages and their size, and would like to see what the book will be like when done; whether fat, or graceful in outlines; so we select the paper on which it is to be printed, and bind up a blank book of the exact size and shape — minus cover — which the book will be, under the above restrictions; then, if satisfied, an artist is consulted in regard to the design for the cover, which is drawn, and the design sent to the die maker, who cuts the brass dies with which it is to be stamped upon the cloth by the binder.

In the mean time, the proofs of the first pages have begun to come from the composing-room. There, half a dozen typesetters have each fastened a page of the MS. on a board before each case, for ease in reading, and each man is busy in picking up the types from the rows of little boxes, and sticking them in a small holder, long enough to contain one line, with bits of type-metal — "spaces" — between each word. The matter, as set up, is transferred to a larger holder, which is ultimately screwed up tightly in a "form" (a square frame like the wood around a slate) and laid upon a press, and it is from this that the proofs have been taken, in long strips, called galley-proofs. In a quiet corner two employees are sitting, one reading from the MS., the other following the reader with the proof, and checking errors and deviations with busy pencil. The typesetter is paid by measure, and all such deviations must be reset by him in his own time, which means just so much lost time; so a blindly-written manuscript really robs the compositor of money for each letter that he fails to read aright.

The strips of arranged and corrected type are now divided into pages of the proper size, and numbered; proofs are again taken, and on these the proof-reader marks such questions of grammar, punctuation, seeming errors in proper names, etc., as become necessary because of the accurate following of the copy; and this is the page that is generally sent to the author for revision. As such errors are due to exactly following his MS., the cost of their correction is generally charged to his account. (A page of corrected proof, showing the marks commonly used by printers to express errors, may be seen in the back part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.)

The pages have thus far been printed from loose type. If the book is to be of permanent value and in constant demand, a second edition may have to be printed (at date of writing, they are printing the one hundred and fifty-fifth thousand of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward"), and as it would be a needless expense to set the type each time anew, the forms of type are sent to a foundry-room, and casts are taken in type-metal by stereotyping, or electrotype plates are made. The pages can then be printed from these plates, and the type itself can be released for other use. All errors which now remain must be corrected, if at all, by the slow process of cutting out the old words and substituting new, and this work is generally charged for at the rate of fifty cents per hour; an expensive matter, since the addition of a line, nay, of a word, to a page already full necessitates a change upon the next page, and the next, until a space is found at the end of a paragraph or chapter to absorb the overflow. The plates are now ready for the press. The preface—the book's best bow to its audience—has been written and set up; copies of the title-page have been printed, bearing on the reverse side the words "Copyright, 1889, N. Dodge" (if said N. Dodge is the author, or owner of the copyright), and these copies have been sent to the Librarian of Congress with the fee—fifty cents—for record in the name of N. Dodge, thus securing for him a legal right to prevent any one else from reprinting the book in this country for a term of years. And it is now time to invoke the aid of steam. The plates are laid upon the press and registered; *i. e.*, care is taken to see that the line on one side of the leaf will be printed exactly an antipode to the corresponding line on the other side, and that the pages are in their proper order; the belt is adjusted, and the great machine begins its stately progress, printing living words upon the snowy sheets of paper fed to it by a light-handed girl or boy.

As it is not clear to every one why the pages thus laid upon the press are not arranged consecutively, we will explain by supposing a single sheet of paper is folded once. It is now a pamphlet of four pages, which we will number. Unfold it and pages 1 and 4 are on one side of the sheet, pages 2 and 3 are on the other. A book with pages thus folded is called a folio. Let us take the same sheet and double it once, bringing the top down to the bottom; then fold it the other way. This makes, after cutting, four leaves (eight pages), and is called a quarto (4to). Suppose we do not cut the leaves, but mark the pages and again smooth out the paper; the sheet shows how the pages must then be

laid upon the press in order that they may not only be consecutive, but also *right side up*. Thus the words folio, 4to, 8vo, 16mo, 32mo, etc., not only show how many times the sheets have been folded to make the book, but also, in a general way, how large it is, since there is a common standard of size at the outset—the largest sheet that will fit the press; and each successive "-mo" minifies the size of the page in question. In practice the 32mo is usually folded on a half-sheet, eight pages long by four wide.

As the sheets come from the press they are damp, and must be hung away on racks in the drying-room for a space, and then be pressed smooth under heavy weights, before they find their way to the bindery. Once there, rows of girls fold by hand or machine, collate in their proper, consecutive paging, and pass them to the sewers, who stitch the sheets rapidly with peculiar sewing-machines, some of which use a thread of wire. In another room the covers have been made of paste-board, overlaid with cloth of selected colors, and stamped under heavy pressure with the title and design. Some books are now laid under a great knife, and the edges are carefully sheared off level, including the folded crease of the double sheet. This, of course, decreases the width of the margin of the page, but, on the other hand, it can now be sent to the gilder, and given a golden edge which will protect it from being soiled with dust. A more common method is a compromise; the sides are left untouched, with as wide margins as possible, and the top alone is sheared and gilded, that being the part on which dust more naturally settles among the shelves; the great point being that a wide white border sets off the artistic appearance of a leaf as the white mat does the water-color. Neither is an essential, but both increase the enjoyment of the owner.

Books of reference, of large size, like dictionaries, generally have marbled edges. Small vats of dyes, holding a dozen gallons of liquid, are prepared. The binder sprinkles a dye of another color upon the surface, where it spreads in oily spots. A wooden rake with foot-long teeth is drawn once through the liquid lengthwise, the color mixing in streaks; perhaps it is then drawn once more from side to side, according to the pattern desired; a frame holding several books is then dipped in it so that their edges only shall be submerged, and is then set one side to dry—the result you see in your "unabridged." Meanwhile, the common fry, the books that are for the multitude's passing enjoyment, are simply shorn and passed to the bindery,

where the cover is glued on, and the book itself, now finished, is placed under heavy weights until dry. A careful lookout is kept for misbound copies, such as those with duplicated pages, or for such errors as putting a volume of Starr King's Sermons in the jacket of "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," and each book, before being stacked away, is provided with a loose "duster" of light paper, with a hole to display the title; or, if more aristocratic and "full gilt," it is sealed up in paper, with a printed label outside, and a small diamond on the side cut to show the color of the cloth. Here also mistakes must be watched for, lest we parallel that Egyptian firm in the days of Joseph who embalmed a royal queen in the mummy case that bore the biography of a priest of Isis, to the mystification of the wise men of the present century who deciphered the inscription. If the volume is a book of poems, some of the volumes will be bound in the familiar "calf" or morocco.

Two copies of the perfect book are now sent to the Librarian of Congress at Washington, to complete the copyright entry; six more copies are sent to the London agent of the firm, that he may deposit them at Stationers' Hall, and thus secure a copyright in England by nominal prior publication in that country; and when that is completed the book is ready for sale. — *John Preston True, in The Christian Union.*

NARROW ESCAPES OF FAMOUS MSS.

To all lovers of literature it must be at all times a matter of interest to know, to some extent at least, the history of this or that story or poem which, because of its rare qualities, has become known to the world as a masterpiece of its author. In this connection I am led to wonder if every admirer of Bret Harte knows how serious were the obstacles in the way of the success of his first and really most famous story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The lady proof-reader on the *Overland Monthly*, of which Harte was the editor, raised her voice against the admission of the story into the pages of the magazine, while the publisher himself had grave doubts as to the wisdom of allowing the story to appear in his publication. But at last he decided, it is said, to have his wife read the story in manuscript, and she was so delighted with it that Mr. Cromany at once made up his mind to allow "The Luck" to appear in the *Overland*. And so it was published, and its advent proved the means of making not only the *Overland* famous, but gave its young editor a reputation as the Dickens of America.

Who has forgotten the incident related by Mark Lemon, editor-in-chief of *Punch*, respecting the "Song of the Shirt"? Sitting at his desk one morning, Lemon opened an envelope containing a poem, which the author thereof stated had been rejected by some journals in London, and he (Tom Hood—a name unknown to fame even at that time) begged the editor, in case he found the poem unavailable, to consign it to the waste-basket, for he was indeed "sick of the sight of it." Lemon, though strongly impressed with the poem, experienced some doubts, after all, as to the expediency of printing it in *Punch*, and handed it over to his two associates for them to consider. Both returned an adverse decision. However, Lemon, still impressed with the wonderful beauty and power of the lyric, determined to print it, and its appearance trebled the circulation of *Punch* almost at a bound, and made a deservedly great sensation throughout all England.

"Sartor Resartus," a work which has given Thomas Carlyle more fame than any other of his literary achievements, was at first declined by every publisher, both in London and Edinburgh, to whom it was submitted. It is said, on good authority, that John Stuart Mill, who afterward came to find solid enjoyment in its pages, thought, when he first read it in manuscript, that it was one of the most stupid productions which had ever come under his observation. Through the kind efforts of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a Boston publishing house was induced to bring the work before the public, and the favor with which it was received in this country led to its favorable reception abroad, and made its success an established fact. Said the blunt Scotchman, on a certain occasion during the years when he was trying so hard to find a publisher at home willing to undertake the publication of his work: "I believe I shall give up the notion of hawking my little manuscript book about any further. For a long time it has lain quiet in a drawer waiting for a better day."

I have not forgotten how W. D. Howells' "Venetian Life," one of his earliest, yet very best, efforts, came near resting unknown to the world after its rejection by James T. Fields, when it was submitted to him by the embryo author for entrance into the *Atlantic Monthly*. But it would appear that the editor of a certain literary paper of Boston—still in existence—saw sufficient merit in the work to print it in the columns of his journal under the guise of letters from over the sea, when it speedily won for itself a wide popularity. Yet, even after this measure of success, the publishers, who had

placed it before the public in book form, were led to issue only a small edition, and from type which was immediately distributed. But the small edition was soon exhausted, and the work had to be reset and stereotype plates prepared, in order to satisfy the great demands of the trade.

After Alexander Kinglake had written "Eothen," a work which, from beginning to ending, exhibits not merely rare interest in the way of adventure and character sketching, united with romance of a personal nature, but wonderful in workmanship in respect to style and finish, it was offered by the author to a London firm for examination. It was promptly declined. It was then submitted to other publishers, who, one and all, refused to undertake its publication, assigning this and that reason for so doing. But one day Kinglake, almost given over to despair, summoned sufficient courage to walk into a bookshop in Pall Mall, and after introducing himself to the proprietor, informed the latter of the ill-success attending his efforts to find a publisher, and closed the interview by making the proprietor a present of his manuscript, if he cared to accept the gift. The publisher took the manuscript home with him that night, and gave it a careful examination, and, appreciating its great worth, decided upon its immediate publication. At first it sold slowly, but a favorable notice from Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review* led to a speedy demand for it on the part of the public, and edition after edition was disposed of, and more were called for. So soon as the work had become a financial success, the publisher made it a practice on each Christmas morning for many years to send the gifted author a generous check in appreciation of the service he had rendered him.

After the author of "A Fool's Errand" had written this novel, he submitted it to the editor of a leading New York paper, whose political sentiments were in strict accord with those contained in the work, with the suggestion that it appear as a serial in the columns of the paper in question. But the proposition, and the manuscript also, were declined by the editor, who, it would seem, had grave doubts respecting the expediency of taking the work. The author then sought the various publishers, and, at last, after several failures, found a New York house willing to undertake the publication of his work. It was published, and, as the public is well aware, proved to be one of the most popular and successful books of the period, its sales within a comparatively short time amounting to a large figure, and proving not only a most profitable venture for the publishers, but making its author

both famous and fairly independent from a pecuniary standpoint, in addition to making the work a standard book of fiction in this country.

Many years ago a most unpretending-looking manuscript, written by a young girl living in a quaint old parsonage among the Yorkshire hills, was sent forth to one publisher after another by the timid author, only to be returned in each instance to the owner, until the packet containing it had become so thickly written over with the names of firms which had declined it that there seemed to be no room left for any more. But one day the manuscript chanced to meet the attention of a reader connected with a hitherto unsought house, who was so captivated with its singular freshness and beauty that he induced the firm to bring it before the world. The volume met with a most flattering reception—such, indeed, as does not often fall to the lot of even the most successful publications. To this day the book in question is one of the most popular of its kind, being eagerly sought after by almost every individual who ever has heard of it. Such, in brief, is the history of "Jane Eyre."—*Newell Lovejoy, in the New York Star.*

THE WRITER'S INSPIRATION.

"Never write unless you have something to say," is the advice of the Experienced Writer to the talented Young Person who is eager to start out on the road that leads to the literary Temple of Fame. It is very good advice, no doubt, but does the Experienced Writer himself always follow it? Does any writer follow it, indeed, taking it exactly in the sense in which it is accepted by the talented Young Person aforesaid? Generally speaking, I am very much afraid the answer must be "No."

The people who write because they have to write; because there is something in them that must have utterance; because their brains are teeming with ideas to which they must give birth; because they feel themselves inspired, and the Spirit bids them speak,—such people are seldom met with on the stairs that lead to the lofty editorial room. There are people who delude themselves into the belief that they are so inspired, but they find it hard to instil this belief into the minds of editorial sceptics. A few there are, no doubt, who—like Mrs. Stowe with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—are filled with an idea that must have utterance, no matter what the obstacles in the way may be. These few are very few, however; indeed, it is hard to think of a second example to strengthen the illustration which Mrs. Stowe

affords. Most writing is done, and always has been done, to make money or fame for the writer, and not because the one who wrote was made by Fate the involuntary mouthpiece of the gods.

Inspiration may mean "a breathing in." The writer who absorbs the most is the one who is the best inspired. Few writers have anything to say, to begin with. The most successful writers are those who get something to say, and who say it well, when once it has been got. Skill may be attained by practice, both in acquiring knowledge and in giving it out again. The writer who tries, earnestly and long, to gain such skill is on the high road to success.

Instead, therefore, of saying, "Never write unless you have something to say," the Experienced Writer should give to the talented Young Person this warning, "Always get something to say before you write." A man may determine that he will be a successful writer, and go to work to accomplish that end without a spark of what is ordinarily called inspiration. He simply makes a business of getting something to say and learning to say it well; and his chances of literary success are ineffably greater than those of the "inspired" genius whose innate ideas are all-sufficient in his own conceit, and whose conceit is usually greater than any literary talent that he may possess.—*William H. Hills, in The American.*

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE EDITOR.

Journalism, both as a business and as a profession, has been revolutionized within thirty years. Before that time it had very little of the profit of the one or of the rank and character of the other. As a vocation, it was limited and precarious; as an intellectual exercise, it was narrow and unexacting. Neither in its rewards nor in its achievements, taken as a whole, did it rank at all with the pulpit, or the law, or medicine. Outside of the few who became political oracles, and who were more politicians than editors, it offered no positions worthy of any ambition. Now all this is completely changed, and there has been no such marvellous progress in any other field, unless it be in railroad-ing and one or two other lines of development which combine intellectual and material requirements. As a business, journalism has become a great enterprise, with vast capital, heavy expenditures, an army of workers, and large profits, and requiring the best business management. As a profession, it has immeasurably broadened in its scope, attractions, demands, and opportunities. The old

journalism was little more than political pamphleteering; the new journalism is the comprehensive epitome of the world's life, and the leader and reflex of human thought and activity. The one generally involved party servility and limited careers; the other offers individual independence and the most splendid pecuniary and personal prizes.

The great modern newspaper springs from no single Jupiter, but shines with a whole constellation of stars. The chief may be as able as the masters of the past, but unless he calls about him the most varied and brilliant talents in many departments, his journal will lag in the strenuous and eager race. The reporters will include young men with the gifts of a Daudet or a Gautier for description. The correspondents will number masters of style, who can paint a scene almost as well as Macaulay painted the trial of Warren Hastings. The editorial writers will contain essayists as charming as Coleridge and polemics as sinewy and pungent as Cobbett. No visionary idea this, since Daudet, Gautier, Macaulay, Coleridge, and Cobbett were all working newspaper men. And beneath these more showy qualities there will be, as the bulwark of the best journalism, a breadth and accuracy of information which are the first requisites and which are the foundation of solid and lasting success.

Of course, it is not implied or meant that all who are employed in journalism must be of this rank, and that there is no room for others. Much of journalistic work requires no genius. Much of it is best when it is the most simple, direct, and succinct narrative. Yet there is no department which may not be illuminated by genius, and many of the demands of journalism of to-day require ability, training, and acquirements of the highest order. The scope of the modern newspaper embraces the widest range of human progress and endeavor. It rivals the magazines in its production of current literature. It outbids the book publisher for the foremost writers of the day. It discusses theology with the authority and sanction of the pulpit. It elucidates questions of law with the learning and penetration of the courts. It commands the highest artistic, engineering, and scientific talent for the solution of problems within their domain. It sends Stanley to Africa and Schwatka to Alaska; secures treaties before the diplomats and messages before Congress; beats the detectives in unearthing crime and the prosecutors in stopping violations of law; explores the asylum and the charnel-house; leads the council chamber in improvements and the exchange in business develop-

ment; and moulds public thought, if it does not guide public energy, in every direction.

The growth of journalism must be more and more in the direction of greater brains and a higher range of work. It has substantially reached its full development in the mere collection of news — using the term here in its limited sense as meaning the current events of the day. It must discriminate, and select, and edit; its further progress must be on a higher standard: it must have a broader conception of news as meaning not merely the events of the day, but the intellectual, social, and moral movements of the time. It must have a still higher realization of its power and of its responsibility in leading public opinion and shaping public action, not merely in politics, but in the whole realm of human activity. In the broader conception of journalism there is no limit to its mission, and, without relinquishing the field of every-day interest, its further development will be in the direction of higher intellectual effort and leadership.

This requirement will steadily elevate the standard of the intellectual outfit in newspapers. It will demand men of the highest grade of culture and special training. Some of them will be regular members of the staff, some of them will be experts employed for emergencies. The London newspapers retain specialists, just as a business house retains a lawyer; they may or may not be needed for a year, but with their retainer they are always at command when the exigency comes. In a great capital, where both journalism and expert ability are concentrated, this system is indispensable. In our country, where both are more scattered, it may not be necessary, but the general methods and results will be the same. We are accustomed to hear that the journalist must know everything. In the abstract, yes; in the concrete, no. With the division of labor, universal knowledge is not essential in any one man. Each man must know everything in his own department, and the more outside the better. Undoubtedly, the broadest information and the best faculty for communicating it — in a word, the ripest knowledge and the best style — are the most valuable qualities in the editorial writer.

Thus the demands of journalism are constantly advancing, and the rewards are commensurate with the service. With these opportunities and rewards, journalism has great attractions for the young man of worthy ambition who is setting out on a career. But it has its trials as well as its triumphs. Unless the aspirant has natural aptitude for its requirements, he had better stay out of it. Native gifts

may be cultivated, but no cultivation will supply the lack of the prime instinct. The journalist, like the poet, is born, not made. He must at times work at the highest tension; he must sometimes, like the race-horse, put his whole force into a fateful hour; he must be ready to face the dens of vice and crime; he must be prepared to encounter rebuffs; he must be eager to go through fire and flood to be first on the ground at Johnstown; he must ever be armed with what Napoleon called two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. The true journalist will glory in the triumphs of such emergencies; for the man who fails in the true instinct and quality they will be the severest trials, and he had better never undertake them.

One of the trials of the editor is the ephemeral nature of his work. Yet even this has its compensatory offset in the wider reading and the immediate effect. A hundred thousand readers spread over ten or twenty years would be a great crown and reward in any literature — why not a hundred thousand readers concentrated in a day?

The editor has the world for his field, and all subjects of thought for his themes. He speaks before the orator can get to his feet, and settles opinion before the statesman makes himself heard. He draws the fang even while he gives it play, and sends his antidote with the poison. When Coleridge, reporting a midnight speech in the House of Commons, and dashing off his answer at 2 o'clock in the morning, sent it out in the same sheet, he established the editorial leader, and showed its possibilities. Napoleon regarded four newspapers as more dangerous than an army of a hundred thousand men; and newspapers in his day had all the limitations of the hand-press. How much more powerful with the immeasurable resources of to-day? Jefferson said that he would rather have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers; and the philosophy of the observation is clear. The alertness, vigilance, publicity, and organized public opinion of newspapers are the safeguards of the social and political fabric. The editor scourges wrong-doers, dethrones political usurpers, unhorses official recreants, unfrocks pretentious charlatans, pricks social humbugs, routs old superstitions, moulds popular opinion, stimulates universal education, quickens individual aspiration, and leads the van of progress. In this broad realm and in these unlimited possibilities, while the daily grind brings its rasping trials, it is also illuminated by splendid and inspiring triumphs. — *Charles Emory Smith, in The Independent.*

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WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Mrs. D. R. Campbell, who wrote the bright article entitled "Peculiarities of Genius" in the November AUTHOR, is a resident of Delaware, Ohio, and not of Cincinnati. Her address was incorrectly given in connection with her article, by the editor's mistake.

Seven dollars, sent now, will pay for the first three bound volumes of THE WRITER, the first bound volume of THE AUTHOR, and a subscription for both magazines until the end of 1890. Those who order both magazines from the beginning, in response to this offer, will find that they have made an excellent investment.

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Most of the subscriptions for THE AUTHOR expire with this issue. A great many renewals have already been received. Those who intend to renew their subscriptions will confer a favor on the publisher by sending in their renewal orders as soon as convenient. By so doing they will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back numbers, and help the publisher in making his plans for the coming year.

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THE GROWTH OF THE AUTHOR.

The first year of THE AUTHOR has been one of complete success. The enterprise has been profitable to the publisher, and, it is hoped, to the subscribers for the magazine as well. That there was a place for such a periodical the experience of the year has demonstrated, and the editor of THE AUTHOR will do his best to make it fill the place. The magazine is in the hands of its friends, and its future depends altogether upon the support they may give to it. Its possibilities of development are great, and no opportunity to increase its value or extend its usefulness will be overlooked. The enlargement of the magazine is only a question of time. The number of pages will be doubled as soon as the size of the subscription list warrants the publisher in incurring the additional expense, and then many new and attractive features will be introduced. The conductor of THE AUTHOR means that the magazine shall grow steadily from month to month, and he has made plans for its development, which the support of subscribers will enable him to fulfil.

The success of any periodical depends upon the approval with which it meets from those for whose use it is designed. THE AUTHOR has been received with cordial favor, and its future now looks bright. The test of its permanent popularity is in the promptness with which subscriptions are renewed. The publisher respectfully asks friends of the magazine to send in their renewals as soon as may be convenient, and, if possible, to send with the order for renewal one or more new subscriptions. Expressions of opinion regarding THE AUTHOR, criti-

cism of its faults, and suggestions for its improvement are also earnestly desired.

QUERIES.

No. 45.—Where can I obtain any literature on marriage reform?
BATH, Me. A. M. D.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 43.—“C.” inquires the meaning of the “salt” of Paracelsus, the great alchemist of the sixteenth century. “Salt” was the foundation of the first ternary of matter, composed of salt, sulphur and mercury, according to his theory. These terms were symbolical, of course, and some modern occultists translate as follows: “Salt” (Love) was the foundation upon which the Diety constructed all things. “Sulphur” (Wisdom) the structure; and “Mercury” (Change, Evolution) the plan upon which the universe proceeds towards perfection.

SANTA CRUZ, Calif. L. U. MCC.

No. 44.—There is a dictionary difference between “assurance” and “insurance,” but it is collateral (see Webster). As applied to the payment of a sum at death, or at some time before death, by an organization, the words are synonymous. For instance: “The Equitable Life Assurance Society” and “The New York Life Insurance Company,” both of New York City, are in the same business, the insuring of lives.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. E. P. A.

No. 44.—In the practice of New York City offices “insured” is the person upon whose life the company issues a policy; “assured” is the beneficiary to whom the proceeds of the policy are payable upon the death of the “insured.” Both terms may apply to the same person—as in the case of a burial fund or endowment policy. In the title of a company the words “Assurance” and “Insurance” are synonymous.

NEW YORK, N. Y. H. L.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Carroll.—“Lewis Carroll,” the author of “Alice in Wonderland” and “Thro’ the Looking Glass,” is really Rev. C. L. Dodgson, of Oxford, and is a good-looking, white-haired old gentleman of over sixty summers. He has worshipped children all his life, and is never happier than when accompanied by one or two little dots, and listening to

their baby prattle. To those of his small friends whose education is so far advanced as to permit of their being able to read he sends quaint notes, conceived in a humorous strain, and written with a typewriter. Young and old readers of "Alice in Wonderland" will be glad to learn that he has written another story, entitled "Sylvie and Bruno," and that it will speedily be published. — *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

Henley. — Last August a paragraph was printed in this department regarding Mr. W. E. Henley, the editor of the *Scots Observer*, sent in by a picturesquely inaccurate English correspondent. This item has been widely copied, and Mr. Henley very justly objects to the misinformation it contained. Here is his correction, and accompanying sarcasm: "I am much obliged to you for the interest you are pleased to take in me; and assuming that interest to be real, — assuming that you had rather publish true news than false, — I take for granted that you will permit me to correct your information by a liberal use of the negative particle, as thus: 'Mr. William Ernest Henley, whose verses have been published by Scribner, is *not* a Scotchman,' and 'is *not* a protégé of Robert Louis Stevenson.' He has *not* 'had literary greatness thrust upon him,' and he has *not* 'had to pay a fearful physical price for his mental development.' He did *not* 'begin life as a laborer,' he was *not* 'unconscious of latent intellectual powers,' he was *not* 'unversed in the primary elements of education,' he has *never* been 'a man of dissipated habits.' He did *not* 'meet with a terrible accident,' *neither* of his 'lower limbs' having *ever* been crushed beneath a boulder'; and though it is certainly true that 'while at a hospital for treatment' he 'met Robert Louis Stevenson,' it is certainly untrue that Robert Louis Stevenson was ever 'a patient in the same institution.' And 'then began the mental existence which has led' the Mr. Henley of your correspondent's dream 'stage by stage upward to the rank of poet.' Did it? I hear of it with a certain interest. It is so brilliant with novelty — it is so strange, and startling, and untrue! Again, 'his limbs are still completely paralyzed, and he does all his work in an invalid chair.' Are they, indeed? And does he, really? To one whose 'limbs' are utterly guiltless of paralysis, and who has not sat in an invalid chair these fifteen years at least, it is permissible to receive such statements with a mild surprise, and even (it may be) a little gentle unbelief." — *Current Literature for December*.

Sangster. — Sometimes the life-work of a poet lies not far from, and almost parallel with, the track

of daily duty. To such an estate Margaret Elizabeth Munson was born at New Rochelle, Long Island, February 22, 1838. She was principally educated at home, and early displayed a strong literary bent. When twenty years of age she married Mr. George Sangster. The labors of her pen gradually impelled her toward editorial work, till in 1871 Mrs. Sangster became associate editor of *Hearth and Home*, which position she held until 1873. She then accepted a similar chair on *The Christian at Work*, laboring for that excellent religious weekly for six years. In 1879 Mrs. Sangster transferred her pen to the service of the *Christian Intelligencer*, which she assisted in editing until 1888, in the mean time, in 1882, assuming the editorial control of *Harper's Young People*. On the death of Miss Booth she was, early this year, appointed as the editor of *Harper's Basar*, a responsible and lucrative position. During the entire period of her editorial work Mrs. Sangster has been writing verse. The natural inclination of her mind was toward religious things, and her connection with the press always has been characterized by the exertion of a strong moral influence. Her poetry, like her prose, is oftenest directed to the moral sense, the devotional spirit. The home, the family, and the influences emanating from domestic shrine and circle naturally enlist her pen. Mrs. Sangster's poems that are generally deemed most successful are "Our Own," "The Sin of Omission," and "Are the Children at Home?" She has published collections of verse, entitled "Poems of the Household" (1883), and "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers" (1887). Besides several books for the Sunday-school library, Mrs. Sangster has given the world a "Manual of Missions of the Reformed Church in America" (1878). She is still a frequent contributor to the periodical press, her poetry being widely copied whenever it appears. — *Allen G. Bigelow, in the Magazine of Poetry*.

Tupper. — Edith Sessions Tupper — a name frequently seen now in the magazines and journals of New York and Chicago, attached to dramatic stories and very clever verse — was born at Panama, in western New York. Her family are the well-known Sessions of Chautauqua County, and her father and uncle are famous state politicians. Her first literary work was done for the *Buffalo Express*. For nearly two years she has been connected with the *Chicago Herald*, of which paper she is now the New York correspondent. She began her work on the *Herald* doing special local sketches and interviews. She won the \$300 prize lately offered by

the *Chicago Tribune* for the best story, over 250 competitors. "By a Hair's Breadth" is now between covers, and selling well throughout the country. Margaret Sullivan awarded her the prize, and advised her to go on with novel-writing, as she had a remarkable gift for the making of Wilkie-Collins plots. The recently issued story, "By Whose Hand," is said to be successful over all her other publications, and fully justifies the statement of the *Chicago Herald*, that "her undoubted talents are of such an order that she may reasonably expect to attain high rank among the fictionists of her time." In addition to prose ability, the lady is a charming versifier. She is tall, dignified, has brown hair, and frank, expressive eyes. — *Current Literature*.

Sherman. — Frank Dempster Sherman was born in Peekskill, N. Y., May 6, 1860. He obtained his early education in the town of his birth, and received the degree of Ph. B. from Columbia College in 1884. He was made a Fellow of this institution in 1887, and is at present connected with it as Instructor of the Department of Architecture. During the winter of 1884 and '85 he attended lectures at Harvard University, where he would have taken a degree had not family interests called him for a time from the pursuance of literature. He was married in November, 1887, to Miss Joliet Mersereau Durand, daughter of Rev. Cyrus B. Durand, of Newark, N. J. Like Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Mr. Sherman writes the practical and ideal in letters, being both mathematician and poet. His taste for figures he inherits from his father, a man of rare powers; his poetic gift comes from his mother, to whose memory he has paid a most beautiful tribute in "An Old Song," which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for August, 1888. Though no American has touched so piquantly the spirit of love in youth with blithe "patrician rhymes," it is in another direction, as Mr. Howells pointed out in a recent number of *Harper's*, that Mr. Sherman's best and most natural expression reveals itself. He is a literary descendant of Herrick and Carew. He believes in the lyric, and never hesitates to pronounce such a belief. Every poem from his pen shows that his creed in regard to technique is the same as that proclaimed by Mr. Dobson in his "*Ars Victrix*." Poetry with him is never a thing to be "thrown off," as many are fond of expressing it, but something to be as carefully moulded as the most symmetrical statue. A sprightliness of fancy, a delicacy of touch, and a rare melody characterize all of his work, and his choice of epithet is unfailingly happy. Mr. Sherman is a true bibliophile, and

some of his most charming poems are anent books. In this connection might be mentioned his "Book-hunter," and two pieces recently printed in the *Century Magazine*. He is particularly successful in the line of children's verses, having, among other things, contributed in this vein a series of ten month poems to *St. Nicholas*. Mr. Sherman has published "Madrigals and Catches" (1887), and "New Waggings of Old Tales" (1888), the latter being in conjunction with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. He has in preparation a treatise upon the elements of architecture, a volume of children's poems, and a collection of miscellaneous pieces. "The last will contain his "Greeting to Spring," one of the most exquisite lyrics of the day. — *Clinton Scollard*, in the *Magazine of Poetry*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Edgar Saltus has been dangerously ill at the Cavendish Hotel, in London. He suffers from terrible facial neuralgia, and morphine affords him the only relief from pain.

The Critic for November 30 contains a long and interesting article on "The Home of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Marion Crawford and wife will spend the winter at Washington, Mrs. Crawford's father, General Berdan, having taken apartments at the Shoreham.

Nym Crinkle (A. C. Wheeler) has discontinued writing for the *Mirror*, and is now furnishing an admirable essay for each number of *The Theatre Magazine*.

The new edition, just issued, of Mr. Cable's "The Silent South" has some fresh matter, and contains a portrait of the author.

A new magazine, to be called the *Gotham Monthly*, will be published in New York City next year. The first number is to make its appearance in January.

The January number in the Great Writers' Series will be a biography of Balzac by Frederick Wedmore.

The Society Review is the title of a new weekly about to be issued in New York City. It will be edited by William de Wagstaffe, who planned *The New York Saturday Review*, and was its promoter. He will be assisted by the majority of the staff of *The Saturday Review*, all the more attractive features of which will be perpetuated in the new venture.

The Eclectic Magazine (New York) is to have a new cover for next year.

Count Emile de Kératry, delegate from the Société des Gens de Lettres, who has come to America to further the cause of an international copyright law, was the guest of the American Copyright League at a breakfast at Delmonico's, December 7. Among the speakers were Dr. Edward Eggleston, ex-Senator Chace, author of the Chace bill; President Patton, of Princeton; General Horace Porter, Frederic R. Coudert, A. D. F. Randolph, George Parsons Lathrop, and W. A. Coffin, of the Free Art League.

A new monthly shorthand magazine, *The National Stenographer*, is to be published in Chicago. Isaac S. Dement will be the editorial manager, and the board of editors will include Fred. Irland, Detroit; Irving E. Rockwell, Chicago; John G. Bowman, Philadelphia; R. S. Gray and George W. Smith, San Francisco; L. E. Greene, Washington; and Edwin W. Sprague, Chicago. The magazine will be impartial, not devoted to any system, and all articles printed will be paid for.

Miss Fannie Murfree, sister of "Charles Egbert Craddock," is to have in *The Atlantic* a serial story, called "Felicia."

George W. Bungay, widely known as a writer of prose and verse of excellent quality, is prostrated with paralysis at his home in Brooklyn.

General Francis W. Palfrey, of Boston, widely known as an historian, died in Cannes, France, December 5.

William Allingham, the poet, is dead.

The Christmas number of *The Nationalist* (Boston) contains a fine pen-and-ink sketch of Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward."

The Kansas Academy of Language, Literature, and Art held its sixth annual session at Topeka, Kansas, November 29 and 30. About fifty members from all parts of the state were present. Papers on "A Plea for the Study of Language," "Pronunciation," "Wordsworth," "The West in Literature," "Some Recent Kansas Books," and other topics were read, and the following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, E. C. Ray, Topeka; vice-president, G. G. Ryan, Leavenworth; secretary, Ida A. Ahlborn, Baldwin; treasurer, O. S. Davis, Topeka; executive committee, A. M. Wilcox, Lawrence; L. E. Whittemore, Topeka; Robert Hay, Junction City. About twenty new members were added to the academy, the object of which is the upbuilding of a higher literary standard in the West.

A "Life of Mary W. Shelley," by Mrs. William Rossetti, will be the next volume in the Eminent Women Series. It is said to contain much new and unpublished information about the Shelleys, Lord Byron, and others.

Dr. Holmes writes the article on Emerson in the fourth volume of Chambers' Encyclopædia.

Paul B. Du Chaillu will pass the winter in Egypt.

Wilkie Collins, by his will, directed that he be buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding \$125, that no scarves or hat-bands should be used, and that a plain stone cross, placed over his grave, should bear only the inscription which he had prepared. An English writer says of Wilkie Collins' modest fortune that the personality was only about \$50,000, and adds: "Those who think this little in comparison with the immense prices he was paid at one time must remember that his figure went down in his old age."

John Adington Symonds, who has lived in an Alpine region for many years for the benefit of his health, passed several weeks in England this year. He has only recently returned to his home at a higher altitude to continue his literary work.

Martin Farquhar Tupper died November 29.

The Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, secured Mr. Blackmore's sanction for their handsome pictorial edition of "Lorna Doone," and sent him a good-sized check in recognition of his courtesy.

Robert Browning died in Venice December 12.

Mrs. Dora R. Miller, of New Orleans, is a talented writer, though as yet not very well known. She is a contributor to *Lippincott's*, the *Century*, and other standard magazines. "The Diary of a Southern Woman," which appeared in the August *Century*, under the editorship of George W. Cable, was written by Mrs. Miller, though the article was presented in a rather ambiguous form, which may have misled the public as to its authorship. Mrs. Miller should be recognized, and a place assured her among the talented and remunerated writers of the present day. The interest evinced in this writer by George W. Cable should alone prove her claim to talents of a high order. She has occupied a distinguished position as teacher in New Orleans for many years, successfully and meritoriously filling the Chair of Science in the High School, and locally known as contributor to scientific and educational journals. Such intellects as Mrs. Miller's should be recognized, and the right hand of fellowship extended by more experienced writers.

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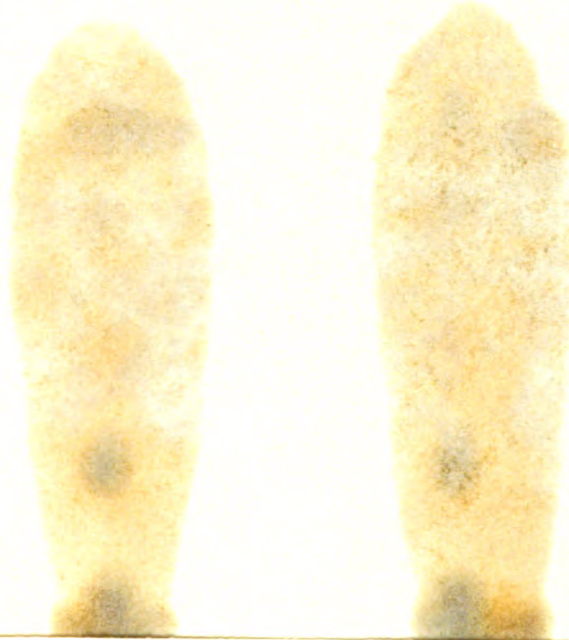
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